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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION.

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "'Lena Rivers," "Gretchen," "Marguerite," etc., etc.

COMPLETE.

ALSO,

"A CREED OF MANNERS," By the author of "Dodo."

DECEMBER, 1894

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIPPINCOTT'S, CONTENTS No. 324.

MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION	*Mrs. Mary J. Holmes*	721–805
SHOOTING BOB WHITE	*Calvin Dill Wilson*	806
SHALL I STUDY MEDICINE?	*A. L. Benedict*	811
A WESTERN DAISY MILLER	*Claude M. Girardeau*	814
THANKSGIVING (Poem)	*Susie M. Best*	822
LIVING PICTURES AT THE LOUVRE	*Alvan N. Sanborn*	823
VICTORY (Poem)	*Florence Earle Coates*	827
A CREED OF MANNERS	*E. F. Benson*	828
DON JAIME, OF MISSION SAN JOSÉ	*Charles Howard Shinn*	834
A LIVE GHOST	*Ellen Mackubin*	839
A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT (Poem)	*H. Prescott Beach*	845
SOME NOTABLE WOMEN OF THE PAST	*Esmè Stuart*	846
AN ODD NEIGHBOR	*Charles C. Abbott*	857
GHOSTS (Quatrain)	*Clarence Urmy*	861
TALKS WITH THE TRADE: THE PERSONAL ELEMENT		862

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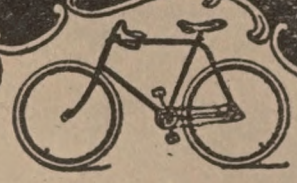

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MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION.

BY

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES,

AUTHOR OF "TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE," "'LENA RIVERS," "GRETCHEN," "MARGUERITE," "THE HEPBURN LINE," ETC.

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DECEMBER, 1894.

MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION.

CHAPTER I.

THE HALLAMS.

MRS. CARTER HALLAM was going to Europe,—going to Aix-les-Bains,—partly for the baths, which she hoped would lessen her fast-increasing avoirdupois, and partly to join her intimate friend, Mrs. Walker Haynes, who had urged her coming and had promised to introduce her to some of the best people, both English and American. This attracted Mrs. Hallam more than the baths. She was anxious to know the best people, and she did know a good many, although her name was not in the list of the four hundred. But she meant it should be there in the near future, nor did it seem unlikely that it might be. There was not so great a distance between the four hundred and herself, as she was now, as there was between Mrs. Carter Hallam and little Lucy Brown, who used to live with her grandmother in an old yellow house in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and pick berries to buy herself a pair of morocco boots. Later on, when the grandmother was dead and the yellow house sold, Lucy had worked first in a shoe-shop and then in a dry-goods store in Worcester, where, attracted by her handsome face, Carter Hallam, a thriving grocer, had made her his wife and mistress of a pretty little house on the west side of the city. As a clerk she had often waited upon the West Side ladies, whom she admired greatly, fancying she could readily distinguish them from the ladies of the more democratic East Side. To marry a Hallam was a great honor, but to be a West-Sider, as she called them, was a greater, and when both came to her she nearly lost her balance, although her home was far removed from the aristocratic quarters where the old families, the real West-Siders, lived. In a way she was one of them, she thought, or at least she was no longer a clerk, and she began to cut her old acquaintances, while her husband laughed at and ridiculed her, wondering what difference it made whether one lived on the east or west side of a town. He did not care whether people took him for a

nabob, or a fresh importation from the wild and woolly West: he was just Carter Hallam, a jolly, easy-going fellow whom everybody knew and everybody liked. He, too, was born on a farm in Leicester, where the Hallams, although comparatively poor, were held in high esteem as one of the best and oldest families. At twenty-one he came into possession of a few thousand dollars left him by an uncle for whom he was named, and then he went to the Far West, roughing it with cowboys and ranchmen, and investing his money in a gold-mine in Montana and in lands still farther west. Then he returned to Worcester, bought a small grocery, married Lucy Brown, and lived quietly for a few years, when suddenly one day there flashed across the wires the news that his mine had proved one of the richest in Montana, and his lands were worth many times what he gave for them. He was a millionaire, with property constantly rising in value, and Worcester could no longer hold his ambitious wife.

It was too small a place for her, she said, for everybody knew everybody else's business and history, and, no matter how much she was worth, or how much style she put on, somebody was sure to taunt her with having worked in a shoe-shop, if, indeed, she did not hear that she had once picked berries to buy herself some shoes. They must go away from the old life, if they wanted to be anybody. They must travel and see the world, and get cultivated, and know what to talk about with their equals.

So they sold the house and the grocery and travelled east and west, north and south, and finally went to Europe, where they stayed two or three years, seeing nearly everything there was to be seen, and learning a great deal about ruins and statuary and pictures, in which Mrs. Hallam thought herself a connoisseur, although she occasionally got the Sistine Chapel and the Sistine Madonna badly mixed, and talked of the Paul Belvedere, a copy of which she bought at an enormous price. When they returned to America Mr. Hallam was a three-times millionaire, for all his speculations had been successful and his mine was still yielding its annual harvest of gold. A handsome house on Fifth Avenue in New York was bought and furnished in the most approved style, and then Mrs. Hallam began to consider the best means of getting into society. She already knew a good many New York people whom she had met abroad and whose acquaintance it was desirable to continue. But she soon found that acquaintances made in Paris or Rome or on the Nile were not as cordial when met at home, and she was beginning to feel discouraged, when chance threw in her way Mrs. Walker Haynes, who, with the bluest of blood and the smallest of purses, knew nearly every one worth knowing, and, it was hinted, would for a *quid pro quo* open many fashionable doors to aspiring applicants who, without her aid, would probably stay outside forever.

The daughter and grand-daughter and cousin of governors and senators and judges, with a quiet assumption of superiority which was seldom offensive to those whom she wished to conciliate, she was a power in society, and more quoted and courted than any woman in her set. To be noticed by Mrs. Walker Haynes was usually a guarantee of success, and Mrs. Hallam was greatly surprised when one morning

a handsome coupé stopped before her door and a moment after her maid brought her Mrs. Walker Haynes's card. She knew all about Mrs. Walker Haynes and what she was capable of doing, and in a flutter of excitement she went down to meet her. Mrs. Walker Haynes, who never took people up if there was anything doubtful in their antecedents, knew all about Mrs. Hallam, even to the shoe-shop and the clerkship. But she knew, too, that she was perfectly respectable, with no taint whatever upon her character, and that she was anxious to get into society. As it chanced, Mrs. Haynes's funds were low, for business was dull, as there were fewer human moths than usual hovering around the social candle, and when the ladies of the church which both she and Mrs. Hallam attended met to devise ways and means for raising money for some new charity she spoke of Mrs. Hallam and offered to call upon her for a subscription, if the ladies wished it. They did wish it, and the next day found Mrs. Haynes waiting in Mrs. Hallam's drawing-room for the appearance of its mistress, her quick-seeing eyes taking in every detail in its furnishing, and deciding on the whole that it was very good.

"Some one has taste,—the upholsterer and decorator, probably," she thought, as Mrs. Hallam came in, nervous and flurried, but at once put at ease by her visitor's gracious and friendly manner.

After a few general topics and the mention of a mutual friend whom Mrs. Hallam had met in Cairo, Mrs. Haynes came directly to the object of her visit, apologizing first for the liberty she was taking, and adding, "But now that you are one of us in the church, I thought you might like to help us, and we need it so much."

Mrs. Hallam was not naturally generous where nothing was to be gained, but Mrs. Haynes's manner and her "now you are one of us" made her so in this instance, and taking the paper she wrote her name for two hundred dollars, which was nearly one-fourth of the desired sum. There was a gleam of humor as well as of surprise in Mrs. Haynes's eyes as she read the amount, but she was profuse in her thanks and expressions of gratitude, and, promising to call very soon socially, she took her leave with a feeling that it would pay to take up Mrs. Hallam, who was really more lady-like and better educated than many whom she had launched upon the sea of fashion. With Mrs. Walker Haynes and several millions behind her, progress was easy for Mrs. Hallam, and within a year she was quite "in the swim," she said to her husband, who laughed at her as he had done in Worcester, and called Mrs. Haynes a fraud who knew what she was about. But he gave her all the money she wanted, and rather enjoyed seeing her "hob-a-nob with the big bugs," as he expressed it. Nothing, however, could change him, and he remained the same unostentatious, popular man he had always been up to the day of his death, which occurred about three years before our story opens.

At that time there was living with him his nephew, the son of his only brother, Jack. Reginald—or Rex, as he was familiarly called—was a young man of twenty-six, with exceptionally good habits, and a few days before his uncle died he said to him, "I can trust you, Rex. You have lived with me since you were fourteen, and have never once

failed me. The Hallams are all honest people, and you are half Hallam. I have made you independent by my will, and I want you to stay with your aunt and look after her affairs. She is as good a woman as ever lived, but a little off on fashion and fol-de-rol. Keep her as level as you can."

This Rex had tried to do, rather successfully, too, except when Mrs. Walker Haynes's influence was in the ascendant, when he usually succumbed to circumstances and allowed his aunt to do as she pleased. Mrs. Haynes, who had profited greatly in a pecuniary way from her acquaintance with Mrs. Hallam, was now in Europe, and had written her friend to join her at Aix-les-Bains, which she said was a charming place, full of titled people both English and French, and she had the *entrée* to the very best circles. She further added that it was desirable for a lady travelling without a male escort to have a companion besides a maid and courier. The companion was to be found in America, the courier in London, and the maid in Paris; "after which," she wrote, "you will travel *tout-à-fait en princesse.*" The *en princesse* appealed to Mrs. Hallam at once as something altogether applicable to Mrs. Carter Hallam, of New York. She was a great lady now; Sturbridge and the old yellow house and the berries and the shoe-shop were more than thirty years in the past, and so covered over with gold that it seemed impossible to uncover them; nor had any one tried, so far as she knew. The Hallams as a family had been highly respected both in Worcester and Leicester, and she often spoke of them, but never of the Browns or of the old grandmother, and she was glad she had no near relatives to intrude themselves upon her and make her ashamed. She was very fond and very proud of Reginald, who was to her like a son, and who with the integrity and common sense of the Hallams had also inherited the innate refinement and kindly courtesy of his mother, a Bostonian and the daughter of a clergyman. As a rule, she consulted him about everything, and after she received Mrs. Haynes's letter she showed it to him and asked his advice in the matter of a companion.

"I think she would be a nuisance and frightfully in your way at times, but if Mrs. Haynes says you must have one, it is all right, so go ahead," Rex replied.

His aunt continued, "But how am I to find what I want? I am so easily imposed upon, and I will not have one from the city. She would expect too much and make herself too familiar. I must have one from the country."

"Advertise, then, and they'll come round you like bees around honey," Rex said, and to this suggestion his aunt at once acceded, asking him to write the advertisement, which she dictated, with so many conditions and requirements that Rex exclaimed, "Hold on there. You will insist next that they subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles, besides believing in foreordination and everything in the Westminster Catechism. You are demanding impossibilities and giving too little in return. Three hundred dollars for perfection! I should say offer five hundred. 'The higher-priced the better' is Mrs. Walker Haynes's motto, and I am sure she will think it far more tony to have an expensive appendage than a cheap one. The girl will earn her money,

too, or I'm mistaken; for Mrs. Haynes is sure to share her services with you, as she does everything else."

He spoke laughingly, but sarcastically, for he perfectly understood Mrs. Walker Haynes, whom his outspoken uncle had called "a sponge and a schemer, who knew how to feather her nest." Privately Rex thought the same, but he did not often express these views to his aunt, who at last consented to the five hundred dollars. Rex wrote the advertisement, which was as follows:

"WANTED,

"A companion for a lady who is going abroad. One from the country, between twenty and twenty-five, preferred. She must be a good accountant, a good reader, and a good seamstress. She must also have a sufficient knowledge of French to understand the language and make herself understood. To such a young lady five hundred dollars a year will be given, and all expenses paid. Address

"MRS. CARTER HALLAM,
"No. — Fifth Avenue, New York."

When Rex read this to his aunt she said, "Yes, that will do; but don't you think it just as well to say *young person* instead of *young lady?*"

"No, I don't," Rex answered, promptly. "You want a lady, and not a *person*, as you understand the word, and I wouldn't begin by insulting her."

So the "lady" was allowed to stand, and then, without his aunt's knowledge, Rex added, "Those applying will please send their photographs."

"I should like to see the look of astonishment on aunt's face when the pictures come pouring in. There will be scores of them, the offer is so good," Rex thought, as he folded the advertisement and left the house.

That night, when dinner was over, he said to his aunt, "I have a project in mind which I wish to tell you about."

Mrs. Hallam gave a little shrug of annoyance. Her husband had been full of projects, most of which she had disapproved, as she probably should this of Rex. He continued, "I am thinking of buying a place in the country,—the real country, I mean,—where the houses are old-fashioned and far apart, and there are woods and ponds and brooks and things."

"And pray what would you do with such a place?" Mrs. Hallam asked.

Rex replied, "I'd make it into a fancy farm and fill it with blooded stock, hunting-horses, and dogs. I'd keep the old house intact so far as architecture is concerned, and fit it up as a kind of bachelors' hall, where I can have a lot of fellows in the summer and fall, and hunt and fish and have a glorious time. Ladies will not be excluded, of course, and when you are fagged out with Saratoga and Newport I shall invite you, and possibly Mrs. Haynes and Grace, down to see the

fox-hunts I mean to have, just as they do in the Genesee Valley. Won't it be fun?"

Rex was eloquent on the subject of his fancy farm. He was very fond of the country, although he really knew but little about it, as he was born in New York, and had lived there all his life with the exception of two years spent at the South with his mother's brother and four years at Yale. His aunt, on the contrary, detested the country, with its woods and ponds and brooks and old-fashioned houses, and she felt very little interest in Rex's fancy farm and fox-hunts, which she looked upon as wholly visionary. She asked him, however, where the farm was, and he replied, "You see, Marks, who is in the office with me, has a client who owns a mortgage on some old homestead among the hills in Massachusetts. This mortgage, which has changed hands two or three times and been renewed once or twice, comes due in October, and Marks says there is not much probability that the old man—I believe he is quite old—can pay it, and the place will be sold at auction. I can, of course, wait and bid it off cheap, as farms are not in great demand in that vicinity; but I don't like to do that. I'd rather buy it outright, giving the old fellow more than it is worth rather than less. Marks says it is a rambling old house, with three or four gables, and stands on a hill-side with a fine view of the surrounding country. The woods are full of pleasant drives, and ponds where the white lilies grow and where I can fish and have some small boats."

"But where is it? In what town, I mean?" Mrs. Hallam asked, with a slight tremor in her voice, which, however, Rex did not notice as he answered, "I don't remember where Marks's client said it was, but I have his letter. Let me see." And, taking the letter from his pocket, he glanced at it a moment, and then said, "It is in Leicester, and not more than five or six miles from the city of Worcester and Lake Quinsigamond, where I mean to have a yacht and call it the Lucy Hallam for you. Why, auntie, it has just occurred to me that you once lived in Worcester, and Uncle Hallam, too, and that he and father were born in Leicester. Were you ever there,—at the house where father was born, I mean? But of course you have been."

Rex had risen to his feet and stood leaning on the mantel and looking at his aunt with an eager, expectant expression on his face. She was pale to her lips as she replied, "Yes, I was there just after I was married. Your uncle drove me out one afternoon to see the place. Strangers were living there then, for his father and mother were dead. He was as country mad as you are, and actually went down upon his knees before the old well-sweep and bucket."

"I don't blame him. I believe I'd do the same," Rex replied, and then went on questioning her rapidly. "What was the house like? Had it a big chimney in the centre?"

Mrs. Hallam said it had.

"Wide fireplaces?"

"Rather wide,—yes."

"Kitchen fireplace, with a crane?"

"I don't know, but most likely."

"Little window-panes, and deep window-seats?"

"I think so."

"Big iron door-latches instead of knobs?"

"Yes, and a brass knocker."

"Slanting roof, or high?"

"It was a high gabled roof,—three or four gables, and must have been rather pretentious when it was new.

"Rex,"—and Mrs. Hallam's voice trembled perceptibly,—"the gables and the situation overlooking the valley make me think that the place you have in view is possibly your father's old home."

"By Jove," Rex exclaimed, "wouldn't that be jolly! I believe I'd give a thousand dollars extra for the sake of having the old homestead for my own. I wonder who the old chap is who lives there. I mean to go down and see for myself as soon as I return from Chicago and we get the lawsuit off our hands which is taking all Marks's time and mine."

Mrs. Hallam did not say what she thought, for she knew there was not much use in opposing Rex, but in her heart she did not approve of bringing the long-buried past up to the present, which was so different. The Homestead was well enough, and Leicester was well enough, for Hallam had been an honored name in the neighborhood, and Rex would be honored, too, as a scion of the family; but it was too near Worcester and the shoe-shop and the store and the people who had known her as a working-girl, and who would be sure to renew the acquaintance if she were to go there. She had no relatives to trouble her, unless it were a certain Phineas Jones, who was so far removed that she could scarcely call him a relative. But if he were living he would certainly find her if she ventured near him, and cousin her, as he used to do in Worcester, where he was continually calling upon her after her marriage and reminding her of spelling-schools and singing-schools and circuses which he said he had attended with her. How distasteful it all was, and how she shrank from everything pertaining to her early life, which seemed so far away that she sometimes half persuaded herself it had never been!

And yet her talk with Rex about the old homestead on the hill had stirred her strangely, and that night, long after her usual hour for retiring, she sat by her window looking out upon the great city, whose many lights, shining like stars through the fog and rain, she scarcely saw at all. Her thoughts had gone back thirty years to an October day just after her return from her wedding-trip to Niagara, when her husband had driven her into the country to visit his old home. How happy he had been, and how vividly she could recall the expression on his face when he caught sight of the red gables and the well-sweep where she told Reginald he had gone down upon his knees. There had been a similar expression on Rex's face that evening when he talked of his fancy farm, and Rex was in appearance much like what her handsome young husband had been that lovely autumn day, when a purple haze was resting on the hills and the air was soft and warm as summer. He had taken her first to the woods and shown her where he and his brother Jack had set their traps for the woodchucks and snared the partridges in the fall and hunted for the trailing arbutus

and the sassafras in the spring; then to the old cider-mill at the end of the lane, and to the hill where they had their slide in winter, and to the barn, where they had a swing, and to the brook in the orchard, where they had a water-wheel; then to the well, where he drew up the bucket, and, poising it upon the curb, stooped to drink from it, asking her to do the same and see if she ever quaffed a sweeter draught; but she was afraid of wetting her dress, and had drawn back, saying she was not thirsty. Strangers occupied the house, but permission was given them to go over it, and he had taken her through all the rooms, showing her where he and Jack and Annie were born, and where the latter had died when a little child of eight; then to the garret, where they spread the hickory-nuts and butternuts to dry, and down to the cellar, where the apples and cider were stored. He was like a school-boy in his eagerness to explain everything, while she was bored to death and heard with dismay his proposition to drive two or three miles farther to the Greenville cemetery, where the Hallams for many generations back had been buried. There was a host of them, and some of the head-stones were sunken and mouldy with age and half fallen down, while the lettering upon them was almost illegible.

"I wonder whose this is?" he said, as he went down upon the ground to decipher the date of the oldest one. "I can't make it out, except that it is seventeen hundred and something. He must have been an old settler," he continued, as he arose and brushed a patch of dirt from his trousers with his silk handkerchief. Then, glancing at her as she stood listlessly leaning against a stone, he said, "Why, Lucy, you look tired. Are you?"

"No, not very," she answered, a little pettishly; "but I don't think it very exhilarating business for a bride to be visiting the graves of her husband's ancestors."

He did not hunt for any more dates after that, but, gathering a few wild flowers growing in the tall grass, he laid them upon his mother's grave and Annie's, and, going out to the carriage standing by the gate, drove back to Worcester through a long stretch of woods, where the road was lined on either side with sumachs and berry-bushes and clumps of bitter-sweet, and there was no sign of life except when a blackbird flew from one tree to another, or a squirrel showed its bushy tail upon the wall. He thought it delightful, and said that it was the pleasantest drive in the neighborhood and one which he had often taken with Jack when they were boys; but she thought it horribly lonesome and poky, and was glad when they struck the pavement of the town.

"Carter always liked the country," she said to herself when her revery came to an end and she left her seat by the window; "and Rex is just like him, and will buy that place if he can, and I shall have to go there as hostess and be called upon by a lot of old women in sun-bonnets and blanket shawls, who will call me Lucy Ann and say, 'You remember me, don't you? I was Mary Jane Smith; I worked in the shoe-shop with you years ago.' And Phineas Jones will turn up, with his cousining and dreadful reminiscences. Ah me, what a pity one could not be born without antecedents!"

CHAPTER II.

THE HOMESTEAD.

It stood at the end of a grassy avenue or lane a little distance from the electric road between Worcester and Spencer, its outside chimneys covered with woodbine and its sharp gables distinctly visible as the cars wound up the steep Leicester hill. Just what its age was no one knew exactly. Relic-hunters who revel in antiquities put it at one hundred and fifty. But the oldest inhabitant in the town, who was an authority for everything ancient, said that when he was a small boy it was comparatively new and considered very fine on account of its gables and brass knocker, and, as he was ninety-five or -six, the house was probably over a hundred. It was built by a retired sea-captain from Nantucket, and after his death it changed hands several times until it was bought by the Hallams, who lived there so long and were so highly esteemed that it came to bear their name and was known as the Hallam Homestead. After the death of Carter Hallam's father it was occupied by different parties, and finally became the property of a Mr. Leighton, who rather late in life had married a girl from Georgia, where he had been for a time a teacher. Naturally scholarly and fond of books, he would have preferred teaching, but his young wife, accustomed to plantation life, said she should be happier in the country, and so he bought the Homestead and commenced farming, with very little knowledge of what ought to be done and very little means with which to do it. Under such circumstances he naturally grew poorer every year, while his wife's artistic tastes did not help the matter. Remembering her father's plantation with its handsome grounds and gardens, she instituted numerous changes in and about the house, which made it more attractive, but did not add to its value. The big chimney was taken down and others built upon the outside, after the Southern style. A wide hall was put through the centre where the chimney had been; a broad double piazza was built in front, while the ground was terraced down to the orchard below, where a rustic bridge was thrown across the little brook in which Carter and Jack Hallam had built their water-wheel. Other changes the ambitious little Georgian was contemplating, when she died suddenly and was carried back to sleep under her native pines, leaving her husband utterly crushed at his loss, with the care of two little girls, Dorcas and Bertha, and a mortgage of two thousand dollars upon his farm. For some years he scrambled on as best he could with hired help, giving all his leisure time to educating and training his daughters, who were as unlike each other as two sisters well could be. Dorcas, the elder, was fair and blue-eyed, and round and short and matter-of-fact, caring more for the farm and the house than for books, while Bertha was just the opposite, and, with her soft brown hair, bright eyes, brilliant complexion, and graceful, slender figure, was the exact counterpart of her beautiful Southern mother when she first came to the Homestead; but otherwise she was like her father, caring more for books than for the details of every-day life.

"Dorcas is to be housekeeper, and I the wage-earner, to help pay off the mortgage which troubles father so much," she said, and when

she was through school she became book-keeper for the firm of Swartz & Co., of Boston, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. Dorcas, who was two years older, remained at home as housekeeper. And a very thrifty one she made, seeing to everything and doing everything, from making butter to making beds, for she kept no help. The money thus saved was put carefully by towards paying the mortgage coming due in October. By the closest economy it had been reduced from two thousand to one thousand, and both Dorcas and Bertha were straining every nerve to increase the fund which was to liquidate the debt.

It was not very often that Bertha indulged in the luxury of coming home, for even that expense was something, and every dollar helped. But on the Saturday following the appearance of Mrs. Hallam's advertisement in the New York *Herald* she was coming to spend Sunday for the first time in several weeks. These visits were great events at the Homestead, and Dorcas was up as soon as the first robin chirped in his nest in the big apple-tree which shaded the rear of the house and was now odorous and beautiful with its clusters of pink-and-white blossoms. There was churning to do that morning, and butter to get off to market, besides the usual Saturday's cleaning and baking, which included all Bertha's favorite dishes. There was Bertha's room to be gone over with broom and duster, and all the vases and handleless pitchers to be filled with daffies and tulips and great bunches of apple-blossoms and a clump or two of the trailing arbutus which had lingered late in the woods. But Dorcas's work was one of love; if she were tired she scarcely thought of it at all, and kept steadily on until everything was done. In her afternoon gown and white apron she sat down to rest awhile upon the piazza overlooking the valley, thinking as she did so what a lovely old place it was, with its large sunny rooms, wide hall, and fine view, and how dreadful it would be to lose it.

"Five hundred dollars more we must have, and where it is to come from I do not know. Bertha always says something will turn up, but I am not so hopeful," she said, sadly. Then, glancing at the clock, she saw that it was nearly time for the car which would bring her sister from the Worcester station. "I'll go out to the cross-road and meet her," she thought, just as she heard the sharp clang of the bell and saw the trolley-pole as it came up the hill. A moment more, and Bertha alighted and came rapidly towards her.

"You dear old Dor, I'm so glad to see you and be home again," Bertha said, giving up her satchel and umbrella and putting her arm caressingly around Dorcas's neck as she walked, for she was much the taller of the two.

It was a lovely May afternoon, and the place was at its best in the warm sunlight, with the fresh green grass and the early flowers and the apple orchard full of blossoms which filled the air with perfume.

"Oh, this is delightful, and it is so good to get away from that close office and breathe this pure air," Bertha said, as she went from room to room, and then out upon the piazza, where she stood taking in deep inhalations and seeming to Dorcas to grow brighter and fresher with each one. "Where is father?" she asked at last.

"Here, daughter," was answered, as Mr. Leighton, who had been to the village, came through a rear door.

He was a tall, spare man, with snowy hair and a stoop in his shoulders, which told of many years of hard work. But the refinement in his manner and the gentleness in his face were indicative of good breeding and a life somewhat different from that which he now led. Bertha was at his side in a moment, had him down in a rocking-chair, and was sitting on an arm of it, brushing the thin hair back from his forehead, while she looked anxiously into his face, which wore a more troubled expression than usual, although he evidently tried to hide it.

"What is it, father? Are you very tired?" she asked, at last, and he replied, "No, daughter, not very; and if I were, the sight of you would rest me."

Catching sight of the corner of an envelope in his vest-pocket, with a woman's quick intuition she guessed that it had something to do with his sadness. "You have a letter. Is there anything in it about that hateful mortgage?" she said.

"It is all about the mortgage. There's a way to get rid of it," he answered, while his voice trembled and something in his eyes, as he looked into Bertha's, made her shiver a little; but she kissed him lovingly, and said, very low, "Yes, father. I know there is a way," her lips quivering as she said it, and a lump rising in her throat as if she were smothering.

"Will you read the letter?" he asked, and she answered, "Not now; let us have supper first. I am nearly famished, and long to get at Dor's rolls and broiled chicken, which I smelled before I left the car at the cross-road."

She was very gay all through the supper, although a close observer might have seen a cloud cross her bright face occasionally, and a look of pain and preoccupation in her eyes; but she laughed and chatted merrily, asking about the neighbors and the farm, and when supper was over helped Dorcas with her dishes and the evening work, sang snatches of the last opera, and told her sister about the new bell-skirt just coming into fashion and how she could cut over her old ones like it. When everything was done she seemed to nerve herself to some great effort, and, going to her father, said, "Now for the letter. From whom is it?"

"Gorham, the man who holds the mortgage," Mr. Leighton replied.

"Oh-h, Gorham!" and Bertha's voice was full of intense relief. "I thought perhaps it was——but no matter: that will come later. Let us hear what Mr. Gorham has to say. He cannot foreclose till October, anyhow."

"And not then, if we do what he proposes. This is it," Mr. Leighton said, as he began to read the letter, which was as follows:

"BROOKLYN, N.Y., May —, 18—.

"MR. LEIGHTON:

"DEAR SIR,—A gentleman in New York wishes to purchase a farm in the country, where he can spend a part of the summer and

autumn, fishing and fox-hunting and so on. From what he has heard of your place and the woods around it, he thinks it will suit him exactly, and in the course of a few weeks proposes to go out and see it. As he has ample means, he will undoubtedly pay you a good price cash down, and that will relieve you of all trouble with the mortgage. I still think I must have my money in October, as I have promised it elsewhere.

"Very truly,
"JOHN GORHAM."

"Well?" Mr. Leighton said, as he finished reading the letter and looked inquiringly at his daughters.

Bertha, who was very pale, was the first to speak. "Do you want to leave the old home?" she asked, and her father replied, in a choking voice, "No, oh, no. I have lived here twenty-seven years, and know every rock and tree and shrub, and love them all. I brought your mother here a bride and a slip of a girl like you, who are so much like her that sometimes when I see you flitting around and hear your voice I think for a moment she has come back to me again. You were both born here. Your mother died here, and here I want to die. But what is the use of prolonging the struggle? I have raked and scraped and saved in every possible way to pay the debt contracted so long ago, the interest of which has eaten up all my profits, and I have got within five hundred dollars of it, but do not see how I can get any further. I may sell a few apples and some hay, but I'll never borrow another dollar, and if this New York chap offers a good price we'd better sell. Dorcas and I can rent a few rooms somewhere in Boston, maybe, and we shall all be together till I die, which, please God, will not be very long."

His face was white, with a tired, discouraged look upon it pitiful to see, while Dorcas, who cried easily, was sobbing aloud. But Bertha's eyes were round and bright and dry, and there was a ring in her voice as she said, "You will *not* die, and you will not sell the place. Horses and dogs and fox-hunts, indeed! I'd like to see that New-Yorker plunging through the fields and farms with his horses and hounds, for that is what fox-hunting means. He would be mobbed in no time. Who is he, I wonder? I should like to meet him and give him a piece of my mind."

She was getting excited, and her cheeks were scarlet as she kissed her father again and said, "Write and tell that New-Yorker to stay where he is, or take his foxes to some other farm. He cannot have ours, nor any one else. Micawber-like, I believe something will turn up. I am sure of it: only give me time."

Then, rising from her chair, she went swiftly out into the twilight, and, crossing the road, ran down the terrace to a bit of broken wall, where she sat down and watched the night gathering on the distant hills and over the woods, and fought the battle which more than one unselfish woman has fought,—a battle between inclination and what seemed to be duty. If she chose, she could save the farm with a word and make her father's last days free from care. There was a hand-

some house in Boston of which she might be mistress any day, with plenty of money at her command to do with as she pleased. But the owner was old compared to herself, forty at least, and growing bald; he called her Berthy, and was not at all like the ideal she had in her mind of the man whom she could love,—who was really more like one who might hunt foxes and ride his horses through the fields, while she rode by his side, than like the commonplace Mr. Sinclair, who had asked her twice to be his wife. At her last refusal only a few days ago he had said he should not give her up yet, but should write her father for his co-operation, and it was from him she feared the letter had come when she saw it in her father's pocket. She knew he was honorable and upright and would be kind and generous to her and her family, but she had dreamed of a different love which might some time come to her, and she could not listen to his suit unless to save the old home for her father and Dorcas.

For a time she sat weighing in the balance her love for them and her love for herself, while darkness deepened around her and the air grew heavy with the scent of the apple-blossoms and the grove of pine-trees not far away; yet she was no nearer a decision than when she first sat down. It was strange that in the midst of her intense thinking the baying of hounds, the tramp of horses' feet, and the shout of many voices should ring in her ears so distinctly that once, as some bushes stirred near her, she turned, half expecting to see the hunted fox fleeing for his life, and, with an impulse to save him from his pursuers, put out both her hands.

"This is a queer sort of hallucination, and it comes from that New York letter," she thought, just as from under a cloud where it had been hidden the new moon sailed out to the right of her. Bertha was not superstitious, but, like many others, she clung to some of the traditions of her childhood, and the new moon seen over the right shoulder was one of them. She always framed a wish when she saw it, and she did so now, involuntarily repeating the words she had so often used when a child:

> "New moon, new moon, listen to me,
> And grant the boon I ask of thee;"

and then, almost as seriously as if it were a prayer, she wished that something might occur to keep the home for her father and herself from Mr. Sinclair.

"I don't believe much in the new moon, it has cheated me so often; but I do believe in presentiments, and I have one that something will turn up. I'll wait awhile and see," she said, as the silvery crescent was lost again under a cloud. Beginning to feel a little chilly, she went back to the house, where she found her father reading his evening paper.

This reminded her of a New York *Herald* she had bought on the car of a little newsboy, whose ragged coat and pleasant face had decided her to refuse the chocolates offered her by a larger boy and take the paper instead. It was lying on the table, where she had put it when she first came in. Taking it up, she sat down and opened it. Glancing from

page to page, she finally reached the advertisements, and her eye fell upon that of Mrs. Hallam.

"Oh, father, Dorcas, I told you something would turn up, and there has! Listen!" and she read the advertisement aloud. "The very thing I most desired has come. I have always wanted to go to Europe, but never thought I could, on account of the expense, and here it is, all paid, and five hundred dollars besides. That will save the place. I did not wish the new moon for nothing. Something has turned up."

"But, Bertha," said the more practical Dorcas, "what reason have you to think you will get the situation? There are probably more than five hundred applicants for it,—one for each dollar."

"I know I shall. I feel it as I have felt other things which have come to me. Theosophic presentiments I call them."

Dorcas went on: "And if it does come, I don't see how it will help the mortgage due in October. You will not get your pay in advance, and possibly not until the end of the year."

"I shall borrow the money and give my note," Bertha answered, promptly. "Anybody will trust me. Swartz & Co. will, anyway, knowing that I shall come back and work it out if Mrs. Hallam fails me. By the way, that is the name of the people who lived here years ago. Perhaps Mrs. Carter belongs to the family. Do you know where they are, father?"

Mr. Leighton said he did not. He thought, however, they were all dead, while Dorcas asked, "If you are willing to borrow money of Swartz & Co., why don't you try Cousin Louie, and pay her in instalments?"

"Cousin Louie!" Bertha repeated. "That would be borrowing of her proud husband, Fred Thurston, who, since I have been a bread-winner, never sees me in the street if he can help it. I'd take in washing before I'd ask a favor of him. My heart is set upon Europe, if Mrs. Hallam will have me and you do not oppose me too strongly."

"But I must oppose you," her father said; and then followed a long and earnest discussion between Mr. Leighton, Dorcas, and Bertha, the result of which was that Bertha was to wait a few days and consider the matter before writing to Mrs. Hallam.

That night, however, after her father had retired, she dashed off a rough draught of what she meant to say and submitted it to Dorcas for approval. It was as follows:

"MRS. HALLAM:

"MADAM,—I have seen your advertisement for a companion, and shall be glad of the situation. My name is Bertha Leighton. I am twenty-two years old, and was graduated at the Charlestown Seminary three years ago. I am called a good reader, and ought to be a good accountant, as for two years I have been book-keeper in the firm of Swartz & Co., Boston. I am not very handy with my needle, for want of practice, but can soon learn. While in school I took lessons in French of a native teacher, who complimented my pronunciation and quickness to comprehend. Consequently I think I shall find no difficulty in understanding the language after a little and making

myself understood. I enclose my photograph, which flatters me somewhat. My address is

"BERTHA LEIGHTON,
"No. — Derring St., Boston, Mass."

"I think it covers the whole business," Bertha said to Dorcas, who objected to one point. "The photograph does not flatter you," she said, while Bertha insisted that it did, as it represented a much more stylish-looking young woman than Mrs. Carter Hallam's companion ought to be. "I wonder what sort of woman she is? I somehow fancy she is a snob," she said; "but, snob me all she pleases, she cannot keep me from seeing Europe, and I don't believe she will try to cheat me out of my wages."

CHAPTER III.

MRS. HALLAM'S APPLICANTS.

SEVERAL days after Mrs. Hallam's advertisement appeared in the papers, Reginald, who had been away on business, returned, and found his aunt in her room struggling frantically with piles of letters and photographs and with a very worried and excited look on her face.

"Oh, Rex," she cried, as he came in, "I am so glad you have come, for I am nearly wild. Only think! seventy applicants, and as many photographs! What possessed them to send their pictures?"

Rex kept his own counsel, but gave a low whistle as he glanced at the pile which filled the table.

"Got enough for an album, haven't you? How do they look as a whole?" he asked.

"I don't know, and I don't care. Such a time as I have had reading their letters, and such recommendations as most of them give of themselves, telling me what reverses of fortune they have suffered, what church they belong to, and how long they have taught in Sunday-school, and all that, as if I cared. But I have decided which to choose; her letter came this morning, with one other,—the last of the lot, I trust. I like her because she writes so plainly and sensibly and seems so truthful. She says she is not a good seamstress, and that her picture flatters her, while most of the others say their pictures are not good. Then she is so respectful, and simply addresses me as 'Madam,' while all the others *dear* me. If there is anything I like, it is respect in a servant."

"Thunder, auntie! you don't call your companion a servant, do you?" Rex exclaimed, but his aunt only replied by passing him Bertha's letter. "She writes well. How does she look?" he asked.

"Here she is." And his aunt gave him the photograph of a short, sleepy-looking girl, with little or no expression in her face or eyes, and an unmistakable second-class air generally.

"Oh, horrors!" Rex exclaimed. "This girl never wrote that letter. Why, she simpers and squints and is positively ugly. There must be some mistake, and you have mixed things dreadfully."

"No, I haven't," Mrs. Hallam persisted. "I was very careful to

keep the photographs and letters together as they came. This is Bertha Leighton's, sure, and she says it flatters her."

"What must the original be!" Rex groaned.

His aunt continued, "I'd rather she'd be plain than good-looking. I don't want her attracting attention and looking in the glass half the time. Mrs. Haynes always said, 'Get plain girls, by all means, in preference to pretty ones with airs and hangers-on.'"

"All right, if Mrs. Haynes says so," Rex answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he put down the photograph of the girl he called Squint-Eye, and began carelessly to look at the others.

"Oh-h!" he said, catching up Bertha's picture. "This is something like it. By Jove, she's a stunner. Why don't you take her? What splendid eyes she has, and how she carries herself!"

"Read her letter," his aunt said, handing him a note in which, among other things, the writer, who gave her name as Rose Arabella Jefferson and claimed relationship with Thomas Jefferson, Joe Jefferson, and Jefferson Davis, said she was a member in good standing of the First Baptist Church, and spelled Baptist with two *b*'s. There were also other mistakes in orthography, besides some in grammar, and Rex dropped it in disgust, but held fast to the photograph, whose piquant face, bright, laughing eyes, and graceful poise of head and shoulders attracted him greatly.

"Rose Arabella Jefferson," he began, "blood relation of Joe Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson, and Jefferson Davis, and member in good standing in the First Baptist Church, spelled with a *b* in the middle, you never wrote that letter, I know; and if you did, your blue blood ought to atone for a few lapses in grammar and spelling. I am sure Mrs. Walker Haynes would think so. Take her, auntie, and run the risk. She is from the country, where you said your companion must hail from, while Squint-Eye is from Boston, with no ancestry, no religion, and probably the embodiment of clubs and societies and leagues and women's rights and Christian Science and the Lord knows what. Take Rose Arabella."

But Mrs. Hallam was firm. Rose Arabella was quite too good-looking, and Boston was country compared with New York. "Squint-Eye" was her choice, provided her employers spoke well of her; and she asked Rex to write to Boston and make inquiries of Swartz & Co. concerning Miss Leighton.

"Not if I know myself," Rex answered. "I will do everything reasonable, but I draw the line on turning detective and prying into any girl's character."

He was firm on this point, and Mrs. Hallam wrote herself to Swartz & Co., and then proceeded to tear up and burn the numerous letters and photographs filling her table. Rose Arabella Jefferson, however, was not among them, for she, with other pretty girls, some personal friends and some strangers, was adorning Rex's looking-glass, where it was greatly admired by the housemaid as Mr. Reginald's latest fancy.

A few days later Mrs. Hallam said to Rex, "I have heard from Swartz & Co., and they speak in the highest terms of Miss Leighton.

I wish you would write for me and tell her I have decided to take her, and that she is to come to me on Friday, June —, as the Teutonic sails the next morning."

Reginald did as he was requested, thinking the while how much he would rather be writing to Rose Arabella, *Babtist* and all, than to Bertha Leighton. But there was no help for it: Bertha was his aunt's choice, and was to be her companion instead of his, he reflected, as he directed the letter, which he posted on his way down town. The next day he started for the West on business for the law firm, promising his aunt that if possible he would return in time to see her off; "and then," he added, "I am going to Leicester to look after my fancy farm."

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. FRED THURSTON.

BERTHA waited anxiously for an answer to her letter; when it did not come she grew very nervous and restless and began to lose faith in the new moon and her theosophical presentiments, as she called her convictions of what was coming to pass. A feeling of dread began also to haunt her lest, after all, the man with the bald head, who called her Berthy, might be the only alternative to save the Homestead from the auctioneer's hammer. But the letter came at last, and changed her whole future. There was an interview with her employers, who, having received Mrs. Hallam's letter of inquiry, were not surprised. Although sorry to part with her, they readily agreed to advance whatever money should be needed in October, without other security than her note, which she was to leave with her father.

There was another interview with Mr. Sinclair, who at its close had a very sorry look on his face and a suspicion of suppressed tears in his voice as he said, "It is hard to give you up, and I could have made you so happy, and your father, too. Good-by, and God bless you. Mrs. Thurston will be disappointed. Her heart was quite set upon having you for a neighbor, as you would be if you were my wife. Good-by."

The Mrs. Thurston alluded to was Bertha's cousin Louie, from the South, who, four years before, had spent part of a summer at the Homestead. She had then gone to Newport, where she captured Fred Thurston, a Boston millionaire, who made love to her hotly for one month, married her the next, swore at her the next, and in a quiet but decided manner had tyrannized over and bullied her ever since. But he gave her all the money she wanted, and, as that was the principal thing for which she married him, she bore her lot bravely, became in time a butterfly of fashion, and laughed and danced and dressed and went to lunches and teas and receptions and dinners and balls, taking stimulants to keep her up before she went, and bromide, or chloral, or sulfonal, to make her sleep when she came home. But all this told upon her at last, and after four years of it she began to droop, with a consciousness that something was sapping her strength and stealing all her vitality. "Nervous prostration," the physician called it, recom-

mending a change of air and scene, and, as a trip to Europe had long been contemplated by Mr. Thurston, he had finally decided upon a summer in Switzerland, and was to sail some time in July. Mrs. Thurston was very fond of her relatives at the Homestead, and especially of Bertha, who when she was first married was a pupil in Charlestown Seminary and spent nearly every Sunday with her. After a while, however, and for no reason whatever except that on one or two occasions he had shown his frightful temper before her, Mr. Thurston conceived a dislike for Bertha and forbade Louie's inviting her so often to his house, saying he did not marry her poor relations. This put an end to any close intimacy between the cousins, and although Bertha called occasionally she seldom met Louie's husband, who, after she entered the employment of Swartz & Co., rarely recognized her in the street. Bread-winners were far beneath his notice, and Bertha was a sore point between him and his wife, who loved her cousin with the devotion of a sister and often wrote begging her to come, if only for an hour.

But Bertha was too proud to trespass where the master did not want her, and it was many weeks since they had met. She must go now and say good-by. After Mr. Sinclair left her she walked rapidly along Commonwealth Avenue to her cousin's elegant house, which stood side by side with one equally handsome, of which she had just refused to be mistress. But she scarcely glanced at it, or, if she did, it was with no feeling of regret as she ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Mrs. Thurston was at home and alone, the servant said, and Bertha, who went up unannounced, found her in her pleasant morning room, lying on a couch in the midst of a pile of cushions, with a very tired look upon her lovely face.

"Oh, Bertha," she exclaimed, springing up with outstretched hands, as her cousin came in, "I am so glad to see you! Where have you kept yourself so long? and when are you coming to be my neighbor? I saw Mr. Sinclair last week, and he still had hopes."

Bertha replied by telling what the reader already knows and adding that she had come to say good-by, as she was to sail in two weeks.

"Oh, how could you refuse him, and he so kind and good, and so fond of you?" Louie said.

Bertha, between whom and her cousin there were no domestic secrets, replied, "Because I do not love him, and never can, good and kind as I know him to be. With your experience would you advise me to marry for money?"

Instantly a shadow came over Louie's face, and she hesitated a little before she answered:

"Yes, and no; all depends upon the man, and whether you loved some one else. If you knew he would swear at you and call you names and storm before the servants and throw things,—not at you, perhaps, but at the side of the house,—I should say no, decidedly; but if he were kind and good and generous like Charlie Sinclair, I should say yes. I did so want you for my neighbor. Can't you reconsider? Who is Mrs. Hallam, I wonder? I know some Hallams, or a Hallam,—Reginald. He lives in New York, and it seems to me

his aunt's name is Mrs. Carter Hallam. Let me tell you about him. I feel like talking of the old life in Florida, which seems so long ago."

She was reclining again among the cushions, with one arm under her head, a far-away look in her eyes, and a tone in her voice as if she were talking to herself rather than to Bertha.

"You know my father lived in Florida," she began, "not far from Tallahassee, and your mother lived over the line in Georgia. Our place was called Magnolia Grove, and there were oleanders and yellow jasmine and Cherokee roses everywhere. This morning when I was so tired and felt that life was not worth the living, I fancied I was in my old home again, and I smelled the orange-blossoms and saw the magnolias which bordered the avenue to our house, fifty or more, in full bloom, and Rex and I were playing under them. His uncle's plantation joined ours, and when his mother died in Boston he came to live with her brother at Grassy Spring. He was twelve and I was nine, and I had never played with any boy before except the negroes, and we were so fond of each other. He called me his little sweetheart, and said he was going to marry me when he was older. When he was fourteen, his uncle on his father's side, a Mr. Hallam, from New York, sent for him, and he went away, promising to come back again when he was a man. We wrote to each other a few times, just boy and girl letters, you know. He called me Dear Louie and I called him Dear Rex, and then, I hardly know why, that chapter of my life closed, never to be reopened. Grandfather, who owned Magnolia Grove, lost nearly everything during the war, so that father, who took the place after him, was comparatively poor, and when he died we were poorer still, mother and I, and had to sell the plantation and move to Tallahassee, where we kept boarders,—people from the North, mostly, who came there for the winter. I was sixteen then, and I tried to help mother all I could. I dusted the rooms, and washed the glass and china, and did a lot of things I never thought I'd have to do. When I was eighteen Rex Hallam came to Jacksonville and ran over to see us. If he had been handsome as a boy of fourteen, he was still handsomer as a man of twenty-one, with what in a woman would be called a sweet graciousness of manner which won all hearts to him; but as he is a man I will drop the sweet and say that he was kind alike to everybody, old and young, rich and poor, and had the peculiar gift of making every woman think she was especially pleasing to him, whether she were married or single, pretty or otherwise. He stopped with us a week, and because I was so proud and rebellious against our changed circumstances and so ashamed to have him find me dusting and washing dishes, I was cold and stiff towards him, and our old relations were not altogether resumed, although he was very kind. Sometimes for fun he helped me dust, and once he wiped the dishes for me and broke a china teapot, and then he went away and I never saw him again till last summer, when I met him at Saratoga. Fred, who was with him in college, introduced us to each other, supposing we were strangers. You ought to have seen the look of surprise on Rex's face when Fred said, 'This is my wife.'

"'Why, Louie,' he exclaimed, 'I don't need an introduction to you;' then to my husband, 'We are old friends, Louie and I;' and we told him of our early acquaintance.

"For a wonder, Fred did not seem a bit jealous of him, although savage if another man looked at me. Nor had he any cause, for Rex's manner was just like a brother's, but oh, such a brother! and I was so happy the two weeks he was there. We drove and rode and danced and talked together, and never but once did he refer to the past. Then, in his deep musical voice, the most musical I ever heard in a man, he said, 'I thought you were going to wait for me,' and I answered, 'I did wait, and you never came.'

"That was all; but the night before he went away he was in our room and asked for my photograph, which was lying upon the table. He had quite a collection, he said, and would like to add mine to it, and I gave it to him. Fred knew it and was willing, but since then, when he is in one of his moods, he taunts me with it, and says he knew I was in love with Rex all the time,—that he saw it in my face, and that Rex saw it, too, and despised me for it while pretending to admire me, and because he knew Rex despised me and he could trust him, he allowed me full liberty just to see how far I would go and not compromise myself. I do not believe it of Rex: he never despised any woman; but it is hard to hear such things, and sometimes when Fred is worse than usual and I have borne all I can bear, I go away and cry, with an intense longing for something different, which might perhaps have come to me if I had waited, and I hear Rex's boyish voice just as it sounded under the magnolias in Florida, where we played together and pelted each other with the white petals strewing the ground.

"I am not false to Fred in telling this to you, who know about my domestic life, which, after all, has some sunshine in it. Fred is not always cross. Every one has a good and a bad side, a Jekyll and Hyde, you know, and if Fred has more Hyde than Jekyll, it is not his fault, perhaps. I try him in many ways. He says I am a fool, and that I only care for his money, and if he gives me all I want I ought to be satisfied. Just now he is very good,—so good, in fact, that I wonder if he isn't going to die. I believe he thinks I am, I am so weak and tired. I have not told you, have I, that we too are going to Europe before long? Switzerland is our objective point, but if I can I will persuade Fred to go to Aix, where you will be. That will be jolly. I wonder if your Mrs. Hallam can be Rex's aunt."

"Did you ever see her?" Bertha asked, and Louie replied, "Only in the distance. She was in Saratoga with him, but at another hotel. I heard she was a very swell woman, with piles of money, and that when young she had made shoes and worked in a factory or something."

"How shocking!" Bertha said, laughingly, and Louie rejoined, "Don't be sarcastic. You know I don't care what she used to do. Why should I, when I have dusted and washed dishes myself, and waited on a lot of Northern boarders, with my proud Southern blood in hot rebellion against it? If Mrs. Hallam made shoes or cloth,

what does it matter, so long as she is rich now and in the best society? She is no blood relation to Rex, who is a gentleman by birth and nature both. I hope Mrs. Carter is his aunt, for then you will see him; and if you do, tell him I am your cousin, but not how wretched I am. He saw a little in Saratoga, but not much, for Fred was very guarded. Hark! I believe I hear him coming."

There was a bright flush on her cheeks as she started up and began to smooth the folds of her dress and to arrange her hair.

"Fred does not like to see me tumbled," she said, just as the portière was drawn aside and her husband entered the room.

He was a tall and rather fine-looking man of thirty, with large, fierce black eyes and an expression on his face and about his mouth indicative of an indomitable will and a temper hard to meet. He had come in, he said, to take Louie for a drive, as the day was fine and the air would do her good; and he was so gracious to Bertha that she felt sure the Jekyll mood was in the ascendant. He asked her if she was still with Swartz & Co., and listened with some interest while Louie told him of her engagement with Mrs. Carter Hallam, and when she asked if that lady was Rex's aunt he replied that she was, adding that Rex's uncle had adopted him as a son and had left a large fortune.

Then, turning to Bertha, he said, "I congratulate you on your prospective acquaintance with Rex Hallam. He is very susceptible to female charms, and quite indiscriminate in his attentions. Every woman, old or young, is apt to think he is in love with her."

He spoke sarcastically, with a meaning look at his wife, whose face was scarlet. Bertha was angry, and, with a proud inclination of her head, said to him, "It is not likely that I shall see much of Mr. Reginald Hallam. Why should I, when I am only his aunt's hired companion, and have few charms to attract him?"

"I am not so sure of that," Fred said, struck as he had never been before with Bertha's beauty, as she stood confronting him.

She was a magnificent-looking girl, who, given a chance, would throw Louie quite in the shade, he thought, and under the fascination of her beauty he became more gracious than ever, and asked her to drive with them and return to lunch.

"Oh, do," Louie said. "It is ages since you were here."

But Bertha declined, as she had shopping to do, and in the afternoon was going home to stay until it was time to report herself to Mrs. Hallam. Then, bidding them good-by, she left the house and walked rapidly down the avenue.

CHAPTER V.

THE COMPANION.

BERTHA kept up very bravely when she said good-by to her father and Dorcas and started alone for New York; but there was a horrid sense of loneliness and homesickness in her heart when at about six in the afternoon she rang the bell of No. — Fifth Avenue, looking in her sailor hat and tailor-made gown and Eton jacket of dark blue

serge more like the daughter of the house than like a hired companion. Peters, the colored man who opened the door, mistook her for an acquaintance, and was very deferential in his manner, while he waited for her card. By mistake her cards were in her trunk, and she said to him, "Tell Mrs. Hallam that Miss Leighton is here. She is expecting me."

Mrs. Hallam's servants usually managed to know the most of their mistress's business, for, although she professed to keep them at a distance, she was at times quite confidential, and they all knew that a Miss Leighton was to accompany her abroad as a companion. So when Peters heard the name he changed his intention to usher her into the reception-room, and, seating her in the hall, went for a maid, who took her to a room on the fourth floor back and told her that Mrs. Hallam had just gone in to dinner with some friends and would not be at liberty to see her for two or three hours.

"But she is expecting you," she said, "and has given orders that you can have your dinner served here, or, if you choose, you can dine with Mrs. Flagg, the housekeeper, in her room in the front basement. I should go there, if I were you. You'll find it pleasanter and cooler than up here under the roof."

Bertha preferred the housekeeper's room, to which she was taken by the maid. Mrs. Flagg was a kind-hearted, friendly woman, who, with the quick instincts of her class, recognized Bertha as a lady and treated her accordingly. She had lived with the Hallams many years, and, with a natural pride in the family, talked a good deal of her mistress's wealth and position, but more of Mr. Reginald, who had a pleasant word for everybody, high or low, rich or poor.

"Mrs. Hallam is not exactly that way," she said, "and sometimes snubs folks beneath her; but I've heard Mr. Reginald tell her that civil words don't cost anything, and the higher up you are and the surer of yourself the better you can afford to be polite to every one; that a gold piece is none the less gold because there is a lot of copper pennies in the purse with it, nor a real lady any the less a lady because she is kind of chummy with her inferiors. He's great on comparisons."

As Bertha made no comment, she continued, "He's Mrs. Hallam's nephew, or rather her husband's, but the same as her son;" adding that she was sorry he was not at home, as she'd like Miss Leighton to see him.

When dinner was over she offered to take Bertha back to her room, and as they passed an open door on the third floor she stopped a moment and said, "This is Mr. Reginald's room. Would you like to go in?"

Bertha did not care particularly about it, but, as Mrs. Flagg stepped inside, she followed her. Just then some one from the hall called to Mrs. Flagg, and, excusing herself for a moment, she went out, leaving Bertha alone. It was a luxuriously furnished apartment, with signs of masculine ownership everywhere, but what attracted Bertha most was a large mirror which in a Florentine frame covered the entire chimney above the mantel and was ornamented with photographs on

all its four sides. There were photographs of personal friends and prominent artists, authors, actors, opera-singers, and ballet-dancers, with a few of horses and dogs, divided into groups, with a blank space between. Bertha had no difficulty in deciding which were his friends, for there confronting her, with her sunny smile and laughing blue eyes, was Louie's picture given to him at Saratoga, and placed by the side of a sweet-faced, refined-looking woman wearing a rather old-style dress, who, Bertha fancied, might be his mother.

"How lovely Louie is," she thought, "and what a different life hers would have been had her friendship for Reginald Hallam ripened into love, as it ought to have done!" Then, casting her eyes upon another group, she started violently as she saw herself tucked in between a rope-walker and a ballet-dancer. "What does it mean? and how did my picture get here?" she exclaimed, taking it from the frame and wondering still more when she read upon it, "Rose Arabella Jefferson, Scotsburg."

"Rose Arabella Jefferson!" she repeated. "Who is she? and how came her name on my picture? and how came my picture in Rex Hallam's possession?" Then, remembering that she had sent it by request to Mrs. Hallam, she guessed how Rex came by it, and felt a little thrill of pride that he had liked it well enough to give it a place in his collection, even if it were in company with ballet-girls. "But it shall not stay there," she thought. "I'll put it next to Louie's, and let him wonder who changed it, if he ever notices the change."

Mrs. Flagg was coming, and, hastily putting the photograph between Louie's and that of a woman who she afterwards found was Mrs. Carter Hallam, she went out to meet the housekeeper, whom she followed to her room.

"You will not be afraid, as the servants all sleep up here. We have six besides the coachman," Mrs. Flagg said as she bade her good-night.

"Six servants besides the coachman and housekeeper! I make the ninth, for I dare say I am little more than that in my lady's estimation," Bertha thought, as she sat alone, watching the minute-hand of the clock creeping slowly round, and wondering when the grand dinner would be over and Mrs. Hallam ready to receive her. Then, lest the lump in her throat should get the mastery, she began to walk up and down her rather small quarters, to look out of the window upon the roofs of the houses, and to count the chimneys and spires in the distance.

It was very different from the lookout at home, with its long stretch of wooded hills, its green fields and meadows and grassy lane. Her tears were threatening every moment to start, when a maid appeared and said her mistress was at liberty to see her. With a beating heart and heightened color, Bertha followed her to the boudoir, where in amber satin and diamonds Mrs. Hallam was waiting, herself somewhat flurried and nervous and doubtful how to conduct herself during the interview. She was always a little uncertain how to maintain a dignity worthy of Mrs. Carter Hallam under all circumstances, for, although she had been in society so long and had seen herself quoted and her

dinners and receptions described so often, she was not yet quite sure of herself, nor had she learned the truth of Rex's theory that gold was not the less gold because in the same purse with pennies. She had never forgotten the shoe-shop and the barefoot girl picking berries, with all the other humble surroundings of her childhood, and because she had not she felt it incumbent upon her to try to prove that she was and always had been what she seemed to be, a leader of fashion, with millions at her command. To compass this she assumed an air of haughty superiority towards those whom she thought her inferiors. She had never had a hired companion, and in the absence of her mentor, Mrs. Walker Haynes, she did not know exactly how to treat one. Had she asked Rex, he would have said, "Treat her as you would any other young lady." But Rex held some very ultra views, and was not to be trusted implicitly. Fortunately, however, a guest at dinner had helped her greatly by recounting her own experience with a companion who was always getting out of her place, and who finally ran off with a French count at Trouville, where they were spending the summer.

"I began wrong," the lady said. "I was too familiar at first, and made too much of her because she was educated and superior to her class."

Acting upon this intimation, Mrs. Hallam decided to commence right. Remembering the picture which Rex called Squint-Eye, she had no fear that the original would ever run off with a French count, but she might have to be put down, and she would begin by sitting down to receive her. "Standing will make her too much my equal," she thought, and, adjusting the folds of her satin gown and assuming an expression which she meant to be very cold and distant, she glanced up carelessly, but still a little nervously, as she heard the sound of footsteps and knew there was some one at the door. She was expecting a very ordinary-looking person, with wide mouth, half-closed eyes, and light hair, and when she saw a tall, graceful girl, with dark hair and eyes, brilliant color, and an air decidedly patrician, as Mrs. Walker Haynes would say, she was startled out of her dignity, and involuntarily rose to her feet and half extended her hand. Then, remembering herself, she dropped it, and said, stammeringly, "Oh, are you Miss Leighton?"

"Yes, madam. You were expecting me, were you not?" Bertha answered, her voice clear and steady, with no sound of timidity or awe in it.

"Why, yes; that is—sit down, please. There is some mistake," Mrs. Hallam faltered. "You are not like your photograph, or the one I took for you. They must have gotten mixed, as Rex said they did. He insisted that your letter did not belong to what I said was your photograph and which he called Squint-Eye."

Here it occurred to Mrs. Hallam that she was not commencing right at all,—that she was quite too communicative to a girl who looked fully equal to running off with a duke, if she chose, and who must be kept down. But she explained about the letters and the photographs until Bertha had a tolerably correct idea of the mistake and laughed heartily over it. It was a very merry, musical laugh, in which Mrs.

Hallam joined for a moment. Then, resuming her haughty manner, she plied Bertha with questions, saying to her first, "Your home is in Boston, I believe."

"Oh, no," Bertha replied. "My home is in Leicester, where I was born."

"In Leicester!" Mrs. Hallam replied, her voice indicative of surprise and disapprobation. "You wrote me from Boston. Why did you do that?"

Bertha explained why, and Mrs. Hallam asked next if she lived in the village or the country.

"In the country, on a farm," Bertha answered, wondering at Mrs. Hallam's evident annoyance at finding that she came from Leicester instead of Boston.

It had not before occurred to her to connect the Homestead with Mrs. Carter Hallam, but it came to her now, and at a venture she said, "Our place is called the Hallam Homestead, named for a family who lived there many years ago."

She was looking curiously at Mrs. Hallam, whose face was crimson at first and then grew pale, but who for a moment made no reply. Here was a complication,—Leicester, and perhaps the old life, brought home to her by the original of the picture so much admired by Rex, who had it in mind to buy the old homestead, and was sure to admire the girl when he saw her, as he would, for he was coming to Aix-les-Bains some time during the summer. If Mrs. Hallam could have found an excuse for it, she would have dismissed Bertha at once. But there was none. She was there, and she must keep her, and perhaps it might be well to be frank with her to a certain extent. So she said at last, "My husband's family once lived in Leicester,—presumably on your father's farm. That was years ago, before I was married. My nephew, Mr. Reginald" (she laid much stress on the *Mr.*, as if to impress Bertha with the distance there was between them), "has, I believe, some quixotic notion about buying the old place. Is it for sale?"

The fire which flashed into Bertha's eyes and the hot color which stained her cheeks startled Mrs. Hallam, who was not prepared for Bertha's excitement as she replied, "For sale! Never! There is a mortgage of long standing on it, but it will be paid in the fall. I am going with you to earn the money to pay it. Nothing else would take me from father and Dorcas so long. We heard there was a New York man wishing to buy it, but he may as well think of buying the Coliseum as our home. Tell him so, please, for me. Hallam Homestead is *not* for sale."

As she talked, Bertha grew each moment more earnest and excited and beautiful, with the tears shining in her eyes and the bright color on her cheeks. Mrs. Hallam was not a hard woman, nor a bad woman; she was simply calloused over with false ideas of caste and position, which prompted her to restrain her real nature whenever it asserted itself, as it was doing now. Something about Bertha fascinated and interested her, bringing back the long ago, with the odor of the pines, the perfume of the pond-lilies, and the early days of her married life. But this feeling soon passed. Habit is everything, and she had been

the fashionable Mrs. Carter Hallam so long that it would take more than a memory of the past to change her. She must maintain her dignity, and not give way to sentiment, and she was soon herself, cold and distant, with her chin in the air, where she usually carried it when talking to those whom she wished to impress with her superiority.

For some time longer she talked to Bertha, plying her with questions and learning as much of her history as Bertha chose to tell. Her mother was born in Georgia, she said; her father in Boston. He was a Yale graduate, and fonder of books than of farming. They were poor, keeping no servants; Dorcas, her only sister, kept the house, while she did what she could to help pay expenses and lessen the mortgage on the farm. All this Bertha told readily enough, with no thought of shame for her poverty. She saw that Mrs. Hallam was impressed with the Southern mother and scholarly father, and once she thought to speak of her cousin, Mrs. Louie, but did not, and here she possibly made a mistake, for Mrs. Hallam had a great respect for family connections, as that was what she lacked. She had heard of Mrs. Fred Thurston, as had every frequenter of Saratoga and Newport, and once at the former place she had seen her driving in her husband's stylish turnout with Reginald at her side. He was very attentive to the beauty whom he had known at the South, and Mrs. Hallam had once or twice intimated to him that she too would like to meet her, but he had not acted upon the hint, and she had left Saratoga without accomplishing her object. Had Bertha told of the relationship between herself and Louie it might have made some difference in her relations with her employer. But she did not, and after a little further catechising Mrs. Hallam dismissed her, saying, "As the ship sails at nine, it will be necessary to rise very early: so I will bid you good-night."

The next morning Bertha breakfasted with Mrs. Flagg, who told her that, as a friend was to accompany Mrs. Hallam in her coupé to the ship, she was to go in a street-car, with a maid to show her the way.

"Evidently I am a hired servant and nothing more," Bertha thought; "but I can endure even that for the sake of Europe and five hundred dollars." And, bidding good-by to Mrs. Flagg, she was soon on her way to the Teutonic.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TEUTONIC.

BERTHA found Mrs. Hallam in her state-room, which was one of the largest and most expensive on the ship. With her were three or four ladies who were there to say good-by, all talking together and offering advice in case of sickness, while Mrs. Hallam fanned herself vigorously, as the morning was very hot.

"Are you not taking a maid?" one of the ladies asked, and Mrs. Hallam replied that Mrs. Haynes advised her to get one in Paris, adding, "I have a young girl as companion, and I'm sure I don't know

where she is. She ought to be here by this time. I dare say she will be more trouble than good. She seems quite the fine lady. I hardly know what I am to do with her."

"Keep her in her place," was the prompt advice of a little, common-looking woman, who was once a nursery governess, but was now a millionaire, and perfectly competent to advise as to the proper treatment of a companion.

Just then Bertha appeared, and was stared at by the ladies, who took no further notice of her.

"I am glad you've got here at last. What kept you so long?" Mrs. Hallam asked, a little petulantly, while Bertha replied that she had been detained by a block in the street-cars, and asked if there was anything she could do.

"Yes," Mrs. Hallam answered. "I wish you would open my sea trunk and satchel and get out my wrapper and shawl and cushion and toilet articles and salts and camphor. I am sure to be sick the minute we get out to sea." And, handing her keys to Bertha, she went with her friends outside, where the crowd was increasing every moment.

The passenger-list was full, and every passenger had at least half a dozen acquaintances to see him off, so that by the time Bertha had arranged Mrs. Hallam's belongings and gone out on deck there was hardly standing-room. Finding a seat near the purser's office, she sat down and watched the surging mass of human beings, jostling, pushing, crowding each other, the confusion reaching its climax when the order came for the ship to be cleared of all visitors. Then for a time they stood so thickly around her that she could see nothing and hear nothing but a confused babel of voices, until suddenly there was a break in the ranks, and a tall young man, who had been fighting his way to the plank, pitched headlong against her with such force that she fell from the seat, losing her hat in the fall and striking her forehead on a sharp point near her.

"I beg your pardon; are you much hurt? I am so sorry, but I could not help it, they pushed me so in this infernal crowd. Let me help you up," a pleasant, manly voice, full of concern, said to her, while two strong hands lifted her to her feet and on to the seat where she had been sitting. "You are safe here, unless some other blunderhead knocks you down again," the young man continued, as he managed to pick up her hat. "Some wretch has stepped on it, but I think I can doctor it into shape," he said, giving it a twist or two and then putting it very carefully on Bertha's head hind side before. "There! It is all right, I think, though, upon my soul, it does seem a little askew," he added, looking for the first time fully at Bertha, who was holding her hand to her forehead, where a big bump was beginning to show.

Her hand hid a portion of her face, but she smiled brightly and gratefully upon the stranger, whose manner was so friendly and whose brown eyes seen through his glasses looked so kindly at her.

"By Jove, you are hurt," he continued, "and I did it. I can't help you, as I've got to go, but my aunt is on board,—Mrs. Carter Hallam; find her, and tell her that her awkward nephew came near

knocking your brains out. She has every kind of drug and lotion imaginable, from sulfonal to Pond's extract, and is sure to find something for that bump. And now I must go, or be carried off."

He gave another twist to her hat and offered her his hand, and then ran down the plank to the wharf, where, with hundreds of others, he stood, waving his hat and cane to his friends on the ship, which began to move slowly from the dock. He was so tall that Bertha could see him distinctly, and she stood watching him, and him alone, until he was a speck in the distance. Then, with a strange feeling of loneliness, she started for her state-room, where Mrs. Hallam, who had preceded her, was looking rather cross and doing her best to be sick, although as yet there was scarcely any motion to the vessel.

Reginald, whose train was late, had hurried at once to the ship, which he reached in time to see his aunt for a few moments only. Her last friend had said good-by, and she was feeling very forlorn, and wondering where Bertha could be, when he came rushing up, bringing so much life and sunshine and magnetism with him that Mrs. Hallam began to feel doubly forlorn as she wondered what she should do without him.

"Oh, Rex," she said, laying her head on his arm and beginning to cry a little, "I am so glad you have come, and I wish you were going with me. I fear I have made a mistake starting off alone. I don't know at all how to take care of myself."

Rex smoothed her hair, patted her hand, soothed her as well as he could, and told her he was sure she would get on well enough and that he would certainly join her in August.

"Where is Miss Leighton? Hasn't she put in an appearance?" he asked, and his aunt replied, with a little asperity of manner, "Yes; she came last night."

"Doesn't she fill the bill?" Rex said, and his aunt replied, "She seems a high and mighty sort of damsel. I am disappointed, and afraid I shall have trouble with her."

"Sit down on her if she gets too high and mighty," Rex said, laughingly, while his aunt was debating the propriety of telling him of the mistake and who Bertha was.

"I don't believe I will. He will find it out soon enough," she thought, just as the last warning to leave the boat was given, and with a hurried good-by Rex left her, saying, as he did so, "I'll look a bit among the crowd, and if I find your squint-eyed damsel I'll send her to you. I shall know her in a minute." Here was a good chance to explain, but Mrs. Hallam let it pass, and Rex went his way, searching here and there for a light-haired, weak-eyed woman answering to her photograph.

But he did not find her, and ran instead against Bertha, with no suspicion that she was the girl he had told his aunt to sit on, and for whom that lady waited rather impatiently after the ship was cleared.

"Oh!" she said, as Bertha came in. "I have been waiting for you some time. Did you have friends to say good-by to? Give me my salts, please, and camphor, and fan, and a pillow, and close that shutter. I don't want the herd looking in upon me; nor do I think this room

so very desirable, with all the people passing and repassing. I told Rex so, and he said nobody wanted to see me in my night-cap. He was here to say good-by. His train got in just in time."

Bertha closed the shutters and brought a pillow and fan and the camphor and salts, and then bathed the bruise on her forehead, which was increasing in size and finally attracted Mrs. Hallam's attention.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, and Bertha replied, "I was knocked down in the crowd by a young man who told me he had an aunt, a Mrs. Hallam, on board. I suppose he must have been your nephew."

"Did you tell him who you were?" Mrs. Hallam asked, with a shake of her head and disapproval in her voice.

"No, madam," Bertha replied. "He was trying to apologize for what he had done, and spoke to me of you as one to whom I could go for help if I was badly hurt."

"Yes, that is like Reginald,—thinking of everything," Mrs. Hallam said. After a moment she added, "He has lived with me since he was a boy, and is the same as a son. He will join me in Aix-les-Bains in August. Miss Grace Haynes is there, and I don't mind telling you, as you will probably see for yourself, that I think there is a sort of understanding between him and her. Nothing would please me better."

"There! I have headed off any idea she might possibly have with regard to Rex, who is so democratic and was so struck with her photograph, while she—well, there is something in her eyes and the lofty way she carries her head and shoulders that I don't like; it looks too much like equality, and I am afraid I may have to sit on her, as Rex bade me do," was Mrs. Hallam's mental comment, as she adjusted herself upon her couch and issued her numerous orders.

For three days she stayed in her state-room, not because she was actually sea-sick, but because she feared she would be. To lie perfectly quiet in her berth until she was accustomed to the motion of the vessel was the advice given her by one of her friends, and as far as possible she followed it, while Bertha was kept in constant attendance, reading to her, brushing her hair, bathing her head, opening and shutting the windows, and taking messages to those of her acquaintances able to be on deck. The sea was rather rough for June, but Bertha was not at all affected by it, and the only inconvenience she suffered was want of sufficient exercise and fresh air. Early in the morning, while Mrs. Hallam slept, she was free to go on deck, and again late in the evening, after the lady had retired for the night. These walks, with going to her meals, were the only recreation or change she had, and she was beginning to droop a little, when at last Mrs. Hallam declared herself able to go upon deck, where, by the aid of means which seldom fail, she managed to gain possession of the sunniest and most sheltered spot, which she held in spite of the protestations of another party who claimed the place on the ground of first occupancy. She was Mrs. Carter Hallam, and she kept the field until a vacancy occurred in the vicinity of some people whom to know, if possible, was desirable. Then she moved, and had her reward in being told by one of the magnates that it was a fine day and the ship was making good time.

Every morning Bertha brought her rugs and wraps and cushions and umbrella, and after seeing her comfortably adjusted sat down at a respectful distance and waited for orders, which were far more frequent than was necessary. No one spoke to her, although many curious and admiring glances were cast at the bright, handsome girl, who seemed quite as much a lady as her mistress, but who was performing the duties of a maid and was put down upon the passenger-list as Mrs. Hallam's companion. As it chanced, there was a royal personage on board, and one day when standing near Bertha, who was watching a steamer just appearing upon the horizon, he addressed some remark to her, and then, attracted by something in her face, or manner, or both, continued to talk with her, until Mrs. Hallam's peremptory voice called out, "Bertha, I want you. Don't you see my rug is falling off?"

There was a questioning glance at the girl thus bidden and at the woman who bade her, and then, lifting his hat politely to the former, the stranger walked away, while Bertha went to Mrs. Hallam, who said to her sharply, "I wonder at your presumption; but possibly you didn't know to whom you were talking."

"Oh, yes, I did," Bertha replied. "It was the prince. He speaks English fluently, and I found him very agreeable."

She was apparently as unconcerned as if it had been the habit of her life to consort with royalty, and Mrs. Hallam looked at her wonderingly, conscious in her narrow soul of an increased feeling of respect for the girl whom a prince had honored with his notice and who took it so coolly and naturally. But she did not abate her requirements or exactions in the least. On the contrary, it seemed as if she increased them, if possible, in order to keep her at her side and away from the people. But Bertha bore it all patiently, performing every task imposed upon her as if it were a pleasure, and never giving any sign of fatigue, although in reality she was never so tired in her life as when at last they sailed up the Mersey and into the docks at Liverpool.

At Queenstown she had sent off a letter to Dorcas, in which, after speaking of her arrival in New York and the voyage in general, she wrote, "I hardly know what to say of Mrs. Hallam until I have seen more of her. Just now she keeps me too busy to know how I like anything. She is a great lady, and great ladies need a great deal of waiting upon, and the greater they are the greater the need. There must be something Shylocky in her nature, and, as she gives me a big salary, she means to have her pound of flesh. I am down on the passenger-list as her companion, but it should be maid, as I am really that. But when we reach Paris there will be a change, as she is to have a French maid there. It will surprise you, as it did me, to know that she belongs to the Hallams for whom the Homestead was named and who father thought were all dead. Her husband was born there. Where she came from I do not know. She is very reticent on that point. I shouldn't be surprised if she once worked in a factory, she is so particular to have her position recognized. Such a scramble as she had to get to the captain's table; though what good that does I cannot guess, inasmuch as he is seldom there himself. I am at *Nobody's* table, and like it, because I am a nobody.

"Do you remember the letter father had, saying that some New-Yorker wanted to buy our farm and was coming to look at it? That New-Yorker is Cousin Louie's Reginald Hallam, of whom I told you, and Mrs. Carter's nephew; not in the least like her, I fancy, although I have only had the pleasure of being knocked down by him on the ship. But he was not to blame. The crowd pushed him against me with such force that I fell off the seat and nearly broke my head. My hat was crushed out of all shape, and he made it worse trying to twist it back. He was kindness itself, and his brown eyes full of concern as they looked at me through the clearest pair of rimless glasses I ever saw. He did not know who I was, of course, but I am sure he would have been just as kind if he had. I can understand Louie's infatuation for him, and why his aunt adores him.

"But what nonsense to be writing with Queenstown in sight, and this letter must be finished to send off. I am half ashamed of what I have said of Mrs. Hallam, who, when she forgets what a grand lady she is, can be very nice, and I really think she likes me a little.

"And now I must close, with more love for you and father than can be carried in a hundred letters. Will write again from Paris. Good-by, good-by.

"BERTHA.

"P.S. I told you that if a New-Yorker came to buy the farm you were to shut the door in his face. But you may as well let him in."

CHAPTER VII.

REGINALD AND PHINEAS JONES.

AFTER bidding his aunt good-by, Reginald went home for a few moments, and then to his office, where he met for the first time Mr. Gorham, the owner of the Leighton mortgage, and learned that the place was really where his father used to live and that the Homestead was named for the Hallams. This increased his desire to own it, and, as there was still time to catch the next train for Boston, he started for the dépôt and was soon on his way to Worcester, where he arrived about four in the afternoon. Wishing to make some inquiries as to the best means of reaching Leicester, he went to a hotel, where he found no one in the office besides the clerk except a tall, spare man, with long light hair tinged with gray, and shrewdness and curiosity written all over his good-humored face. He wore a linen duster, with no collar, and only an apology for a handkerchief twisted around his neck. Tipping back in one chair, with his feet in another, he was taking frequent and mostly unsuccessful aims at a cuspidor about six feet from him.

"Good-afternoon," he said, taking his feet from the chair for a moment, but soon putting them back, as he asked if Reginald had just come from the train, and whether from the east or the west. Then he told him it was an all-fired hot day, that it looked like thunder in the

west, and he shouldn't wonder if they got a heavy shower before night.

To all this Reginald assented, and then went to the desk to register, while the stranger, on pretence of looking at something in the street, also arose and sauntered to the door, managing to glance at the register and see the name just written there.

Resuming his seat and inviting Rex to take a chair near him, he began: "I b'lieve you're from New York. I thought so the minute you came in. I have travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and been through the war,—was a corp'ral there,—and I generally spot you fellows when I first put my eye on you. I am Phineas Jones,—Phin for short. I hain't any real profession, but am jack at all trades and good at none. Everybody knows me in these parts, and I know everybody."

Rex, who began to be greatly amused with this queer specimen, bowed an acknowledgment of the honor of knowing Mr. Jones, who said, "Be you acquainted in Worcester?"

"Not at all. Was never here before," was Rex's reply, and Phineas continued: "Slow old place, some think, but I like it. Full of nice folks of all sorts, with clubs and lodges and societies, and no end of squabbles about temperance and city officers and all that. As for music,—my land, I'd smile to see any place hold a candle to us. Had all the crack singers here, even to the diver."

Rex, who had listened rather indifferently to Phineas's laudations of Worcester, now asked if he knew much of the adjoining towns; Leicester, for instance.

"Wa-all, I'd smile," Phineas replied, with a fierce assault upon the cuspidor. "Yes, I would smile if I didn't know Leicester. Why, I was born there, and it's always been my native town, except two or three years in Sturbridge, when I was a shaver, and the time I was to the war and travellin' round. Pleasant town, but dull,—with no steam-cars nigher than Rochdale or Worcester. Got stages and an electric car to Spencer;—run every half-hour. Think of goin' there?"

Rex said he did, and asked the best way of getting there.

"Wa-all, there's four ways,—the stage, but that's gone; hire a team and drive out,—that's expensive; take the steam-cars for Rochdale and then drive out,—that's expensive, too; or take the electric, which is cheaper and pleasanter and quicker. Know anybody in Leicester?"

Rex said he didn't, and asked if Phineas knew a place called Hallam Homestead.

"Wa-all, I'd smile if I didn't," Phineas replied. "Why, I've worked in hayin'-time six or seven summers for Square Leighton. He was 'lected justice of the peace twelve or fifteen years ago, and I call him Square yet, as a title seems to suit him, he's so different-lookin' from most farmers,—kind of high-toned, you know. Ort to have been an aristocrat. As to the Hallams, who used to own the place, I've heard of 'em ever since I was knee-high; I was acquainted with Carter; first-rate feller. By the way, your name is Hallam. Any kin?"

Rex explained his relationship to the Hallams, while the smile

habitual to Phineas's face, which, with the expressions he used so often, had given him the *sobriquet* of Smiling Phin, broadened into a loud laugh of genuine delight and surprise, and, springing up, he grasped Rex's hand, exclaiming, "This beats the Dutch! I'm glad to see you, I be. I thought you was all dead when Carter died. There's a pile of you in the old Greenville graveyard. Why, you 'n' I must be connected."

Rex looked at him wonderingly, while he went on: "You see, Carter Hallam's wife was Lucy Ann Brown, and her great-grandmother and my great-grandfather were half brother and sister. Now, what relation be I to Lucy Ann, or to you?"

Rex confessed his inability to trace so remote a relationship on so hot a day, and Phineas rejoined, "'Tain't very near, that's a fact, but we're related, though I never thought Lucy Ann hankered much for my society. I used to call her cousin, which made her mad. She was a handsome girl when she clerked it here in Worcester and roped Carter in. A high stepper,—turned up her nose when I ast her for her company. That's when she was bindin' shoes, before she knew Carter. I don't s'pose I could touch her now with a ten-foot pole, though I b'lieve I'll call the fust time I'm in New York, if you'll give me your number. Blood is blood. How is the old lady?"

Here was a chance for Rex to inquire into his aunt's antecedents, of which he knew so little, as she was very reticent with regard to her early life. He knew that she was an orphan and had no near relatives, and that she had once lived in Worcester, and that was all. The clerkship and the shoe-binding were news to him; he did not even know before that she was Lucy Ann, as she had long ago dropped the *Ann* as too plebeian; but, with the delicacy of a true gentleman, he would not ask a question of this man, who, he was sure, would tell all he knew and a great deal more, if urged.

"I wonder what Aunt Lucy would say to being visited and cousined by this Yankee, who calls her an old lady," he thought, as he said that she was very well and had just sailed for Europe, adding that she was still handsome and very young-looking.

"You don't say!" Phineas exclaimed, and began at once to calculate her age, basing his data on a spelling-school in Sturbridge when she was twelve years old and had spelled him down, a circus in Fiskdale which she had attended with him when she was fifteen, and the time when he had asked for her company in Worcester. Naturally, he made her several years older than she really was.

But she was not there to protest, and Rex did not care. He was more interested in his projected purchase than in his aunt's age, and he asked if the Hallam farm were good or bad.

"Wa-all, 'tain't neither," Phineas replied. "You see, it's pretty much run down for want of means and management. The Square ain't no kind of a farmer, and never was, and he didn't ort to be one, but his wife persuaded him. My land, how a woman can twist a man round her fingers, especially if she's kittenish and pretty and soft-spoken, as the Square's wife was. She was from Georgy, and nothin' would do but she must live on a farm and have it fixed up as nigh like

her father's plantation as she could. She took down the big chimbly and built some outside,—queer-lookin' till the woodbine run up and covered 'em clear to the top, and now they're pretty. She made a bath-room out of the but'try, and a but'try out of the meal-room. She couldn't have niggers, nor, of course, nigger cabins, but she got him to build a lot of other out-houses, which cost a sight,—stables, and a dog-kennel."

"Dog-kennels!" Rex interrupted, feeling more desirous than ever for a place with kennels already in it. "How large are they?"

"There ain't but one," Phineas said, "and that ain't there now. It was turned into a pig-pen long ago, for the Square can't abide dogs; but there's a hen-house, and smoke-house, and ice-house, and house over the well, and flower-garden with box borders, and yard terraced down to the orchard, with brick wall and steps, and a dammed brook——"

"A what?" Reginald asked, in astonishment.

"Wa-all, I should smile if you thought I meant disrespect for the Bible: I didn't. I'm a church member,—a Free Methodist and class-leader, and great on exhortatin' and experiencin', they say. I don't swear. You spelt the word wrong, with an *n* instead of two *m*'s; that's what's the matter. That's the word your aunt Lucy Ann spelt me down on at the spellin'-school. We two stood up longest and were tryin' for the medal. I was more used to the word with an *n* in it than I am now, and got beat. What I mean about the brook is that it runs acrost the road into the orchard, and Mis' Leighton had it dammed up with boards and stones to make a waterfall, with a rustic bridge below it, and a butternut-tree, and a seat under it, where you can set and view nature. But, bless your soul, such things don't pay, and if Mis' Leighton had lived she'd of ruined the Square teetotally. But she died, poor thing, and the Square's hair turned white in six months."

"What family has Mr. Leighton?" Rex asked, and Phineas replied, "Two girls, that's all; one handsome as blazes, like her mother, and the other—wa-all, she is nice-lookin', with a motherly, venerable kind of face that everybody trusts. She stays to hum, Dorcas does, while——" Here he was interrupted by Rex, who, more interested just then in the farm than in the girls, asked if it was for sale.

"For sale?" Phineas replied. "I'd smile to see the Square sell his farm, though he owes a pile on it; borrows of Peter to pay Paul, you know, and so keeps a-goin'; but I don't b'lieve he'd sell for love nor money."

"Not if he could get cash down and, say, a thousand more than it is worth?" Rex suggested.

Staggered by the thousand dollars, which seemed like a fortune to one who had never had more than a few hundred at a time in his life, Phineas gasped. "One thousand extry! Wa-all, I swan, a thousand extry would tempt some men to sell their souls; but I don't know about its fetchin' the Square. Think of buyin' it?"

Rex said he did.

"For yourself?"

"Yes, for myself."

"*You* goin' to turn farmer?" and Phineas looked him over from

head to foot. "Wa-all, if that ain't curi's. I'd smile to see you, or one of your New York dudes, a-farmin' it, with your high collars, your long coats and wide trouses and yaller shoes and canes and eye-glasses, and hands that never done a stroke of hard work in your lives. Yes, I would."

Rex had never felt so small in his life as when Phineas was drawing a picture he recognized as tolerably correct of most of his class, and he half wished his collar was a trifle lower and his coat a little shorter, but he laughed good-humoredly and said, "I am afraid we do seem a useless lot to you, and I suppose we might wear older-fashioned clothes, but I can't help the glasses. I couldn't see across the street without them."

"I want to know," Phineas said. "Wa-all, they ain't bad on you, they're so clear and hain't no rims to speak of. They make you look like a literary feller, or more like a minister. Be you a professor?"

Rex flushed a little at the close questioning, expecting to be asked next how much he was worth and where his money was invested, but he answered honestly, "I wish I could say yes, but I can't."

"What a pity! Come to one of our meetins', and we'll convert you in no time. What persuasion be you?"

Reginald said he was an Episcopalian, and Phineas's face fell a little. He hadn't much faith in Episcopalians, thinking their service was mere form, with nothing in it which he could enjoy, except that he did not have to sit still long enough to get sleepy, and there were so many places where he could come in strong with an Amen, as he always did. This opinion, however, he did not express to Reginald. He merely said, "Wa-all, there's good folks in every church. I do b'lieve the Square is pious, and he's a 'Piscopal. Took it from his Georgy wife, who had a good many other fads. You have a good face, like all the Hallams, and I b'lieve they died in the faith. Says so, anyway, on their tombstones; but monuments lie as well as obituaries. But I ain't a-goin' to discuss religious tenants, though I'm fust-rate at it, they say. I want to know what *you* want of a farm?"

Rex told him that he had long wished for a place in the country where he could spend a part of each year with a few congenial friends, hunting and fishing and boating, and from what he had heard of the Homestead he thought it would just suit him, there were so many hills and woods and ponds around it. "Are there pleasant drives?" he asked, and Phineas replied, "Tip-top, the city folks think. Woods full of roads leading nowhere except to some old house a hundred years old or more, and the older they be the better the city folks like 'em. Why, they actu'lly go into the garrets and buy up old spinning-wheels and desks and chairs; and, my land, they're crazy over tall clocks."

Rex did not care much for the furniture of the old garrets unless it should happen to belong to the Hallams, and he asked next if there were foxes in the woods, and if he could get up a hunt with dogs and horses. Phineas did not smile, but laughed long and loud, and deluged the cuspidor, before he replied, "Wa-all, if I won't give up! A fox-hunt, with hounds and horses, tearin' through the folks's fields and

gardens! Why, you'd be mobbed. You'd be tarred and feathered. You'd be rid on a rail."

"But," Rex exclaimed, "I should keep on my own premises. A man has a right to do what he pleases with his own,"—a remark which so affected Phineas that he doubled up with laughter, as he said, "That's so; but, bless your soul, the Homestead farm ain't big enough for a hunt. It takes acres and acres for that, and if you had 'em the foxes wouldn't stop to ask if it's your premises or somebody else's. They ain't likely to take to the open if they can help it, but with the dogs to their heels and widder Brady's garden right before 'em they'd make a run for it. Her farm jines the Homestead, and 'twould be good as a circus to see the hounds tearin' up her sage and her gooseberries and her voilets. She'd be out with brooms and mops and pokers; and, besides that, the Leicester women would be up in arms and say 'twas cruel for a lot of men to hunt a poor fox to death just for fun. They are great on Bergh, Leicester women are, and they might arrest you."

Reginald saw his fox-hunts fading into air, and was about to ask what there was in the woods which he could hunt without fear of the widow Brady or the Bergh ladies of the town, when Phineas sprang up, exclaiming, "Hullo! there's the Square now. I saw him in town this mornin' about some plasterin' I ort to have done six weeks ago." And he darted from the door, while Rex, looking from the window, saw an old horse drawing an old buggy in which sat an old man, evidently intent upon avoiding a street-car rapidly approaching him, while Phineas was making frantic efforts to stop him. But a car from an opposite direction and a carriage blocked his way, and by the time these had passed the old man and buggy were too far up the street for him to be heard or to overtake them.

"I'm awful sorry," he said, as he returned to the hotel. "He was alone, and you could of rid with him as well as not and saved your fare."

Rex thanked him for his kind intentions, but said he did not mind the fare in the least and preferred the electric car. Then, as he wished to look about the city a little, he bade good-by to Phineas, who accompanied him to the door, and said, "Mabby you'd better mention my name to the Square as a surety that you're all right. He hain't travelled as much as I have, nor seen as many swells like you, and he might take you for a confidence-man."

Rex promised to make use of his new friend if he found it necessary, and walked away, while Phineas looked after him admiringly, thinking, "That's a fine chap; not a bit stuck up. Glad I've met him, for now I shall visit Lucy Ann when she comes home. He's a little off, though, on his farm and his fox-hunts."

Meanwhile, Reginald walked through several streets, and at last found himself in the vicinity of the electric car, which he took for Leicester. It was a pleasant ride, and he enjoyed it immensely, especially after they were out in the country and began to climb the long hill. At his request he was put down at the cross-road and the gabled house pointed out to him. Very eagerly he looked about him as he went slowly up the avenue or lane bordered with cherry-trees on one

side, and on the other commanding an unobstructed view of the country for miles around, with its valleys and thickly wooded hills.

"This is charming," he said, as he turned his attention next to the house and its surroundings.

How quiet and pleasant it looked, with its gables and picturesque chimneys under the shadow of the big apple-tree in the rear and the big elm in the front! He could see the out-buildings of which Phineas had told him,—the well-house, the hen-house, the smoke-house, the ice-house and stable,—and could hear the faint sound of the brook in the orchard falling over the dam into the basin below.

"I wish I had lived here when a boy, as my father and uncle did," he thought, just as a few big drops of rain fell upon the grass. He noticed for the first time how black it was overhead, and how threatening were the clouds rolling up so fast from the west.

It had been thundering at intervals ever since he left Worcester, and in the sultry air there was that stillness which portends the coming of a severe storm. But he had paid no attention to it, and now he did not hasten his steps until there came a deafening crash of thunder, followed instantaneously by a drenching downpour of rain, which seemed to come in sheets rather than in drops, and he knew that in a few minutes he would be wet through, as his coat was rather thin and he had no umbrella. He was still some little distance from the house, but by running swiftly he was soon under the shelter of the piazza, and knocking at the door, with a hope that it might be opened by the girl who Phineas had said "was handsome as blazes."

CHAPTER VIII.

REX AT THE HOMESTEAD.

THE day had been longer and lonelier to Dorcas than the previous one, for then she had gone with Bertha to the train in Worcester, and after saying good-by had done some shopping in town and made a few calls before returning home. She had then busied herself with clearing up Bertha's room, which was not an altogether easy task. Bertha was never as orderly as her sister, and, in the confusion of packing, her room was in a worse condition than usual. But to clear it up was a labor of love, over which Dorcas lingered as long as possible. Then when all was done and she had closed the shutters and dropped the shades, she knelt by the white bed and amid a rain of tears prayed God to protect the dear sister on sea and land and bring her safely back to the home which was so desolate without her. That was yesterday; but to-day there had been comparatively nothing to do, for after an early breakfast her father had started for Boylston, hoping to collect a debt which had long been due and the payment of which would help towards the mortgage. After he had gone and her morning work was done, Dorcas sat down alone in the great lonely house and began to cry, wondering what she should do to pass the long hours before her father's return.

"I wish I had Bertha's room to straighten up again," she thought.

"Anyway I'll go and look at it." And, drying her eyes, she went up to the room, which seemed so dark and close and gloomy that she opened the windows and threw back the blinds, letting in the full sunlight and warm summer air. "She was fond of air and sunshine," she said to herself, remembering the many times they had differed on that point, she insisting that so much sun faded the carpets, and Bertha insisting that she would have it, carpets or no carpets. Bertha was fond of flowers, too, and in their season kept the house full of them. This Dorcas also remembered, and, going to the garden, she gathered great clusters of roses and white lilies, which she arranged in two bouquets, putting one on the bureau and the other on the deep window-seat, where Bertha used to sit so often when at home, and where one of her favorite books was lying, with her work-basket and a bit of embroidery she had played at doing. The book and the basket Dorcas had left on the window-seat with something of the feeling which prompts us to keep the rooms of our dead as they left them. At the side of the bed and partly under it she had found a pair of half-worn slippers, which Bertha was in the habit of wearing at night while undressing, and these she had also left, they looked so much like Bertha, with their worn toes and high French heels. Now as she saw them she thought to put them away, but decided to leave them, as it was not likely any one would occupy the room in Bertha's absence.

"There, it looks more cheerful now," she said, surveying the apartment with its sunlight and flowers. Then, going down-stairs, she whiled away the hours as best she could until it was time to prepare supper for her father, whose coming she watched for anxiously, hoping he would reach home before the storm which was fast gathering in the west and sending out flashes of lightning, with angry growls of thunder. "He will be hungry and tired, and I mean to give him his favorite dishes," she thought, as she busied herself in the kitchen. With a view to make his home-coming as pleasant as possible, she laid the table with the best cloth and napkins and the gilt-band china, used only on great occasions, and put on a plate for Bertha and a bowl of roses in the centre, with one or two buds at each plate. "Now, that looks nice," she thought, surveying her work with a good deal of satisfaction, "and father will be pleased. I wish he would come. How black the sky is getting, and how angry the clouds look!" Then she thought of Bertha on the sea, and wondered if the storm would reach her, and was silently praying that it would not, when she saw old Bush and the buggy pass the windows, and in a few moments her father came in, looking very pale and tired. He had had a long ride for nothing, as the man who owed him could not pay, but he brightened at once when he saw the attractive tea-table and divined why all the best things were out.

"You are a good girl, Dorcas, and I don't know what I should do without you now," he said, stroking Dorcas's hair caressingly, and adding, "Now let us have supper. I am hungry as a bear, as Bertha would say."

Dorcas started to leave the room just as she heard the sound of the bell and knew the electric car was coming up the hill. Though she had seen it so many times, she always stopped to look at it, and she

stopped now and saw Reginald alight from it and saw the conductor point towards their house as if directing him to it. "Who can it be?" she thought, calling her father to the window, where they both stood watching the stranger as he came slowly along the avenue. "How queerly he acts, stopping so much to look around! Don't he know it is beginning to rain?" she said, just as the crash and downpour came which sent Rex flying towards the house.

"Oh, father!" Dorcas exclaimed, clutching his arm, "don't you know, Mr. Gorham wrote that the New-Yorker who wanted to buy our farm might come to look at it? I believe this is he. What shall we do with him? Bertha told us to shut the door in his face."

"You would hardly keep a dog out in a storm like this. Why, I can't see across the road. I never knew it rain so fast," Mr. Leighton replied, as Rex's knock sounded on the door, which Dorcas opened just as a vivid flash of lightning lit up the sky and was followed instantaneously by a deafening peal of thunder and a dash of rain which swept half-way down the hall.

"Oh, my!" Dorcas said, holding back her dress; and "Great Scott!" Rex exclaimed, as he sprang inside and helped her close the door. Then, turning to her, he said, with a smile which disarmed her at once of any prejudice she might have against him, "I beg your pardon for coming in so unceremoniously. I should have been drenched in another minute. Does Mr. Leighton live here?"

Dorcas said he did, and, opening a door to her right, bade him enter. Glancing in, Rex felt sure it was the best room, and drew back, saying, apologetically, "I am not fit to go in there, or indeed to go anywhere. I believe I am wet to the skin. Look." And he pointed to the little puddles of water which had dripped from his coat and were running over the floor.

His concern was so genuine, and the eyes so kind which looked at Dorcas, that he did not seem like a stranger, and she said to him, "I should say you were wet. You'd better take off your coat and let me dry it by the kitchen fire, or you will take cold."

"She *is* a motherly little girl, as Phineas Jones said," Rex thought, feeling sure that this was not the one who was "handsome as blazes," but the nice one, who thought of everything, and if his first smile had not won her his second would have done so, as he said, "Thanks. You are very kind, but I'll not trouble you to do that, and perhaps I'd better introduce myself. I am Reginald Hallam, from New York, and my father used to live here."

"Oh-h!" Dorcas exclaimed, her fear of the dreaded stranger who was coming to buy their farm vanishing at once, while she wondered in a vague way where she had heard the name before, but did not associate it with Louie Thurston's hero, of whom Bertha had told her.

He was one of the Hallams, of whom the old people in town thought so much, and it was natural that he should wish to see the old homestead. At this point Mr. Leighton came into the hall and was introduced to the stranger, whom he welcomed cordially, while Dorcas, with her hospitable instincts in full play, again insisted that he should remove his wet coat and shoes before he took cold.

"They are a little damp, that's a fact; but what can I do without them?" Reginald replied, beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and knowing that in all probability a sore throat would be the result of his bath.

"I'll tell you," Dorcas said, looking at her father. "He can wear the dressing-gown and slippers Bertha gave you last Christmas." And before Rex could stop her she was off up-stairs in her father's bedroom, from which she returned with a pair of Turkish slippers and a soft gray cashmere dressing-gown with dark blue velvet facing, collar, and cuffs.

"Father never wore them but a few times; he says they are too fine," she said to Rex, who, much against his will, soon found himself arrayed in Mr. Leighton's gown and slippers, while Dorcas carried his wet coat and shoes in triumph to the kitchen fire.

"Well, this is a lark," Rex thought, as he caught sight of himself in the glass. "I wonder what Phineas Jones would say if he knew that instead of being taken for a confidence man I'm received as a son and a brother and dressed up in 'the Square's' best clothes."

Supper was ready by this time, and without any demur, which he knew would be useless, Rex sat down to the table which Dorcas had made so pretty, rejoicing now that she had done so, wondering if their guest would notice it, and feeling glad that he was in Bertha's chair. He did notice everything, and especially the flowers and the extra seat, which he occupied, and which he knew was not put there for him, but probably for the handsome girl, who would come in when the storm was over, and he found himself thinking more of her than of the blessing which Mr. Leighton asked so reverently, adding a petition that God would care for the loved one wherever and in whatever danger she might be.

"Maybe that's the girl; but where the dickens can she be that she is in danger?" Rex thought, just as a clap of thunder louder than any which had preceded it shook the house and made Dorcas turn pale as she said to her father, "Oh, do you suppose it will reach her?"

"I think not," Mr. Leighton replied; then, turning to Rex, he said, "My youngest daughter, Bertha, is on the sea,—sailed in the Teutonic this morning,—and Dorcas is afraid the storm may reach her."

"Sailed this morning in the Teutonic!" Rex repeated. "So did my aunt, Mrs. Carter Hallam."

"Mrs. Carter Hallam!" and Dorcas set down her cup of tea with such force that some of it was spilled upon the snowy cloth. "Why, that is the name of the lady with whom Bertha has gone as companion."

It was Rex's turn now to be surprised. Explanations followed.

"I supposed all the Hallams of Leicester were dead, and never thought of associating Mrs. Carter with them," Mr. Leighton said, while Rex in turn explained that as Miss Leighton's letter had been written in Boston and he had addressed her there for his aunt it did not occur to him that her home was here at the Homestead.

"Did you see her on the ship, and was she well?" Dorcas asked,

and he replied that, as he reached the steamer only in time to say good-by to his aunt, he did not see Miss Leighton, but he knew she was there and presumably well. "I am sorry now that I did not meet her," he added, looking more closely at Dorcas than he had done before, and trying to trace some resemblance between her and the photograph he had dubbed Squint-Eye.

But there was none, and he felt a good deal puzzled, wondering what Phineas meant by calling Dorcas "handsome as blazes." She must be the one referred to, for no human being could ever accuse Squint-Eye of any degree of beauty. And yet how the father and sister loved her, and how the old man's voice trembled when he spoke of her, always with pride, it seemed to Rex, who began at last himself to feel a good deal of interest in her. He knew now that he was occupying her seat, and that the rose-bud he had fastened in his button-hole was put there for her, and he hoped his aunt would treat her well.

"I mean to write and give her some points, for there's no guessing what Mrs. Walker Haynes may put her up to do," he thought, just as he caught the name of Phineas and heard Mr. Leighton saying to Dorcas, "I saw him this morning, and he thinks he will get up in the course of a week and do the plastering."

"Not before a week! How provoking!" Dorcas replied, while Rex ventured to say, "Are you speaking of Phineas Jones? I made his acquaintance this morning, or rather he made mine. Quite a character, isn't he?"

"I should say he was," Dorcas replied, while her father rejoined, "Everybody knows Phineas, and everybody likes him. He is nobody's enemy but his own, and shiftlessness is his great fault. He can do almost everything, and do it well, too. He'll work a few weeks,—maybe a few months,—and then lie idle, visiting and talking, till he has spent all he earned. He knows everybody's business and history, and will sacrifice everything for his friends. He attends every camp meeting he can hear of, and is apt to lose his balance and have what he calls the power. He comes here quite often, and is very handy in fixing up. I've got a little job waiting for him now, where the plastering fell off in the front chamber, and I dare say it will continue to wait. But I like the fellow, and am sorry for him. I don't know that he has a relative in the world."

Rex could have told of his aunt Lucy and that through her Phineas claimed relationship to himself, but concluded not to open up a subject which he knew would be obnoxious to his aunt. Supper was over by this time, but the rain was still falling heavily, and when Rex asked how far it was to the hotel both Mr. Leighton and Dorcas invited him so cordially to spend the night with them that he decided to do so, and then began to wonder how he should broach the real object of his visit. From all Phineas had told him, and from what he had seen of Mr. Leighton, he began to be doubtful of success, but it was worth trying for, and he was ready to offer fifteen hundred dollars extra, if necessary. His coat and shoes were dry by this time, and habited in them he felt more like himself, and after Dorcas had removed her apron, showing that her evening work was done, and had taken her seat near

her father, he said, "By the way, did Mr. Gorham ever write to you that a New-Yorker would like to buy your farm?"

"Yes," Mr. Leighton replied, and Rex continued, "I am the man, and that is my business here."

"Oh!" and Dorcas moved uneasily in her chair, while her father answered, "I thought so."

Then there was a silence, which Rex finally broke, telling why he wanted that particular farm and what he was willing to give for it, knowing before he finished that he had failed. The farm was not for sale, except under compulsion, which Mr. Leighton hoped might be avoided, explaining matters so minutely that Rex had a tolerably accurate knowledge of the state of affairs and knew why the daughter had gone abroad as his aunt's companion, in preference to remaining in the employ of Swartz & Co.

"Confound it, if I hadn't insisted upon aunt's offering five hundred instead of three hundred, as she proposed doing, Bertha would not have gone, and I might have got the place," he thought.

Mr. Leighton continued, "I think it would kill me to lose the home where I have lived so long, but if it must be sold I'd rather you should have it than any one I know, and if worst comes to worst, and anything happens to Bertha, I'll let you know in time to buy it."

He looked so white and his voice shook so as he talked that Rex felt his castles and fox-hunts all crumbling together, and, with his usual impulsiveness, began to wonder if Mr. Leighton would accept aid from him in case of an emergency. It was nearly ten o'clock by this time, and Mr. Leighton said, "I suppose this is early for city folks, but in the country we retire early, and I am tired. We always have prayers at night. Bring the books, daughter, and we'll sing the 267th hymn."

Dorcas did as she was bidden, and, offering a Hymnal to Rex, opened an old-fashioned piano and began to play and sing, accompanied by her father, whose trembling voice quavered along until he reached the words,—

> Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
> For those in peril on the sea.

Then he broke down entirely, while Dorcas soon followed, and Rex was left to finish alone, which he did without the slightest hesitancy. He had a rich tenor voice; taking up the air where Dorcas dropped it, he sang the hymn to the end, while Mr. Leighton stood with closed eyes and a rapt expression on his face, listening to the melody.

"I wish Bertha could hear that. Let us pray," he said, when the song was ended, and, before he quite knew what he was doing, Rex found himself on his knees, listening to Mr. Leighton's fervent prayer, which closed with the petition for the safety of those upon the deep.

As Rex had told Phineas Jones, he was not a professor, and he did not call himself a very religious man. He attended church every Sunday morning with his aunt, went through the services reverently, and listened to the sermon attentively, but not all the splendors of St. Thomas's Church had ever impressed him as did that simple, homely

service in the farm-house among the Leicester hills, where his "Amen" to the prayer for those upon the sea was loud and distinct, and included in it not only his aunt and Bertha, but also the girl whom he had knocked down, who seemed to haunt him strangely.

"If I were to have much of this, Phineas would not be obliged to take me to one of his meetings to convert me," he thought, as he arose from his knees and signified his readiness to retire.

CHAPTER IX.

REX MAKES DISCOVERIES.

It was Mr. Leighton who conducted Rex to his sleeping-room, saying, as he put the lamp down upon the dressing-bureau, "There's a big patch of plaster off in the best chamber, where the girls put company, so you are to sleep in here. This is Bertha's room."

Rex became interested immediately. To occupy a young girl's room, even if that girl were Squint-Eye, was a novel experience, and after Mr. Leighton had said good-night he began to look about with a good deal of curiosity. Everything was plain, but neat and dainty, from the pretty matting and soft fur rug on the floor to the bed, which looked like a white pin-cushion, with its snowy counterpane and fluted pillow-shams.

"It is just the room a nice kind of a girl would be apt to have, and it doesn't seem as if a great, hulking fellow like me ought to be in it," he said, fancying he could detect a faint perfume such as he knew some girls affected. "I think, though, it's the roses and lilies. I don't believe Squint-Eye goes in for Lubin and Pinaud and such like," he thought, just as he caught sight of the slippers, which Dorcas had forgotten to remove when she arranged the room for him.

"Halloo! here are Cinderella's shoes, as I live," he said, taking one of them up and handling it gingerly as if afraid he should break it. "French heels; and, by Jove, she's got a small foot, and a well-shaped one, too. I wouldn't have thought that of Squint-Eye," he said, with a feeling that the girl he called Squint-Eye had no right either in the room or in the slipper, which he put down carefully, and then continued his investigations, coming next to the window-seat, where the work-basket and book were lying. "Embroiders, I see. Wouldn't be a woman if she didn't," he said, as he glanced at the bit of fancy-work left in the basket. Then his eye caught the book, which he took up and saw was a volume of Tennyson, which showed a good deal of usage. "Poetical, too! Wouldn't have thought that of her, either. She doesn't look it." Then, turning to the fly-leaf, he read, "Bertha Leighton. From her cousin Louie. Christmas, 18—."

"By George," he exclaimed, "that is Louie Thurston's hand-writing. Not quite as scrawly as it was when we wrote the girl and boy letters to each other, but the counterpart of the note she sent me last summer in Saratoga, asking me to ride with her and Fred. And she calls herself cousin to this Bertha! I remember now she once told me she had some relatives North. They must be these Leightons, and

I have come here to find them and aunt's companion too. Truly the world is very small. Poor little Louie! I don't believe she is happy. No woman could be that with Fred, if he *is* my friend. Poor little Louie!"

There was a world of pathos and pity in Rex's voice as he said, "Poor little Louie!" and stood looking at her handwriting and thinking of the beautiful girl whom he might perhaps have won for his own. But if any regret for what might have been mingled with his thoughts, he gave no sign of it, except that the expression of his face was a shade more serious as he put the book back in its place and prepared for bed, where he lay awake a long time, thinking of Louie, and Squint-Eye, and the girl he had knocked down on the ship, and Rose Arabella Jefferson, whose face was the last he remembered before going to sleep.

The next morning was bright and fair, with no trace of the storm visible except in the freshened foliage and the puddles of water standing here and there in the road, and Rex, as he looked from his window upon the green hills and valleys, felt a pang of disappointment that the place he so coveted could never be his. Breakfast was waiting when he went down to the dining-room, and while at the table he spoke of Louie and asked if she were not a cousin.

"Oh, yes," Dorcas said, quickly, a little proud of this grand relation. "Louie's mother and ours were sisters. She told Bertha she knew you. Isn't she lovely?"

Rex said she was lovely, and that he had known her since she was a child, and had been in college with her husband. Then he changed the conversation by inquiring about the livery-stables in town. He would like, he said, to drive about the neighborhood a little before returning to New York, and see the old cemetery where so many Hallams were buried.

"Horses enough, but you've got to walk into town to get them. If old Bush will answer your purpose you are quite welcome to him," Mr. Leighton said.

"Thanks," Rex replied. "I am already indebted to you for so much that I may as well be indebted for more. I will take old Bush, and perhaps Miss Leighton will go with me as a guide."

This Dorcas was quite willing to do, and the two were soon driving together through the leafy woods and pleasant roads and past the old houses, where the people came to the doors and windows to see what fine gentleman Dorcas Leighton had with her. Every one whom they met spoke to Dorcas and inquired for Bertha, in whom all seemed greatly interested.

"Your sister must be very popular. This is the thirteenth person who has stopped you to ask for her," Rex said, as an old Scotchman finished his inquiries by saying, "She's a bonnie lassie, God bless her."

"She is popular, and deservedly so. I wish you knew her," was Dorcas's reply; and then, as a conviction, born he knew not when or why, kept increasing in Rex's mind, he asked, "Would you mind telling me how she looks? Is she dark or fair? tall or short? fat or lean?"

Dorcas answered unhesitatingly, "She is very beautiful,—neither fat nor lean, tall nor short, dark nor fair, but just right."

"Oh-h!" and Rex drew a long breath as Dorcas went on: "She has a lovely complexion, with brilliant color, perfect features, reddish-brown hair with glints of gold in it in the sunlight, and the handsomest eyes you ever saw,—large and bright and almost black at times when she is excited or pleased,—long lashes, and carries herself like a queen."

"Oh-h!" Rex said again, recognizing the picture which Dorcas had drawn of her sister and knowing that Rose Arabella Jefferson had fallen from her pedestal of beauty and was really the Squint-Eye of whom he had thought so derisively. "Have you a photograph of her?" he asked, and Dorcas replied that she had and would show it to him if he liked.

They had reached home by this time, and, bringing out an old and well-filled album, Dorcas pointed to a photograph which Rex recognized as a fac-simile of the one his aunt had insisted belonged to Miss Jefferson. He could not account for the peculiar sensations which swept over him and kept deepening in intensity as he looked at the face which attracted him more now than when he believed it that of Rose Arabella of Scotsburg.

"I wish you would let me have this. I am a regular photo-fiend,—have a stack of them at home, and would like mightily to add this to the lot," he said, remembering that the one he had was defaced with Rose Arabella's name.

But Dorcas declined. "Bertha would not like it," she said, taking the album from him quickly, as if she read his thoughts and feared lest he would take the picture whether she were willing or not.

It was now time for Rex to go, if he would catch the next car for Worcester. After thanking Mr. Leighton and Dorcas for their hospitality and telling them to be sure and let him know whenever they came to New York, so that he might return their kindness, he bade them good-by, with a feeling that although he had lost his fancy farm and fox-hunts he had gained two valuable friends.

"They are about the nicest people I ever met," he said, as he walked down the avenue. "Couldn't have done more if I had been related. I ought to have told them to come straight to our house if they were ever in New York, and I would if it were mine. But Aunt Lucy wouldn't like it. I wonder she didn't tell me about the mistake in the photographs when I was on the ship. Maybe she didn't think of it, I saw her so short a time. I remember, though, that she did say that Miss Leighton was there and rather too high and mighty, and, by George, I told her to sit down on her! I *have* made a mess of it; but I will write at once and go over sooner than I intended, for there is no telling what Mrs. Haynes may put my aunt up to do. I will not have that girl snubbed; and if I find them at it, I'll——"

Here he gave an energetic flourish of his cane in the air to attract the conductor of the fast-coming car, and posterity will never know what he intended doing to his aunt and Mrs. Walker Haynes if he found them snubbing that girl.

CHAPTER X.

AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

THERE was a stop of a few days at the Metropole in London, where Mrs. Hallam engaged a courier; there was another stop at the Grand in Paris, where a ladies' maid was secured; and, thus equipped, Mrs. Hallam felt that she was indeed travelling *en prince* as she journeyed on to Aix, where Mrs. Walker Haynes met her at the station with a very handsome turnout, which was afterwards included in Mrs. Hallam's bill.

"I knew you would not care to go in the 'bus with your servants, so I ventured to order the carriage for you," she said, as they wound up the steep hill to the Hôtel Splendide.

Then she told what she had done for her friend's comfort and the pleasure it had been to do it, notwithstanding all the trouble and annoyance she had been subjected to. The season was at its height, and all the hotels were crowded, especially the Splendide. A grande duchesse with her suite occupied the guest-rooms on the first floor, where Mrs. Hallam ought to be; the King of Greece had all the second floor south of the main entrance; while English, Jews, Spaniards, Greeks, and Russians had the rooms at the other end of the hall. Some of these she had tried to have removed, but the proprietor was firm; consequently Mrs. Hallam must be content with the third floor, where a salon and a bedchamber, with balcony attached, had been reserved for her. She had found the most trouble with the salon, she said, as a French countess was determined to have it, and she had secured it only by engaging it at once two weeks ago and promising more per day than the countess was willing to give for it. As it had to be paid for whether occupied or not, she had taken the liberty to use it herself, knowing her friend would not care. Mrs. Hallam didn't care, even when later on she found that the salon had been accredited to her since she first wrote to Mrs. Haynes that she was coming and asked her to secure rooms. She was accustomed to being fleeced by Mrs. Haynes, whom Rex called a second Becky Sharp. The salon business being settled, Mrs. Haynes ventured farther and said that as she had been obliged to dismiss her maid and had had so much trouble to fill her place she had finally decided to wait until her friend came, when possibly the services of one maid would answer for both ladies.

"Gracie prefers to wait upon herself," she continued, "but I find it convenient at times to have some one do my hair and lay out my dresses and go with me to the baths, which I take about ten; you, no doubt, who have plenty of money, will go down early in one of those covered chairs which two men bring to your room. It is a most comfortable way of doing, as you are wrapped in a blanket quite *en déshabille* and put into a chair, the curtains are dropped, and you are taken to the bath and back in time for your first *déjeûner*, and are all through with the baths early and can enjoy yourself the rest of the day. It is rather expensive, of course, and I cannot afford it, but all who can, do. The Scrantoms from New York, the Montgomerys from Boston, the Harwoods from London, and old Lady Gresham, all go

down that way; quite a high-toned procession, which some impertinent American girls try to kodak. I shall introduce you to these people. They know you are coming, and you are sure to like them."

Mrs. Haynes knew just what chord to touch with her ambitious friend, who was as clay in her hands. By the time the hotel was reached it had been arranged that she was not only to continue to use the salon, but was also welcome to the services of Mrs. Hallam's maid, Celine, and her courier, Browne, and possibly her companion, although on this point she was doubtful, as the girl had a mind of her own and was not easily managed.

"I saw that in her face the moment I looked at her, and thought she might give you trouble. She really looked as if she expected me to speak to her. Who is she?" Mrs. Haynes asked, and very briefly Mrs. Hallam told all she knew of her,—of the mistake in the photographs, of Reginald's admiration of the one which was really Bertha's, and of his encounter with her on the ship.

"Hm; yes," Mrs. Walker rejoined, reflectively, and in an instant her tactics were resolved upon.

Possessed of a large amount of worldly wisdom and foresight, she boasted that she could read the end from the beginning, and on this occasion her quick instincts told her that, given a chance, this hired companion might come between her and her plan of marrying her daughter Grace to Rex Hallam, who was everyway desirable as a son-in-law. She had seen enough of him to know that if he cared for a girl it would make no difference whether she were a wage-earner or the daughter of a duke, and Bertha might prove a formidable rival. He had admired her photograph and been kind to her on the boat, and when he met her again there was no knowing what complications might arise if, as was most probable, Bertha herself were artful and ambitious. And so, for no reason whatever except her own petty jealousy, she conceived a most unreasonable dislike for the girl; and when Mrs. Haynes was unreasonable she sometimes was guilty of acts of which she was afterwards ashamed.

Arrived at the hotel, which the 'bus had reached before her, she said to Bertha, who was standing near the door, "Take your mistress's bag and shawl up to the third floor, No. —, and wait there for us."

Bertha knew it was Celine's place to do this, but that demoiselle, who thus far had not proved the treasure she was represented to be, had found an acquaintance, to whom she was talking so volubly that she did not observe the entrance of her party until Bertha was halfway up the three flights of stairs, with Mrs. Hallam's bag and wrap as well as her own. The service at the Splendide was not the best, and those who would wait upon themselves were welcome to do so. Bertha toiled on with her arms full, while Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Haynes took the little coop of a lift and ascended very leisurely.

"This is your room. I hope you will like it," Mrs. Haynes said, stopping at the open door of a large, airy room, with a broad window opening upon a balcony, where a comfortable easy-chair was standing. Mrs. Hallam sank into it at once, admiring the view and pleased with everything. The clerk at the office had handed her a letter which had

come in the morning mail. It was from Rex, and was full of his visit to the Homestead, the kindness he had received from Mr. Leighton and Dorcas, and the discovery he had made with regard to Bertha.

"I wonder you didn't tell me on the ship that I was right and you wrong," he wrote. "You did say, though, that she was high and mighty, and I told you to sit on her. But don't you do it! She is a lady by birth and education, and I want you to treat her kindly and not let Mrs. Haynes bamboozle you into snubbing her because she is your companion. I shan't like it if you do, for it will be an insult to the Leightons and a shame to us." Then he added, "At the hotel in Worcester I fell in with a fellow who claimed to be a fortieth cousin of yours, Phineas Jones. Do you remember him? Great character. Called you Cousin Lucy Ann,—said you spelled him down at a spelling-match on the word 'dammed,' and that he was going to call when you got home. I didn't give him our address."

After reading this the view from the balcony did not look so charming or the sunlight so bright, and there was a shadow on Mrs. Hallam's face, caused not so much by what Rex had written of the Homestead as by his encounter with Phineas Jones, her abomination. Why had he, of all possible persons, turned up? And what else had he told Rex of her besides the spelling episode? Everything, probably, and more than everything, for she remembered well Phineas's loquacity, which sometimes carried him into fiction. And he talked of calling upon her, too! "The wretch!" she said, crushing the letter in her hands, as she would have liked to crush the offending Phineas.

"No bad news, I hope?" Mrs. Haynes said, stepping upon the balcony and noting the change in her friend's expression.

Mrs. Hallam, who would have died sooner than tell of Phineas Jones, answered, "Oh, no. Rex has been to the Homestead and found out about Bertha, over whom he is wilder than ever, saying I must be kind to her and all that; as if I would be anything else."

"Hm; yes," Mrs. Haynes replied, an expression which always meant a great deal with her, and which in this case meant a greater dislike to Bertha and a firmer resolve to humiliate her.

It was beginning to grow dark by this time. Re-entering her room, Mrs. Hallam asked, "Where is Celine? I want her to open my trunk and get out a cooler dress; this is so hot and dusty."

But Celine was not forthcoming, and Bertha was summoned in her place. At the Metropole Bertha had occupied a stuffy little room looking into a court, while at the Grand in Paris she had slept in what she called a closet, so that now she felt as if in Paradise when she took possession of her room, which, if small and at the rear, looked out upon grass and flowers and the tall hills which encircle Aix on all sides.

"This is delightful," she thought, as she leaned from the window inhaling the perfume of the flowers and drinking in the sweet, pure air which swept down the green hill-side, where vines and fruits were growing. She, too, had found a letter waiting for her from Dorcas, who detailed every particular of Reginald's visit to the Homestead, dwelling at some length upon his evident admiration of Bertha's photograph and his desire to have it.

"I don't pretend to have your psychological presentiments," Dorcas wrote, "but if I had I should say that Mr. Hallam would admire you when he sees you quite as much as he did your picture, and I know you will like him. You cannot help it. He will join you before long."

Bertha knew better than Dorcas that she should like Rex Hallam, and something told her that her life after he came would be different from what it was now. For Mrs. Hallam she had but little respect, she was so thoroughly selfish and exacting, but she did not dislike her with the dislike she had conceived in a moment for Mrs. Haynes, in whom she had intuitively recognized a foe, who would tyrannize over and humiliate her worse than her employer. During her climb upstairs she had resolved upon her course of conduct towards the lady should she attempt to browbeat her.

"I will do my best to please Mrs. Hallam, but I will not be subject to that woman," she thought, just as some one knocked, and in response to her "Come in," Mrs. Haynes appeared, saying, "Leighton, Mrs. Hallam wants you."

"Madam, if you are speaking to me, I am *Miss Leighton*," Bertha said, while her eyes flashed so angrily that for a moment Mrs. Haynes lost her self-command and stammered an apology, saying she was so accustomed to hearing the English employees called by their last names that she had inadvertently acquired the habit.

There was a haughty inclination of Bertha's head in token that she accepted the apology, and then the two, between whom there was now war, went to Mrs. Hallam's room, where Bertha unlocked a trunk and took out a fresher dress. While she was doing this Mrs. Hallam again stepped out upon the balcony with Mrs. Haynes, who said, "It is too late for *table-d'hôte*, but I have ordered a nice little extra dinner for you and me, to be served in our salon. I thought you'd like it better there the first night. Grace has dined and gone to the Casino with a party of English, who have rooms under us. The king is to be there."

"Do you know him well?" Mrs. Hallam asked, pleased at the possibility of hobnobbing with royalty.

"Ye-es—no-o. Well, he has bowed to me, but I have not exactly spoken to him yet," was Mrs. Haynes's reply, and then she went on hurriedly, "I have engaged seats for lunch and dinner for you, Grace, and myself in the *salle-à-manger* near Lady Gresham's party, and also a small table in a corner of the breakfast-room where we can be quite private and take our coffee together when you do not care to have it in your salon. Grace insists upon going down in the morning, and of course I must go with her."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Hallam said, thinking how nice it was to have all care taken from her, while Mrs. Haynes continued, "Your servants take their meals in the servants' hall. Celine will naturally prefer to sit with her own people, and if you like I will arrange to have places reserved with the English for your courier and—and——"

She hesitated a little, until Mrs. Hallam said, in some surprise, "Do you mean Miss Leighton?"

Then she went on, "Yes, the courier and Miss Leighton; he seems a very respectable man,—quite superior to his class."

Here was a turn in affairs for which even Mrs. Hallam was not prepared. Heretofore Bertha had taken her meals with her, nor had she thought of a change; but if Mrs. Walker Haynes saw fit to make one, it must be right. Still, there was Rex to be considered. Would he think this was treating Bertha as she should be treated? She was afraid not, and she said, hesitatingly, "Yes, but I am not sure Reginald would like it."

"What has he to do with it, pray?" Mrs. Haynes asked, quickly.

Mrs. Hallam replied, "Her family was very nice to him, and you know he wrote me to treat her kindly; he says she is a lady by birth and education. I don't think he would like to find her in the servants' hall."

This was the first sign of rebellion Mrs. Haynes had ever seen in her friend, and she met it promptly.

"I do not see how you can do differently, if you adhere to the customs of those with whom you wish to associate. Several English families have had companions, or governesses, or seamstresses, or something, and they have always gone to the servants' hall. Lady Gresham has one there now. Miss Leighton may be all Reginald thinks she is, but if she puts herself in the position of an employee she must expect an employee's fare, and not thrust herself upon first-class people. You will only pay second-class for her if she goes there."

Lady Gresham and the English and paying second-class were influencing Mrs. Hallam mightily, but a dread of Rex, who when roused in the cause of oppression would not be pleasant to meet, kept her hesitating, until Bertha herself settled the matter. She had heard the conversation, although it had been carried on in low tones and sometimes in whispers. At first she was furious and resolved that rather than submit to this indignity she would give up her position and go home; then, remembering what Mrs. Hallam had said of Reginald, who was sure to be angry if he found her thus humiliated, she began to change her mind.

"I'll do it," she thought, while the absurdity of the thing grew upon her so fast that it began at last to look like a huge joke which she might perhaps enjoy. Going to the door, she said, while a proud smile played over her face, "Ladies, I could not help hearing what you said, and as Mrs. Hallam seems undecided in the matter I will decide for her, and go to the servants' hall, which I prefer. I have tried first-class people, and would like a chance to try the second."

She looked like a young queen as she stood in the door-way, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with excitement, and Mrs. Haynes felt that for once she had met a foe worthy of her.

"Yes, that will be best, and I dare say you will find it very comfortable," Mrs. Hallam said, admiring the girl as she had never admired her before, and thinking that before Rex came she would manage to make a change.

That night, however, she had Bertha's dinner sent to her room, and also made arrangements to have her coffee served there in the morning, so it was not until lunch that she had her first experience as second-class. The hall, which was not used for the servants of the house,

who had their meals elsewhere, was a long room on the ground-floor, and there she found assembled a mixed company of nurses, maids, couriers, and valets, all talking together in a babel of tongues, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and Greek, and all so earnest that they did not see the graceful young woman who, with a heightened color and eyes which shone like stars as they took in the scene, walked to the only vacant seat she saw, which was evidently intended for her, as it was next the courier Browne. But when they did see her they became as silent as if the king himself had come into their midst, while Browne rose to his feet, and with a respectful bow held her chair for her until she was seated, and then asked what he should order for her. Browne, who was a respectable middle-aged man and had travelled extensively with both English and Americans, had seen that Bertha was superior to her employer, and had shown her many little attentions in a respectful way. He had heard from Celine that she was coming to the second salon, and resented it more, if possible, than Bertha herself, resolving to constitute himself her protector and shield her from every possible annoyance. This she saw at once, and smiled gratefully upon him. No one spoke to her, and silence reigned as she finished her lunch and then left the room with a bow in which all felt they were included.

"By Jove, Browne, who is that person, and how came she here? She looks like a lady," asked an English valet, while two or three Frenchmen nearly lost their balance with their fierce gesticulations, as they clamored to know who the grande mademoiselle was.

Striking his fist upon the table to enforce silence, Browne said, "She is a Miss Leighton, from America, and far more a lady than many of the bediamonded and besatined trash above us. She is in my party as madam's companion, and whoever is guilty of the least impertinence towards her in word or look will answer for it to me; to *me*, do you understand?" And he turned fiercely towards a wicked-looking little Frenchman, whose bad eyes had rested too boldly and too admiringly upon the girl.

"*Mon Dieu, oui, oui, oui. Je comprends,*" the man replied, and then in broken English asked, "Why comes she here, if she be a lady?"

It was Celine who answered for Browne: "Because her mistress is a cat, a nasty old cat—as the English say. And there's a pair of them. I heard them last night saying she must be put down, and they have put her down here. I hate them, and mine most of all. She tries to get me cheap. She keeps me fly-fly. She gives me no *pourboires*. She sleeps me in a dog-kennel. Bah! I stay not, if good chance come. *L'Américaine* hundred times more lady."

This voluble speech, which was interpreted by one to another until all had a tolerably correct idea of it, did not diminish the interest in Bertha, to whom after this every possible respect was paid, the men always rising with Browne when she entered the dining-hall and remaining standing until she was seated. Bertha was human, and such homage could not help pleasing her, although it came from those whose language she could not understand, and who by birth and education

were greatly her inferiors. It was something to be the object of so much respect, and when, warmed by the bright smile she always gave them, the Greeks, and the Russians, and the Italians, not only rose when she entered the hall, but also when she passed them outside, if they chanced to be sitting, she felt that her life had some compensations, if it were one of drudgery and menial service.

True to her threat, Celine left when a more desirable situation offered, and Mrs. Hallam did not fill her place. "No need of it, so long as you have Miss Leighton and pay her what you do," Mrs. Haynes said; and so it came about that Bertha found herself companion in name only and waiting-maid in earnest, walking demurely by the covered chair which each morning took Mrs. Hallam to her bath, combing that lady's hair, mending and brushing her clothes, carrying messages, doing far more than Celine had done, and doing it so uncomplainingly that both Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Haynes wondered at her. At last, however, when asked to accompany Mrs. Haynes to the bath, she rebelled. To serve her in that way was impossible, and she answered civilly, but decidedly, "No, Mrs. Hallam. I have done and will do whatever you require for yourself, but for Mrs. Haynes nothing. She never spares an opportunity to humiliate me. I will not attend her to her bath. I will give up my place first." That settled it, and Bertha was never again asked to wait upon Mrs. Haynes.

CHAPTER XI.

GRACE HAYNES.

"BRAVO, Miss Leighton! I did not suppose there was so much spirit in you, when I have seen you darning madam's stockings and buttoning her boots. You are a brick, and positively I admire you. Neither mamma nor Mrs. Hallam needs any one to go with them, any more than the sea needs water. But it is English, you know, to have an attendant, and such an attendant, too, as you. Yes, I admire you! I respect you! Our door was open, and I heard what you said; so did mamma, and she is furious; but I am glad to see one woman assert her rights."

It was Grace Haynes, who, coming from her bedroom, joined Bertha as she was walking rapidly down the hall and said all this to her. Bertha had been nearly two weeks at Aix, and, although she had scarcely exchanged a word with Grace, she had often seen her, and, remembering what Mrs. Hallam had said of her and Reginald, had looked at her rather critically. She was very thin and wiry, with a pale face, yellow hair worn short, large blue eyes, and a nose inclined to an upward curve. She was a kind-hearted, good-natured girl, of a pronounced type both in dress and manner and speech. She believed in a little slang, she said, because it gave a point to conversation, and she adored baccarat and rouge-et-noir, and a lot more things which her mother thought highly improper. She had heard all that her mother said of Bertha, and, quick to discriminate, she had seen how infinitely superior she was to Mrs. Hallam, and had felt drawn to her, but was too

much absorbed in her own matters to have any time for a stranger. She was a natural flirt, and, although so plain, always managed to have, as she said, two or three idiots dangling on her string. Just now it was a young Englishman, the grandson of old Lady Gresham, whom she had upon her string, greatly to the disgust of her mother, with whom she was not often in perfect accord.

Linking her arm in Bertha's as they went down the stairs, she continued, "Are you going to walk? I am, up the hill. Come with me. I've been dying to talk to you ever since you came, but have been so engaged, and you are always so busy with madam since Celine went away. Good pious work you must find it waiting on madam and mamma both! I don't see how you do it so sweetly. You must have a great deal of what they call inward and spiritual grace. I wish you'd give me some."

Grace was the first girl of her own age and nation who had spoken to Bertha since she left America, and she responded readily to the friendly advance.

"I don't believe I have any inward and spiritual grace to spare," she said. "I only do what I hired out to do. You know I must earn my wages."

"Yes," Grace answered, "I know, and I wish I could earn wages, too. It would be infinitely more respectable than the way we get our money."

"How do you get it?" Bertha asked, and Grace replied, "Don't you know? You have certainly heard of high-born English dames who, for a consideration, undertake to hoist ambitious Americans into society?"

Bertha had heard of such things, and Grace continued, "Well, that is what mamma does at home on a smaller scale; and she succeeds, too. Everybody knows Mrs. Walker Haynes, with blood so blue that indigo is pale beside it, and if she pulls a string for a puppet to dance, all the other puppets dance in unison. Sometimes she chaperons a party of young ladies, but, as these give her a good deal of trouble, she prefers people like Mrs. Hallam, who, without her, would never get into society. Society! I hate the word, with all it involves. Do you see that colt over there?" and she pointed to a young horse in an adjoining field. "Well, I am like that colt, kicking up its heels in a perfect abandon of freedom. But harness it to a cart, with thills and lines and straps and reins, and then apply the whip, won't it rebel with all its might? And if it gets its feet over the traces and breaks in the dash-board, who can blame it? I'm just like that colt. I hate that old go-giggle called society, which says you mustn't do this and you must do that because it is or is not proper and Mrs. Grundy would be shocked. I like to shock her, and I'd rather take boarders than live as we do now. I'd do anything to earn money. That's why I play at baccarat."

"Baccarat!" Bertha repeated, with a little start.

"Yes, baccarat. Don't try to pull away from me. I felt you," Grace said, holding Bertha closer by the arm. "You are Massachusetts born and have a lot of Massachusetts notions, of course, and I

respect you for it, but I am bohemian through and through. Wasn't born anywhere in particular, and have been in your so-called first society all my life and detest it. We have a little income, and could live in the country with one servant comfortably, as so many people do; but that would not suit mamma, and so we go from pillar to post and live on other people, until I am ashamed. I am successful at baccarat. They say the old gent who tempted Eve helps new beginners at cards, and I believe he helps me, I win so often. I know it isn't good form, but what can I do? If I don't play baccarat there's nothing left for me but to marry, and that I never shall."

"Why not?" Bertha asked, becoming more and more interested in the strange girl talking so confidentially to her.

"Why not?" Grace repeated. "That shows that you are not in it, —the swim, I mean. Don't you know that few young men nowadays can afford to marry a poor girl and support her in her extravagance and laziness? She must have money to get any kind of a show, and that I haven't,—nor beauty either, like you, whose face is worth a fortune. Don't say it isn't: don't fib," she continued, as Bertha tried to speak. "You know you are beautiful, with a grande-duchesse air which makes everybody turn to look at you, even the king. I saw him, and I've seen those Russians and Greeks, who are here with some high cockalorums, take off their hats when you came near them. Celine told me how they all stand up when you enter the *salle-à-manger*. I call that genuine homage, which I'd give a good deal to have."

She had let go Bertha's arm and was walking a little in advance, when she stopped suddenly, and, turning round, said, "I wonder what you will think of Rex Hallam."

Bertha made no reply, and she went on: "I know I am talking queerly, but I must let myself out to some one. Rex is coming before long, and you will know then, if you don't now, that mamma is moving heaven and earth to make a match between us; but she never will. I am not his style, and he is far more likely to marry you than me. I have known him for years, and could get up a real liking for him if it would be of any use, but it wouldn't. He doesn't want a washed-out, yellow-haired girl like me. Nobody does, unless it's Jack Travis, old Lady Gresham's grandson, with no prospects and only a hundred pounds a year and an orange grove in Florida, which he never saw, and which yields nothing, for want of proper attention. He says he would like to go out there and rough it; that he does not like being tied to his grandmother's apron-strings; and that, give him a chance, he would gladly work. I have two hundred dollars a year more. Do you think we could live on that and the climate?"

They had been retracing their steps, and were by this time near the hotel, where they met the young Englishman in question, evidently looking for Miss Haynes. He was a shambling, loose-jointed young man, but he had a good face, and there was a ring in his voice which Bertha liked, as he spoke first to Grace and then to herself, as Grace presented him to her. Knowing that as a third party she was in the way, Bertha left them and went into the hotel, while they went down

into the town, where they stayed so long that Lady Gresham and Mrs. Haynes began to get anxious as to their whereabouts. Both ladies knew of the intimacy growing up between the young people, and both heartily disapproved of it. Under some circumstances Mrs. Haynes would have been delighted to have for a son-in-law Lady Gresham's grandson. But she prized money more than a title, and one hundred pounds a year with a doubtful orange grove in Florida did not commend themselves to her, while Lady Gresham, although very gracious to Mrs. Haynes, because it was not in her nature to be otherwise to any one, did not like the fast American girl, who wore her hair short, carried her hands in her pockets like a man, and believed in women's rights. If Jack were insane enough to marry her she would wash her hands of him and send him off to that orange grove he said he wanted to go to, where she had heard there was a little dilapidated house in which he could try to live on the climate and one hundred a year. Some such thoughts as these were passing through Lady Gresham's mind, while Mrs. Haynes was thinking of Grace's perversity in encouraging young Travis, and of Reginald Hallam, from whom Mrs. Hallam had that morning had a letter and who was coming to Aix earlier than he had intended doing. Nearly all his friends were out of town, he wrote, and the house was so lonely without his aunt that she might expect him within two or three weeks at the farthest. He did not say what steamer he should take, but, as ten days had elapsed since his letter was written, Mrs. Hallam said she should not be surprised to see him at any time, and her face wore an air of pleased expectancy at the prospect of having Rex with her once more. But a thought of Bertha brought a cloud upon it at once. She had intended removing her from the second-class *salle-à-manger* before Rex came, but did not know how to manage it.

"The girl seems contented enough," she thought, "and I hear has a great deal of attention there,—in fact, is quite like a queen among her subjects; so I guess I'll let it run, and if Rex flares up I'll trust Mrs. Haynes to help me out of it, as she got me into it."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NIGHT OF THE OPERA.

It was getting rather dull at the Hôtel Splendide. The novelty of having a king in their midst, who went about unattended in citizen's dress, and bowed to all who looked as if they wished him to bow to them, was wearing off, and he could go in and out as often as he liked without being followed or stared at. The grande duchesse, too, whose apartments were screened from the great unwashed, had had her Sunday dinner-party, with scions of French royalty in the Bourbon line for her guests, and a band of music outside. The woman from Chicago, who had flirted so outrageously with her eyes with the Russian, while his little wife sat by smiling placidly and suspecting no evil because the Chicagoan professed to speak no language but English, of which her husband did not understand a word, had departed for other

fields. The French count, who had beaten his American bride of three weeks' standing, had also gone, and the hotel had subsided into a state of great respectability and circumspection.

"Positively we are stagnating, with nothing to gossip about except Jack and myself, and nothing going on in town," Grace Haynes said to Bertha, with whom she continued on the most friendly terms.

But the stagnation came to an end and the town woke up when it was known that Miss Sanderson from San Francisco was to appear in opera at the Casino. Everybody had heard of the young prima donna, and all were anxious to see her. Mrs. Hallam took a box for Mrs. Haynes, Grace, and herself, but, although there was plenty of room, Bertha was not included in the party. Nearly all the guests were going from the third floor, which would thus be left entirely to the servants, and Mrs. Hallam, who was always suspecting foreigners of pilfering from her, did not dare leave her rooms alone, so Bertha must stay and watch them. She had done this before when Mrs. Hallam was at the Casino, but to-night it seemed particularly hard, as she wished to see Miss Sanderson so much that she would willingly have stood in the rear seats near the door, where a crowd always congregated. But there was no help for it, and after seeing Mrs. Hallam and her party off she went into the salon, and, taking an easy-chair and a book, sat down to enjoy the quiet and the rest. She was very tired, for Mrs. Hallam had kept her unusually busy that day, arranging the dress she was going to wear and sending her twice down the long, steep hill into the town in quest of something needed for her toilet. It was very still in and around the hotel, and at last, overcome by fatigue and drowsiness, Bertha's book dropped into her lap and she fell asleep with her head thrown back against the cushioned chair and one hand resting on its arm. Had she tried, she could not have chosen a more graceful position, or one which showed her face and figure to better advantage, and so thought Rex Hallam, when, fifteen or twenty minutes later, he stepped into the room and stood looking at her.

Ever since his visit to the Homestead he had found his thoughts constantly turning towards Aix-les-Bains, and had made up his mind to go on a certain ship, when he accidentally met Fred Thurston, who was stopping in New York for two or three days before sailing. There was an invitation to dinner at the Windsor, and as a result Rex packed his trunk, and, securing a vacant berth, sailed for Havre with the Thurstons a week earlier than he had expected to sail. Fred was sick all the voyage and kept his berth, but Louie seemed perfectly well, and had never been so happy, since she was a child playing with Rex under the magnolias in Florida, as she was now, walking and talking with him upon the deck, where, with her piquant, childish beauty, she attracted a great deal of attention and provoked some comment from the censorious when it was known that she had a husband sick in his berth. But Louie was guiltless of any intentional wrong-doing. She had said to Bertha in Boston that she believed Fred was going to die, he was so good; and, with a few exceptions, when the Hyde nature was in the ascendant, he had kept good ever since. He had urged Rex's going with them quite as strongly as Louie, and when he found himself un-

able to stay on deck he had bidden Louie go and enjoy herself, saying, however, "I know what a flirt you are, but I can trust Rex Hallam, on whom your doll beauty has never made an impression and never will: so go and be happy with him."

This was not a pleasant thing to say, but it was like Fred Thurston to say it, and he looked curiously at Louie to see how it would affect her. There was a flush on her face for a moment, while the tears sprang to her eyes. But she was of too sunny a disposition to be miserable long, and, thinking to herself, "Just for this one week I will be happy," she tied on her pretty sea-cloak and hood, went on deck, and was happy as a child when something it has lost and mourned is found again. At Paris they separated, the Thurstons going on to Switzerland, and Rex to Aix-les-Bains, laden with messages of love for Bertha, who had been the principal subject of Louie's talk during the voyage. In a burst of confidence Rex had told her of Rose Arabella Jefferson's photograph, and Louie had laughed merrily over the mistake, saying, "You will find Bertha handsomer than her picture. I think you will fall in love with her; and—if—you—do——" she spoke the last words very slowly, while shadow after shadow flitted over her face as if she were fighting some battle with herself; then, with a bright smile, she added, "I shall be glad."

Rex's journey from Paris to Aix was accomplished without any worse mishap than a detention of the train for three hours or more, so that it was not until his aunt had been gone some time that he reached the hotel, where he was told that Mrs. Hallam and party were at the Casino.

"I suppose she has a salon. I will go there and wait till she returns," Rex said, and then followed a servant up-stairs and along the hall in the direction of the salon.

He had expected to find it locked, and was rather surprised when he saw the open door and the light inside, and still more surprised as he entered the room to find a young lady so fast asleep that his coming did not disturb her. He recognized her at once, and for a moment stood looking at her admiringly, noting every point of beauty from the long lashes shading her cheeks to the white hand resting upon the arm of the chair.

"Phineas was right. She is handsome as blazes, but I don't think it is quite the thing for me to stand staring at her this way. It is taking an unfair advantage of her. I must present myself properly," he thought, and, stepping into the hall, he knocked rather loudly upon the door.

Bertha awoke with a start and sprang to her feet in some alarm as, in response to her "Entrez," a tall young man stepped into the room and stood confronting her with a good deal of assurance.

"You must have made a mistake, sir. This is Mrs. Hallam's salon," she said, rather haughtily, while Rex replied, "Yes, I know it. Mrs. Hallam is my aunt, and you must be Miss Leighton."

"Oh!" Bertha exclaimed, her attitude changing at once, as she recognized the stranger. "Your aunt is expecting you, but not quite so soon. She will be very sorry not to have been here to meet you. She has gone to the opera. Miss Sanderson is in town."

"So they told me at the office," Rex said, explaining that he had crossed a little sooner than he had intended, but did not telegraph his aunt, as he wished to surprise her. He then added, "I am too late for dinner, but I suppose I can have my supper up here, which will be better than climbing the three flights of stairs again. That scoop of an elevator has gone ashore for repairs, and I had to walk up."

Ringing the bell, he ordered his supper, while Bertha started to leave the salon, saying she hoped he would make himself comfortable until his aunt returned.

"Don't go," he said, stepping between her and the door to detain her. "Stay and keep me company. I have been shut up in a close railway carriage all day with French and Germans, and am dying to talk to some one who speaks English."

He made her sit down in the chair from which she had risen when he came in, and, drawing another near to her, said, "You do not seem like a stranger, but rather like an old acquaintance. Why, for a whole week I have heard of little else but you."

"Of me!" Bertha said, in surprise.

He replied, "I crossed with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thurston. She, I believe, is your cousin, and was never tired of talking of you, and has sent more love to you than one man ought to carry for some one else."

"Cousin Louie! Yes, I knew she was coming about this time. And you crossed with her?" Bertha said. She plied him with questions, thinking what a fine-looking man he was, while there came to her mind what Louie had said of his graciousness of manner, which made every woman think she was especially pleasing to him, whether she were old or young, pretty or plain, rich or poor. He talked so easily and pleasantly and familiarly that it was difficult to think of him as a stranger, and she was not sorry that he had bidden her stay.

When supper was on the table he looked it over a moment, and then said to the waiter, "Bring dishes and napkins for two;" then to Bertha, "If I remember the *table-d'hôtes* abroad, they are not of a nature to make one refuse supper at ten o'clock: so I hope you are ready to join me."

Here was a most unexpected turn of affairs, which Bertha hardly knew how to meet. She had been treated as second-class so long that she had almost come to believe she *was* second-class, and the idea of sitting down to supper with Rex Hallam in his aunt's salon took her breath away.

"Don't refuse," he continued. "It will be so much jollier than eating alone, and I want you to pour my coffee."

He brought her a chair, and before she realized what she was doing she found herself sitting opposite him quite *en famille*, and chatting as familiarly as if she had known him all her life. He told her of his visit to the Homestead, his drive with Dorcas, and his meeting with Phineas Jones, over which she laughed merrily, feeling that America was not nearly so far away as it had seemed before he came. When supper was over and the table cleared, he began to talk of books and pictures, finding that as a rule they liked the same authors and admired the same artists.

"By the way," he said, suddenly, "why are you not at the opera with my aunt? Are you not fond of music?"

"Yes, very," Bertha replied, "but some one must stay with the rooms. Mrs. Hallam is afraid to leave them alone."

"Ah, yes. I see. Afraid somebody will steal her diamonds, which she keeps doubly and trebly locked, first in a padded box, then in her trunk, and last in her room. Well, I am glad for my sake that you didn't go. But isn't it rather close up here? Suppose we go down. It's a glorious moonlight night, and there must be a piazza somewhere."

Bertha thought of the broad vine-wreathed piazza, with its easy-chairs, where it would be delightful to sit with Reginald Hallam, but she must not leave her post, and she said so.

"Oh, I see; another case of the boy on the burning deck," Rex said, laughingly. "I suppose you are right; but I never had much patience with that boy. I shouldn't have stayed till I was blown higher than a kite, but should have run with the first sniff of fire. You think I'd better go down? Not a bit of it; if you stay here, I shall. It can't be long now before they come. Zounds! I beg your pardon. Until I said *they*, I had forgotten to inquire for Mrs. Haynes and Grace. They are well, I suppose, and with my aunt?"

Bertha said they were, and Rex continued, "Grace and I are great friends. She's a little peculiar,—wants to vote, and all that sort of thing,—but I like her immensely."

Then he talked on indifferent subjects until Mrs. Hallam was heard coming along the hall, panting and talking loudly, and evidently out of humor. The elevator, which Rex said had been drawn off for repairs, was still off, and she had been obliged to walk up the stairs, and didn't like it. Bertha had risen to her feet as soon as she heard her voice, while Rex, too, rose and stood behind her in the shadow, so his aunt did not see him as she entered the room, and, sinking into the nearest chair, said, irritably, "Hurry and help me off with my things. I'm half dead. Whew! Isn't that lamp smoking? How it smells here! Open another window. The lift is not running, and I had to walk up the stairs."

"I knew it stopped earlier in the evening, but supposed it was running now. I am very sorry," Bertha said, and Mrs. Hallam continued, "You ought to have found out and been down there to help me up."

"I didn't come any too soon," Rex thought, stepping out from the shadow, and saying, in his cheery voice, "Halloo, auntie! All tuckered out, aren't you, with those horrible stairs! I tried them, and they took the wind out of me."

"Oh, Rex, Rex!" Mrs. Hallam cried, throwing her arms around the tall young man, who bent over her and returned her caresses, while he explained that he did not telegraph, as he wished to surprise her, and that he had reached the hotel half an hour or so after she left it.

"Why didn't you come at once to the Casino? There was plenty of room in our box, and you must have been so dull here."

He replied, "Not at all dull, with Miss Leighton for company. I

ordered my supper up here and had her join me. So you see I have made myself quite at home."

"I see," Mrs. Hallam said, with a tone in her voice and a shutting together of her lips which Bertha understood perfectly.

She had gathered up Mrs. Hallam's mantle and bonnet and opera-glass and fan and gloves by this time; and, knowing she was no longer needed, she left the room just as Mrs. Haynes and Grace, who had heard Rex's voice, entered it.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE OPERA.

THE ladies slept late the next morning, and Rex breakfasted alone and then went to the salon to meet his aunt, as he had promised to do the night before. It was rather tiresome waiting, and he found himself wishing Bertha would come in, and wondering where she was. As a young man of position and wealth and unexceptionable habits, he was a general favorite with the ladies, and many a mother would gladly have captured him for her daughter, while the daughter would not have said no if asked to be his wife. This he knew perfectly well, but, he said, the daughters didn't fill the bill. He wanted a real girl, not a made-up one, with powdered face, bleached hair, belladonna eyes, and all the obnoxious habits so fast stealing into the best society. Little Louie Thurston had touched his boyish fancy, and he admired her more than any other woman he had ever met; Grace Haynes amused and interested him; but neither she nor Louie possessed the qualities with which he had endowed his ideal wife, who, he had come to believe, did not exist. Thus far everything connected with Bertha Leighton had interested him greatly, and the two hours he had spent alone with her had deepened that interest. She was beautiful, agreeable, and real, he believed, with something fresh and bright and original about her. He was anxious to see her again, and was thinking of going down to the piazza, hoping to find her there, when his aunt appeared, and for the next hour he sat with her, telling her of their friends in New York and of his visit to the Homestead, where he had been so hospitably entertained and made so many discoveries with regard to Bertha.

"She is a great favorite in Leicester," he said, "and I think you have a treasure."

"Yes, she serves me very well," Mrs. Hallam replied, and then changed the conversation just as Grace knocked at the door, saying she was going for a walk into town and asking if Rex would like to go with her.

It was a long ramble they had together, while Grace told him of her acquaintances in Aix, and especially of the young Englishman, Jack Travis, and the Florida orange grove on which he had sunk a thousand dollars with no return.

"Tell him to quit sinking, and go and see to it himself," Rex said. "Living in England or at the North and sending money South to be used on a grove is much like a woman trying to keep house successfully

by sitting in her chamber and issuing her orders through a speaking-tube, instead of going to the kitchen herself to see what is being done there."

Rex's illustrations were rather peculiar, but they were sensible. Grace understood this one perfectly, and began to revolve in her mind the feasibility of advising Jack to go to Florida and attend to his business himself, instead of talking through a tube. Then she spoke of Bertha, and was at once conscious of an air of increased interest in Reginald, as she told him how much she liked the girl and how strangely he seemed to be mixed up with her.

"You see, Mrs. Hallam tells mamma everything, and so I know all about Rose Arabella Jefferson's picture. I nearly fell out of my chair when I heard about it; and I know, too, about your knocking Miss Leighton down on the Teutonic——"

"Wha-at!" Rex exclaimed: "was that Ber—Miss Leighton, I mean!"

"Certainly that was Bertha. You may as well call her that when with me," Grace replied. "I knew you would admire her. You can't help it. I am glad you have come, and I hope you will rectify a lot of things."

Rex looked at her inquiringly, but before he could ask what she meant they turned a corner and came upon Jack Travis, who joined them, and on hearing that Rex was from New York began to ask after his orange grove, as if he thought Reginald passed it daily on his way to his business.

"What a stupid you are!" Grace said. "Mr. Hallam never saw an orange grove in his life. Why, you could put three or four United Kingdoms into the space between New York and Florida."

"Reely! How very extraordinary!" the young Englishman said, utterly unable to comprehend the vastness of America, towards which he was beginning to turn his thoughts as a place where he might possibly live on seven hundred dollars a year with Grace to manage it and him.

When they reached the hotel it was lunch-time, and after a few touches to his toilet Rex started for the *salle-à-manger*, thinking that now he should see Bertha, in whom he felt a still greater interest since learning that it was she to whom he had given the black eye on the Teutonic. "The hand of fate is certainly in it," he thought, without exactly knowing what the *it* referred to. Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Haynes and Grace were already at the table when he entered the room and was shown to the only vacant seat, between his aunt and Grace.

"This must be Miss Leighton's place," he said, standing by the chair. "I do not wish to keep her from her accustomed seat. Where is she?" and he looked up and down both sides of the long table, but did not see her. "Where is she?" he asked again, and his aunt replied, "She is not coming to-day. Sit down, and I will explain after lunch."

"What is there to explain?" he thought, as he sat down and glanced first at his aunt's worried face, then at Grace, and then at Mrs. Haynes.

Then an idea occurred to him which almost made him jump from his chair. He said to Grace, "Does Miss Leighton lunch in her room?"

"Oh, no," Grace replied.

"Doesn't she come here?" he persisted.

"Your aunt will explain. I would rather not," Grace said.

There was something wrong, Rex was sure, and he finished lunch before the others and left the salon just in time to see Bertha half-way up the second flight of stairs. Bounding up two steps at a time, he soon stood beside her, with his hand on her arm to help her up the next flight.

"I have not seen you this morning. Where have you kept yourself?" he asked, and she replied, "I have been busy in your aunt's room."

"Where is her maid?" was his next question, and Bertha answered, "She has been gone some time."

"And *you* fill her place?"

"I do what Mrs. Hallam wishes me to."

"Why were you not at lunch?"

"I have been to lunch."

"*You have!* Where?"

"Where I always take it."

"And *where* is that?"

There was something in Rex's voice and manner which told Bertha that he was not to be trifled with, and she replied, "I take my meals in the servants' hall, or rather with the maids and nurses and couriers. It is not bad when you are accustomed to it," she added, as she saw the blackness on Reginald's face and the wrath in his eyes. They had now reached the door of Mrs. Hallam's room, and Mrs. Hallam was just leaving the elevator in company with Mrs. Haynes, who very wisely went into her own apartment and left her friend to meet the storm alone.

And a fierce storm it was. At its close Mrs. Hallam was in tears, and Rex was striding up and down the salon like an enraged lion. Mrs. Hallam had tried to apologize and explain, telling how respectful all the couriers and valets were, how much less it cost, and that Mrs. Haynes said the English sent their companions there, and governesses too, sometimes. Rex did not care a picayune for what the English did; he almost swore about Mrs. Haynes, whose handiwork he recognized; he scorned the idea of its costing less, and said that unless Bertha were at once treated as an equal in every respect he would either leave the hotel or join her in the second-class salon and see for himself whether those rascally Russians and Turks and Frenchmen looked at her as they had no business to look.

At this point Bertha, who had no suspicion of what was taking place in the salon, and who wished to speak to Mrs. Hallam, knocked at the door. Rex opened it with the intention of sending the intruder away, but when he saw Bertha he bade her come in, and, standing with his back against the door, went over the whole matter again and told her she was to join them at dinner.

"And if there is no place for you at my aunt's end of the table there is at the other, and I shall sit there with you," he said.

He had settled everything satisfactorily, he thought, when a fresh difficulty arose with Bertha herself. She had listened in surprise to Rex, and smiled gratefully upon him through the tears she could not repress, but she said, "I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your sympathy and kind intentions. But really I am not unhappy in the servants' hall, nor have I received the slightest discourtesy. Browne, our courier, has stood between me and everything which might have been unpleasant, and I have quite a liking for my companions. And" —here her face hardened and her eyes grew very dark—"nothing can induce me to join your party as you propose while Mrs. Haynes is in it. She has worried and insulted me from the moment she saw me. She suggested and urged my going to the servants' hall against your aunt's wishes, and has never let an opportunity pass to make me feel my subordinate position. I like Miss Haynes very much, but her mother——" there was a toss of Bertha's head indicative of her opinion of the mother, an opinion which Rex fully shared, and if he could he would have turned Mrs. Haynes from the hotel bag and baggage.

But this was impossible. He could neither dislodge her nor move Bertha from her decision, which he understood and respected. But he could take her and his aunt away from Aix and commence life under different auspices in some other place. He had promised to join a party of friends at Chamonix, and he would go there at once, and then find some quiet, restful place in Switzerland, from which excursions could be made and where his aunt could join him with Bertha. This was his plan, which met with Mrs. Hallam's approval. She was getting a little tired of Aix, and a little tired, too, of Mrs. Haynes, who had not helped her into society as much as she had expected. Lady Gresham, though civil, evidently shunned the party, presumably because of Grace's flirtation with Jack, while very few desirable people were on terms of intimacy with her, and the undesirable she would not notice. In fresh fields, however, with Rex, who took precedence everywhere, she should do better, and she was quite willing to go wherever and whenever he chose. That night at dinner she told Mrs. Haynes her plans, and that Rex was to leave the next day for Chamonix.

"So soon? I am surprised, and sorry, too; Grace has anticipated your coming so much and planned so many more things to do when you came. She will be so disappointed. Can't we persuade you to stop a few days at least?" Mrs. Haynes said, leaning forward and looking at Rex with a very appealing face, while Grace stepped on her foot and whispered to her, "For heaven's sake, don't throw *me* at Rex Hallam's head, and make him more disgusted with us than he is already."

The next morning Rex brought his aunt a little black-eyed French girl, Eloïse, whom he had found in town, and who had once or twice served in the capacity of maid. He had made the bargain with her himself, and such a bargain as he felt certain would insure her stay in his aunt's service, no matter what was put upon her. He had also enumerated many of the duties the girl was expected to perform, and

among them was waiting upon Miss Leighton equally with his aunt. He laid great stress upon this, and, in order to insure Eloïse's respect for Bertha, he insisted that if the latter would not go to the same table with Mrs. Haynes she should take her meals in the salon. To this Bertha reluctantly consented. At dinner she found herself installed in solitary state in the handsome salon and served like a young empress by the obsequious waiter, who, having seen the color of Reginald's gold, was all attention to Mademoiselle. It was a great change, and in her loneliness she half wished herself back with her heterogeneous companions, who had amused and interested her, and to some of whom she was really attached. But just as dessert was served Rex came in and joined her, and everything was changed, for there was no mistaking the interest he was beginning to feel in her: it showed itself in ways which never fail to reach a woman's heart. At his aunt's earnest entreaty he had decided to spend another night at Aix, but he left the next morning with instructions that Mrs. Hallam should be ready to join him whenever he wrote her to do so.

"And mind," he said, laying a hand on each of her shoulders, "don't you bring Mrs. Haynes with you, for I will not have her. Pension her off, if you want to, and I will pay the bill; but leave her here."

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE BEAU-RIVAGE.

"BEAU-RIVAGE, OUCHY, SWITZERLAND, August 4, 18—.

"To Miss BERTHA LEIGHTON, Hôtel Splendide, Aix-les-Bains, Savoy.

"Fred is dying, and I am ill in bed. Come at once.

"LOUIE THURSTON."

This was the telegram which Bertha received about a week after Rex's departure for Chamonix, and within an hour of its receipt her trunk was packed and she was ready for the first train which would take her to Ouchy. Mrs. Hallam had made no objection to her going, but, on the contrary, seemed rather relieved than otherwise, for since the revolution which Rex had brought about she hardly knew what to do with Bertha. The maid Eloïse had proved a treasure, and under the combined effects of Rex's *pourboire* and Rex's instructions had devoted herself so assiduously to both Mrs. Hallam and Bertha that it was difficult to tell which she was serving most. But she ignored Mrs. Haynes entirely, saying that Monsieur's orders were for *his* Madame and *his* Mademoiselle, and she should recognize the rights of no third party until he told her to do so. In compliance with Rex's wishes, very decidedly expressed, Mrs. Hallam now took all her meals in the salon with Bertha, but they were rather dreary affairs, and, although sorry for the cause, both were glad when an opportunity came for a change.

"Certainly it is your duty to go," Mrs. Hallam said, when Bertha handed her the telegram, while Mrs. Haynes also warmly approved of

the plan, and both expressed surprise that Bertha had never told them of her relationship to Mrs. Fred Thurston.

They knew Mrs. Fred was a power in society, and Mrs. Haynes had met her once or twice and through a friend had managed to attend a reception at her house, which she described as magnificent. To be Mrs. Fred Thurston's cousin was to be somebody, and both Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Haynes became suddenly interested in Bertha, the latter offering her advice with regard to the journey, while the former suggested the propriety of sending Browne as an escort. But Bertha declined the offer. She could speak the language fluently and would have no difficulty whatever in finding her way to Ouchy, she said, but she thanked the ladies for their solicitude and parted with them, apparently, on the most amicable terms. Grace accompanied her to the station, and while waiting for the train said to her confidentially, "I expect there will be a bigger earthquake by and by than Rex got up on your account. Jack and I are engaged. I made up my mind last night to take the great, good-natured, awkward fellow and run my chance on seven hundred dollars a year. It will come off early in the autumn, and we shall go to Florida and see what we can do with that orange-grove. Jack will have to work, and so shall I, and I shall like it and he won't, but I shall keep him at it, trust me. Can you imagine mother's disgust when I tell her? She really thinks that I have a chance with Rex. But that is folly. Play your cards well. I think you hold a lone hand. There's your train. Write when you get there. Good-by."

There was a friendly parting, a rush through the gate for the carriages, a slamming of doors, and then the train sped on its way, bearing Bertha to a new phase of life in Ouchy.

Thurston had been sick all the voyage, and instead of resting in Paris, as Rex had advised him and Louie had entreated him to do, he had started at once for Geneva and taken a severe cold on the night train. Arrived at the Beau-Rivage in Ouchy, he refused to see a physician until his wife came down with nervous prostration and one was called for her. Louie had had rather a hard time after Rex left her in Paris, for, as if to make amends for his Jekyll mood on the ship, her husband was unusually unreasonable, and worried her so with sarcasm and taunts and ridicule that her heart was very sore when she reached Ouchy and was shown into a handsome suite of rooms overlooking the lovely lake. The excitement of the voyage, with Reginald as her constant companion, was over, and she must again take up the old life, which seemed drearier than ever because everything and everybody were so strange, and she found herself constantly longing for somebody to speak a kind and sympathetic word to her. In this condition of things it was not strange that she succumbed at last to the extreme nervous depression which had affected her in Boston, and which was now so intensified that she could scarcely lift her head from the pillow.

"I am only tired," she said to the physician, a kind, fatherly old man, who asked her what was the matter. "Only tired of life, which is not worth the living." And her sad blue eyes looked up so patheti-

cally into his face that the doctor felt moved with a great pity for this young, beautiful woman, surrounded with every luxury money could buy, but whose face and words told a story he could not understand until called to prescribe for her husband; and then he knew.

Thurston had made a fight against the illness which was stealing over him and which he swore he would defy. Drugs and doctors were for silly women like Louie, who must be amused, he said, but he would have none of them. "Only exert your will and you can cheat Death himself," was his favorite saying, and he exerted his will, and went to Chillon, rowed on the lake in the moonlight, took a Turkish bath, and next day had a chill, which lasted so long and left him so weak that he consented to see the doctor, but raved like a madman when told that he must go to bed and stay there if he wished to save his life.

"I don't know that I care particularly about it. I haven't found it so very jolly," he said; then, after a moment, he added, with a bitter laugh, "Tell my wife I am likely to shuffle off this mortal coil, and see how it affects her."

He was either crazy, or a brute, or both, the doctor thought, but he made him go to bed, secured the best nurse he could find, and was there early the next morning to see how his patient fared. He found him so much worse that when he went to Louie he asked if she had any friends near who could come to her, saying, "If you have, send for them at once."

Louie was in a state where nothing startled her, and without opening her eyes she said, "Am I going to die?"

"No," was the doctor's reply, and she continued, "Is my husband?"

"I hope not, but he is very ill and growing steadily worse. Have you any friend who will come to you?"

"Yes,—my cousin, Miss Leighton, at Aix," Louie answered; and she dictated the telegram which the doctor wrote after asking if she had no male friend.

For a moment she hesitated, thinking of Reginald, who would surely come if bidden, and be so strong and helpful. But that would not do; and she answered, "There is no one. Bertha can do everything."

So Bertha was summoned, and the day after the receipt of the telegram she was at the Beau-Rivage, feeling that she had not come too soon when she saw how utterly prostrated Louie was, and how excited and unmanageable Thurston was becoming under the combined effects of fever and his dislike of his nurse, who could not speak a word of English, while he could understand very little French. Frequent altercations were the result, and when Bertha entered the sick-room there was a fierce battle of words going on between the two, Victoire trying to make the patient take his medicine, while he sat bolt upright in bed, the perspiration rolling down his face as he fought against the glass and hurled at the half-crazed Frenchman every opprobrious epithet in the English language. As Bertha appeared the battle ceased, but not until the glass with its contents was on the floor, where Thurston had struck it from Victoire's hand.

"Ah, Bertha," he gasped, as he sank exhausted upon his pillow,

"did you drop from heaven, or where? and won't you tell this idiot that it is not time to take my medicine? I know, for I have it written down in good English. Blast that French language, which nobody can understand! I doubt if they do themselves, the gabbling fools, with their *parleys* and *we we's*."

It did not take Bertha long to bring order out of confusion. She was a natural nurse, and when the doctor came and she proposed to take Victoire's place until a more suitable man was found, her offer was accepted. But it was no easy task she had assumed, and after two days and nights, during which she was only relieved for a few hours by John, Thurston's valet, when sleep was absolutely necessary, she was thoroughly worn out. Leaving the sick man in charge of John, she started for a ramble through the grounds, hoping that the air and exercise would rest and strengthen her. The Thurston rooms were at the rear of a long hall on the second floor, and, as the other end was somewhat in shadow, she only knew that some one was advancing towards her as she went rapidly down the corridor. Nor did she look up until a voice which sent a thrill through every nerve said to her, "Good-afternoon, Miss Leighton. Don't you know me?" Then she stopped suddenly, while a cry of delight escaped her, as she gave both her hands into the warm strong ones of Rex Hallam, who held them fast while he questioned her rapidly and told her how he chanced to be there. He had joined his party at Chamonix, where they had stayed for a few days, crossing the Mer-de-Glace and making other excursions among the mountains and glaciers. He had then made a flying trip to Interlaken, Lucerne, and Geneva, in quest of the place to which he meant to remove his aunt, and had finally thought of Ouchy, where he knew the Thurstons were, and to which he had come in a boat from Geneva. Learning at the office of his friend's illness, he had started at once for his room, meeting on the way with Bertha, whose presence there he did not suspect. While he talked he led her near to a window, where the light fell full upon her face, showing him how pale and tired it was.

"This will not do," he said, when he had heard her story. "I am glad I have come to relieve you. I shall write to Aix to-day that I am going to stay here, where I can be of service to Fred and Louie, and to you too. You will not go back, of course, while your cousin needs you. And now go out into the sunshine, and by and by I'll find you somewhere in the grounds."

He had taken matters into his own hands in his masterful way, and Bertha felt how delightful it was to have some one to lean upon, and that one Rex Hallam, whose voice was so full of sympathy, whose eyes looked at her so kindly, and whose hands held hers so long and seemed so unwilling to release them. With a blush she withdrew them from his clasp. Leaving her at last, he walked down the hall, entering Louie's room first and finding her asleep, with her maid in charge. For a moment he stood looking at her white wan face, which touched him more than her fair beauty had ever done, for on it he could read the story of her life, and a great pity welled up in his heart for the girl who seemed so like a lovely flower broken on its stem.

"Poor little Louie!" he said, involuntarily, and at the sound of his voice Louie awoke, recognizing him at once, and exclaiming, "Oh, Rex! I was dreaming of you and the magnolias. I am so glad you are here! You will stay, won't you? I am afraid Fred is going to die, he is so bad, and then what shall I do?"

She gave him her hand, which he did not hold as long as he had held Bertha's, nor did the holding it affect him equally. Hers had been warm and soft and full of life, with something electrical in their touch which sent the blood bounding through his veins and made him long to kiss them, as well as the bright face raised so eagerly to his. Louie's hand was thin and clammy, and so small that he could have crushed it easily, as he raised it to his lips with the freedom of an old-time friend, and just as he would have done had Fred himself been present. He told her he should stay as long as he was needed, and after a few moments went to see her husband, who was beginning to grow restless and to fret at Bertha's absence. But at sight of Reginald his mood changed, and he exclaimed, joyfully, "Rex, old boy, I wonder if you know how glad I am to see you. I do believe I shall get well now you are here, though I am having a big tussle with some confounded thing,—typhoid, the doctor calls it; but doctors are fools. How did you happen to drop down here?"

Rex told him how he chanced to be there, and that he was going to stay, and then, excusing himself, went in quest of Bertha, whom he found sitting upon a rustic seat which was partially concealed by a clump of shrubbery. It was a glorious afternoon, and Rex, who was very fond of boating, proposed a row upon the lake, to which Bertha consented.

"I have had too many races with Harvard not to know how to manage the oars myself," he said, as he handed Bertha into the boat, and, dismissing the boy, pushed off from the shore.

It was a delightful hour they spent together gliding over the smooth waters of the lake, and in that time they became better acquainted than many people do in years. There was no coquetry nor sham in Bertha's nature, while Rex was so open and frank, and they had so much in common to talk about, that restraint was impossible between them. Poor Rose Arabella Jefferson was discussed and laughed over, Rex declaring his intention to find her some time, if he made a pilgrimage to Scotsburg on purpose. Then he spoke of the encounter on the ship, and said, "I can't tell you how many times I have thought of that girl before I knew it was you, or how I have wanted to see her and apologize properly for my awkwardness. Something seems to be drawing us together strangely." Then he spoke again of his visit to the Homestead, while Bertha became wonderfully animated as she talked of her home, and Rex, watching her, felt that he had never seen so beautiful a face as hers, or listened to a sweeter voice. "I wonder if I am really falling in love," he thought, as he helped her from the boat, while she was conscious of some subtle change wrought in her during that hour on Lake Geneva, and felt that life would never be to her again exactly what it had been.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THURSTON was very ill with typhoid fever, which held high carnival with him physically, but left him mentally untouched. One afternoon, the fifth after Rex's arrival, the two were alone, and for some time Fred lay with his eyes closed and an expression of intense thought upon his face. Then, turning suddenly to Rex, he said, "Sit close to me. I want to tell you something."

Rex drew his chair to the bedside, and Fred continued, "That idiot of a doctor has the same as told me I am going to die, and, though I don't believe him, I can't help feeling a little anxious about it, and I want you to help me get ready."

"Certainly," Rex answered, with a gasp, entirely misunderstanding Fred's meaning, and wishing the task of getting his friend ready to die had devolved on some one else. "We hope to pull you through, but it is always well to be prepared for death, and I'll help you all I can. I'm afraid, though, you have called upon a poor stick. I might say the Lord's prayer with you, or, better yet," and Rex grew quite cheerful, "there's a young American clergyman in the hotel. I will bring him to see you. He'll know just what to say."

"Thunder!" Fred exclaimed, so energetically that Rex started from his chair. "Don't be a fool. I shall die as I have lived, and if there is a hereafter, which I doubt, I shall take my chance with the rest. I don't want your clergy round me, though I wouldn't object to hearing you say 'Our Father.' It would be rather jolly. I used to know it, with a lot of other things, but I quit it long ago,—left all the praying to Louie, who goes on her knees regularly night and morning in spite of my ridicule. Once, when she was posing beautifully, with her long white dressing-gown spread out a yard or so on the floor, I walked over it on purpose to irritate her, but didn't succeed. I never did succeed very well with Louie. But it is more my fault than hers, although I was fonder of her than she ever knew. She never pretended to love me. She told me she didn't when she promised to marry me, and when I asked if any one stood between us she said no, but added that there was somebody for whom she could have cared a great deal if he had cared for her. I did not ask her who it was, but I think I know, and she would have been much happier with him than with me. Poor Louie! maybe she will have a chance yet; and if she does I am willing."

His bright, feverish eyes were fixed curiously upon Rex, who made no sign. He went on, "It's for Louie and her matters I want help, not for my soul; that's all right, if I have one. Louie is a child in experience, and you must see to her when I am gone, and stand by her till she goes home. There'll be an awful row with the landlord, and no end of expense, and a terrible muss to get me to America. My man John will take what there is left of me to Mount Auburn, if you start him right. Louie can't go, and you must stay with her and Bertha. If Mrs. Grundy kicks up a row about your chaperoning a handsome girl and a pretty young widow,—and, by Jove, Louie will be that,—

bring your aunt to the rescue; that will make it square. And now about my will. I made one last summer, and left everything to Louie on condition that she did not marry again. That was nonsense. She will marry, if the right man offers;—wild horses can't hold her; and I want you to draw up another will, with no conditions, giving a few thousands to the Fresh Air Fund and the Humane Society. That will please Louie. She's great on children and horses. What is it about a mortgage on old man Leighton's farm? Louie wanted me to pay it and keep Bertha from going out to service, as she called it. But I was in one of my moods, and swore I wouldn't. I am sorry now I didn't. Maybe I have a soul, after all, and that is what is nagging me so when I think of the past. I wish I knew how much the mortgage was."

"I know; I can tell you," Rex said, with a great deal of animation, as he proceeded to narrate the particulars of the mortgage and his visit to the Homestead, while Fred listened intently.

"Ho-ho," he said, with a laugh, when Rex had finished. "Is that the way the wind blows? I thought maybe—but never mind. Five hundred, is it? I'll make it a thousand, payable to Bertha at once. You'll find writing-materials in the desk by the window. And hurry up; I'm getting infernally tired."

It did not take long to make the will, and when it was finished, Rex and Mr. Thurston's valet John and Louie's maid Martha, all Americans, witnessed it. After that Fred, who was greatly exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, and when he awoke Bertha was alone with him. He seemed very feverish, and asked for water, which she gave him, and then bathed his forehead and hands, while he said to her, faintly, "You are a trump. I wish I'd made it two thousand instead of one; but Louie will make it right. Poor Louie! she's going to be so disappointed. It's a big joke on her. I wonder how she will take it."

Bertha had no idea what he meant, and made no reply, while he continued, "Say, how does a fellow feel when he has a soul?"

Bertha felt sure now that he was delirious, but before she could answer he went on, "I never thought I had one, but maybe I have. I feel so sorry for a lot of things, and mostly about Louie. Tell her so when I am dead. Tell her I wasn't half as bad a sort as she thought. It will be like her to swathe herself in crape, with a veil which sweeps the ground. Tell her not to. Black will not become her. Think of Louie in a widow's cap!"

Weak as he was, he laughed aloud at the thought of it, and then began to talk of the prayer which had "forgive" in it, and which Rex was to say with him.

"Do you know it?" he asked, and, with her heart swelling in her throat, Bertha answered that she did, and asked if she should say it.

He nodded, and Rex, who at that moment came unobserved to the door, never forgot the picture of the kneeling girl and the wistful, pathetic expression on the face of the dying man as he tried to say the words which had once been familiar to him.

"Amen! So be it! Finis! I guess that makes it about square. Tell Louie I prayed," he whispered, faintly, and never spoke again

until the early morning sunlight was shining on the lake and the hills of Savoy, when he started suddenly and called, "Louie, Louie! Where are you? I can't find you. Oh, Louie, come to me."

But Louie was asleep in her room across the long salon, and when, an hour later, she awoke, Bertha told her that her husband was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

TANGLED THREADS.

As Thurston had predicted, there was a great deal of trouble and no end of expense; but Rex attended to everything, while Bertha devoted herself to Louie, who had gone from one hysterical paroxysm into another until she was weaker and more helpless than she had ever been, but not too weak to talk continually of Fred, who, one would suppose, had been the tenderest of husbands. All she had suffered at his hands was forgotten, wiped out by the message he had left for her and by knowing that his last thoughts had been of her. But she spurned the idea of not wearing black, and insisted that boxes of mourning dresses and bonnets and caps should be sent to her on approbation from Geneva and Lausanne, until her room looked like a bazaar of crape, and not only Bertha and Martha, the maid, but Rex was more than once called in for an opinion as to what would be most suitable. It was rather a peculiar position in which Rex found himself,—two young ladies on his hands, with one of whom he was in love, while the other would unquestionably be in love with him as soon as her first burst of grief was over and she had settled the details of her wardrobe. But he did not mind it: in fact, he found it delightful to be associated daily with Bertha and to be constantly applied to for sympathy and advice by Louie, who treated him with the freedom and confidence of a sister, and he would not have thought of a change, if Bertha had not suggested it. She had been told of the bequest which secured the Homestead from sale and made it no longer necessary for her to return to Mrs. Hallam, and she wrote at once asking to be released from her engagement, but saying she would keep it if her services were still desired.

It was a very gracious reply which Mrs. Hallam returned to her, freeing her from all obligations to herself, while something in the tone of the letter made Bertha suspect that all was not as rose-colored at Aix as it had been, and that Mrs. Hallam would be glad to make one of the party at Ouchy. This she said to Rex, suggesting that he should invite his aunt to join them, and urging so strongly the propriety of either bringing her to him, or going himself to her, that he finally wrote to his aunt to come to him, and immediately received a reply that she would be with him the next day. Rex met her at the station in Lausanne, and Bertha received her at the hotel as deferentially and respectfully as if she were still her hired companion, a condition which Mrs. Hallam had made up her mind to ignore, especially as it no longer existed between them. Taking both Bertha's hands in hers, she kissed

her effusively and told her how much better she was looking since she left Aix.

"And no wonder," she said. "The air there was not good, and either that or something made me very nervous, so that I did things for which I am sorry, and which I hope you will forget."

This was a great concession. Bertha received it graciously, and the two were on the best of terms when they entered Louie's room. Louie had improved rapidly during the week, and was sitting in an easy-chair by the window, clad in a most becoming tea-gown fashioned at Worth's for the first stages of deep mourning, and looking more like a girl of eighteen than a widow of twenty-five. Notwithstanding her husband's assertion that black would not become her, she had never been half so lovely as she was in her weeds, and her face was never so fair as when framed in her little crêpe bonnet and widow's cap, which sat so jauntily on her golden hair. "Dazzlingly beautiful and altogether irresistible," was Mrs. Hallam's opinion as the days went by, and Louie grew more and more cheerful, sometimes forgot to put Fred's photograph under her pillow, and began to talk less of him and more to Rex, whose attentions she claimed with an air of ownership which would have amused Bertha if she could have put from her the harrowing thought of what might be a year hence, when the grave at Mount Auburn was not as new, or Louie's loss as fresh, as they were now.

"He cannot help loving her," she would say to herself, "and I ought to be glad to have her happy with him."

But she was not glad, and it showed in her face, whose expression Rex could not understand. Louie's was one of those natures which, without meaning to be selfish, make everything subservient to them. She was always the centre about which others revolved, and Rex was her willing slave, partly because of Thurston's dying charge, and partly because he could not resist her pretty appealing ways, and would not if he could. But he never dreamed of associating his devotion to her with Bertha's growing reserve. She was his real queen, without whom his life at Ouchy would have been very irksome, and when she suggested going home, as Dorcas had written urging her to do, he protested against it almost as strenuously as Louie. She must stay, both said, until she had seen something of Europe besides Aix and Ouchy. So she stayed, and they spent September at Interlaken and Lucerne, October in Paris, and November at the Italian lakes, where she received a letter from Grace, written in New York and signed "Grace Haynes Travis."

"We were married yesterday," she wrote, "and to-morrow we start for our Florida cabin and orange-grove, near Orlando, where so many English people have settled. Mother gave in handsomely at the last, when she found there was no help for it, and I actually won over Lady Gresham, who used to think me a Hottentot, and always spoke of me as 'that dreadful American girl.' She invited mother and me to her country house, The Limes, near London, and suggested that Jack and I be married there. But I preferred New York: so she gave us her blessing and a thousand pounds, and mother, Jack, and I sailed three weeks ago in the Umbria. When are you coming home? and how is

that pretty little Mrs. Thurston? I saw her once, and thought her very lovely, with that sweet, clinging, helpless manner which takes with men wonderfully. I have heard that she was an old flame of Rex Hallam's, or rather a young one, but I'll trust you to win him, although as a widow she is dangerous: so, in the words of the immortal Weller, I warn you, 'Bevare of vidders.'"

There was much more in the same strain, and Bertha laughed over it, but felt a pang for which she hated herself every time she looked at Louie, whose beauty and grace drew about her many admirers besides Rex, in spite of her black dress and her frequent allusions to "dear Fred, whose grave was so far away." She was growing stronger every day, and when in December Rex received a letter from his partner saying that his presence in New York was rather necessary, she declared herself equal to the journey, and said that if Rex went she should go too. Consequently the 1st of January found them all in London, where they were to spend a few days, and where Rex brought his aunt a letter, addressed, bottom side up, to "Mrs. Lucy Ann Hallam, Care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London. *Post Restant.*"

There was a gleam of humor in Rex's eyes as he handed the missive to his aunt, whose face grew dark as she studied the outside, and darker still at the inside, which was wonderful in composition and orthography. Phineas Jones had been sent out to Scotland by an old man who had some property there and who knew he could trust Phineas to look after it and bring him back the rental, which he had found it hard to collect. After transacting his business, Phineas had decided to travel a little and "get cultivated up, so that his cousin Lucy Ann shouldn't be ashamed of him." Had he known where she was, he would have joined her, but, as he did not, he wrote her a letter, which had in it a great deal about Sturbridge and the old yellow house and the huckleberry pasture and the circus and the spelling-school, all of which filled Mrs. Hallam with disgust. She was his only blood kin extant, he said, and he yearned to see her, but supposed he must wait till she was back in New York, when he should pay his respects to her at once. And she wouldn't be ashamed of him, either. He knew what was what, and had hob-a-nobbed with nobility, who took a sight of notice of him. He was going to sail the 10th in the Germanic, he said, and if she'd let him know when she was coming home he'd be in New York on the wharf to meet her.

As it chanced, the Germanic was the boat in which the Hallam party had taken passage for the 10th, but Mrs. Hallam suddenly discovered that she had not seen enough of London; Rex could go, if he must, but she should wait for the next boat of the same line. Rex had no suspicion as to the real reason for her change of mind, and, as a week or two could make but little difference in the business calling him home, he stayed, and when the next boat of the White Star line sailed out of the docks of Liverpool it carried the party of four: Louie, limp and tearful as she thought of her husband who had been with her when she crossed before; Mrs. Hallam, excited and nervous, half expecting to see Phineas pounce upon her, and haunted with a presenti-

ment that he was somewhere on the ship; and Rex, with Bertha, hunting for the spot where he had first seen her and knocked her down.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE SEA.

It was splendid weather for a few days, and no one thought of being sea-sick, except Mrs. Hallam, who kept her room, partly because she thought she must, and partly because she could not shake off the feeling that Phineas was on board. She had read the few names on the passenger-list, but his was not among them, nor did she expect to find it, as he had sailed two weeks before. Still, she would neither go on deck nor into the dining-saloon, and, without being really ill, kept her berth and was waited upon by Eloïse, who was accompanying her home. Louie, who was still delicate and who always shrank from cold, stayed mostly in the salon. But the briny bracing sea air suited Bertha, and for several hours each day she walked the deck with Rex, whose arm was sometimes thrown round her when the ship gave a great lurch, or when on turning a corner they met the wind full in their faces. Then there were the moonlight nights, when the air was full of frost and the waves were like burnished silver, and in her seal-skin coat and cap, which Louie had bought for her in Geneva, Bertha was never tired of walking and never thought of the cold, for, if the exercise had not kept her warm, the light which shone upon her from Rex's eyes when she met their gaze would have done so. Perhaps he looked the same at Louie,—very likely he did,—but for the present he was hers alone, and she was supremely happy while the fine warm weather lasted and with it the companionship on deck. But suddenly there came a change.

Along the western coast of the Atlantic a wild storm had been raging, and when it subsided there it swept towards the east, gathering force as it went, and, joined by the angry winds from every point of the compass, it was almost a cyclone when it reached the Teutonic. But the great ship met it bravely, mounting wave after wave like a feather, then plunging down into the green depths below, then rising again and shaking off the water as if the boiling sea were a mere plaything and the storm gotten up for its pastime. The passengers, who were told that there was no real danger, kept up their courage while the day lasted, but when the night came on and the darkness grew deeper in the salon, where nearly all were assembled, many a face grew white with fear as they listened to the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, while wave after wave struck the ship, which sometimes seemed to stand still, and then, trembling in every joint, rose up to meet the angry waves which beat upon it with such tremendous force.

Early in the day Louie had taken to her bed, where she lay sobbing bitterly, while Bertha tried in vain to comfort her. As the darkness was increasing and the noise overhead grew more and more deafening, Rex brought his aunt to the salon, where, like many of the others, she

sat down upon the floor, clinging to one of the chairs for support. Then he went to Louie and asked if he should not take her there too.

"No, no! oh, no!" she moaned. "I'd rather die here, if you will stay with me."

Just then a roll of the ship sent her out upon the floor, where every movable thing in the room had gone before her. After that she made no further resistance, but suffered Bertha to wrap her waterproof around her, and was then carried by Rex and deposited upon one end of a table, where she lay, too much frightened to move, with Rex supporting her on one side and Bertha on the other. And still the storm raged on, and the white faces grew whiter as the question was asked, "What will the end be?" In every heart there was a prayer, and Rex's mind went back to that night at the Homestead and the prayers for those in peril on the deep. Were they praying now, and would their prayers avail, or would the sad news go to them that their loved one was lying far down in the depths of the sea?

"Oh, if I could save her!" he thought, moving his hand along upon the table until it touched and held hers in a firm clasp which seemed to say, "For life or death you are mine."

Just then Louie began to shiver, and moaned that she was cold.

"Wait a minute, darling," Bertha said, "and I will bring you a blanket from our state-room, if I can get there."

This was no easy task, for the ship was plunging fearfully, and always at an angle which made walking difficult. Twice Bertha fell upon her knees, and once struck her head against the side of the passage, but she reached the room at last, and, securing the blanket, was turning to retrace her steps, when a wave heavier than any which had preceded it struck the vessel, which reeled with what one of the sailors called a double X, pitching and rolling sidewise and endwise and cornerwise all at once. To stand was impossible, and with a cry Bertha fell forward into the arms of Rex Hallam.

"Rex!" she said, involuntarily, and "Bertha!" he replied, showering kisses upon her face, down which the tears were running like rain.

She had been gone so long that he had become alarmed at her absence, and with great difficulty had made his way to the state-room, which he reached in time to save her from a heavy fall. Both were thrown upon the lounge under the window, where they sat for a moment, breathless and forgetful of their danger. Bertha was the first to speak, saying she must go to Louie, but Rex held her fast, and, steadying himself as best he could, drew her face close to his, and said, "This is not a time for love-making, but I may never have another chance, and, if we must die, death will be robbed of half its terrors if you are with me, my darling, my queen, whom I believe I have loved ever since I saw your photograph and thought it was poor Rose Arabella Jefferson."

He could not repress a smile at the remembrance of that scion of the Jeffersons, but Bertha did not see it. Her head was lying upon his breast, and he was holding to the side of the door to keep from being thrown upon the floor as he urged his suit and then waited for her answer. Against the windows and the dead-lights the waves were

dashing furiously, while overhead was a roar like heavy cannonading, mingled with the hoarse shouts of voices calling through the storm. But Rex heard Bertha's answer, and at the peril of his limbs folded her in his arms and said, "Now we live or die together; and I think that we shall live."

Naturally they forgot the blanket and everything else as they groped their way back to the door of the salon, where Rex stopped suddenly at the sound of a voice heard distinctly enough for him to know that some one was praying loudly and earnestly, and to know, too, who it was whose clear, nasal tones could be heard above the din without.

"Phineas Jones!" he exclaimed. "Great Cæsar! how came he here?" And he struggled in with Bertha to get nearer to him.

Phineas had been very ill in Liverpool, and when the Germanic left he was still in bed, and was obliged to wait two weeks longer, when he took passage on the same ship with Mrs. Hallam. Even then he was so weak that he did not make up his mind to go until an hour before the ship sailed. As there were few passengers, he had no difficulty in securing a berth, where during the first days of the voyage he lay horribly sea-sick and did not know who were on board. He had been too late for his name to be included in the passenger-list, and it was not until the day of the storm that he saw it and learned that Mrs. Hallam and Rex and Bertha were on the ship. To find them at once was his first impulse, but when the cyclone struck the boat it struck him, too, with a fresh attack of sea-sickness, from which he did not rally until night, when he would not be longer restrained. Something told him, he said, that Lucy Ann needed him,—in fact, that they all needed him in the cabin, and he was going there. And he went, nearly breaking his neck. Entering the salon on his hands and knees, he made his way to the end of the table on which Louie lay, and near which Mrs. Hallam was still clinging desperately to a chair as she crouched upon the floor. It was at this moment that the double X which had sent Bertha into Rex's arms struck the ship, eliciting shrieks of terror from the passengers, who felt that the end had come. Steadying himself against a corner of the table, Phineas called out, in a loud, penetrating voice, "Silence! This is no time to scream and cry. It is action you want. Pray to be delivered, as Jonah did. The captain and crew are doing their level best on deck. Let us do ours here, and don't you worry. We shall be heard. The Master who stilled the storm on Galilee is in this boat, and not asleep, either, in the hindermost part. If He was, no human could get to Him, with the ship nearly bottom side up. He is in our midst. I know it, I feel it; and you who are too scart to pray, and you who don't know how, listen to me. Let us pray."

The effect was electric, and every head was bowed as Phineas began the most remarkable prayer which was ever offered on shipboard. He was in deadly earnest, and, fired with the fervor and eloquence which made him so noted as a class-leader, he informed the Lord of the condition they were in and instructed Him how to improve it. Galilee, he said, was nothing to the Atlantic when on a tear as it was now, but the voice which had quieted the waters of Tiberias could stop this up-

roar here. He presumed some of them ought to be drowned, he said, but they didn't want to be, and were going to do better. Then he confessed every possible sin which might have been committed by the passengers, who, according to his statement, were about the wickedest lot, take them as a whole, that ever crossed the ocean. There were exceptions, of course. There were near and dear friends of his, and one blood kin, on board, for whom he especially asked aid. He had not looked upon the face of his kinswoman for years, but he had never forgotten the sweet counsel they took together when children in Sturbridge, and he would have her saved anyway. Like himself, she was old and stricken in years, but——

"Horrible!" came in muffled tones from something at his feet, and, looking down, he saw the bundle of shawls, which, in its excitement, had loosened its hold on the chair and was rolling down the inclined plane towards the centre of the room.

Reaching out his long arm, he pulled it back, and, putting his foot against it, went on with what was now a prayer of thanksgiving. Those who have been in a storm at sea like the one I am describing will remember how quick they were to detect a change for the better, as the blows upon the ship became less frequent and heavy and the noise overhead began to subside.

Phineas was the first to notice it, and, with his foot still firmly planted against the struggling bundle to keep it in place, he exclaimed, in a voice which was almost a shriek, "We are saved! We are saved! Don't you feel it? Don't you hear it?"

They did hear it and feel it, and with glad hearts responded to the words of thanksgiving which Phineas poured forth, saying the answer to his prayer had come sooner than he expected, and acknowledging that his faith had been weak as water. Then he promised a forsaking of their sins, and a life more consistent with the doctrine they professed, for them all, adapting himself as nearly as he could to the forms of worship familiar to the different denominations he knew must be assembled there. For the Presbyterians there was a mention made of foreordination and the Westminster Catechism, for the Baptists immersion, for the Methodists sanctification, for the Roman Catholics the Blessed Virgin; but he forgot the Episcopalians, until, remembering, with a start, Rex and Lucy Ann, he wound up with "From pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, good Lord, deliver us. Amen."

The simple earnestness of the man so impressed his hearers that no one thought of smiling at his ludicrous language, and when the danger was really over and they could stand upon their feet they crowded around him as if he had been their deliverer from deadly peril, while Rex introduced him as his particular friend. This stamped him as somebody, and he at once became a sort of lion. We are all more or less susceptible to flattery, and Phineas was not an exception: he received the attentions with a very satisfied air, thinking to himself that if his recent prayers had so impressed them, what would they say if they could hear him when fully under way at a camp-meeting?

"Where's your aunt?" he asked Rex, suddenly, while Rex looked round for her, but could not find her.

More dead than alive, Mrs. Hallam had clung to the chair in momentary expectation of going down, never to rise again, and in that awful hour it seemed to her that everything connected with her life had passed before her. The old yellow house, the grandmother to whom she had not always been kind, the early friends of whom she had been ashamed, the husband she had loved but whom she had tried so often, all stood out so vividly that it seemed as if she could touch them.

"Everything bad,—nothing good. May God forgive it all!" she whispered more than once as she lay waiting for the end and shuddering as she thought of the dark, cold waters so soon to engulf her.

In this state of mind she became conscious that some one was standing so close to her that his boots held down a portion of her dress, but she did not mind it, for at that moment Phineas began his prayer, to which she listened intently. She knew it was an illiterate man, that his boots were coarse, that his clothes were saturated with an odor of cheap tobacco, and that he belonged to a class which she despised because she had once been of it. But as he prayed she felt, as she had never felt before, the Presence he said was there with him, and thought nothing of his class, or his tobacco, or his boots. He was a saint, until he spoke of Sturbridge and his blood kin who was old and stricken in years. Then she knew who the saint was, and as soon as it was possible to do so she escaped to her state-room, where Rex found her in a state of great nervous excitement. She could not and would not see Phineas that night, she said. Possibly she might be equal to it in the morning. With that message Phineas, who was hovering around her door, was obliged to be content; but before he retired, every one with whom he talked knew that Mrs. Hallam was his cousin Lucy Ann, whom he used to know in Sturbridge when she was a girl.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON SEA AND LAND.

NATURALLY the captain and officers made rather light of the storm after it was over, citing, as a proof that it was not so very severe, the fact that within four hours after it began to subside the ship was sailing smoothly over a comparatively calm sea, on which the moon and stars were shining as brightly as if it had not so recently been stirred to its depths. The deck had been cleared, and, after seeing Louie in her berth, Bertha went up to join Rex, who was waiting for her. All the past peril was forgotten in the joy of their perfect love, and they had so much to talk about and so many plans for the future to discuss that the midnight bells sounded before they separated.

"It is not very long till morning, when I shall see you again, nor long before you will be all my own," Rex said, holding her in his arms and kissing her many times before he let her go.

She found Louie asleep, and when next morning Bertha arose as the first gong sounded, Louie was still sleeping, exhausted with the excitement of the previous day. She was evidently dreaming, for there

was a smile on her lips which moved once with some word Bertha could not catch, although it sounded like "Rex."

"I wonder if she cares very much for him," Bertha thought, with a twinge of pain. "If she does, I cannot give him up, for he is mine,—my Rex."

She repeated the name aloud, lingering over it as if the sound were very pleasant to her, and just then Louie's blue eyes opened and looked inquiringly at her.

"What is it about Rex?" she asked, smiling up at Bertha in that pretty, innocent way which children have of smiling when waking from sleep. "Has he been to inquire for me?" she continued; and, feeling that she could no longer put it off, Bertha knelt beside her and told her a story which made the bright color fade from Louie's face and her lips quiver in a grieved kind of way as she listened to it.

When it was finished she did not say a word, except to ask if it was not very cold.

"I am all in a shiver. I think I will not get up. Tell Martha not to come to me. I do not want any breakfast," she said, as she turned her face to the wall.

For a moment Bertha lingered, perplexed and pained,—then started to leave the room.

"Wait," Louie called, faintly, and when Bertha went to her she flung her arms around her neck and said, with a sob, "I am glad for you, and I know you will be happy. Tell Rex I congratulate him. And now go, and don't come back for ever so long. I am tired and want to sleep."

When she was alone, the little woman buried her face in the pillows and cried like a child, trying to believe she was crying for her husband, but failing dismally. It was for Rex, whom she had held dearer than she knew, and whom she had lost. But with all her weakness Louie had a good deal of common sense, which soon came to her aid. "This is absurd,—crying for one who does not care for me except as a friend. I'll be a woman, and not a baby," she thought, as she rung for Martha to come and dress her. An hour later she surprised Bertha and Rex, who were sitting on a seat at the head of the stairs, with a rug thrown across their laps, concealing the hands clasped so tightly beneath it. Nothing could have been sweeter than her manner as she congratulated Rex verbally, and then, sitting down by them, began to plan the grand wedding she would give them if they would wait until poor Fred had been dead a little longer, say a year.

Rex had his own ideas about the wedding and waiting, but he did not express them then. He had settled in his own mind when he should take Bertha, and that it would be from the old house in which he began to have a feeling of ownership.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hallam had consented to see Phineas, whom Rex took to her state-room. What passed at the interview no one knew. It did not last long, and at its close Mrs. Hallam had a nervous headache and Phineas's face wore a troubled and puzzled expression. He would never have known Lucy Ann, she had altered so, he said. Not grown old, as he supposed she would, but different somehow. He guessed she

was tuckered out with fright and the storm. She'd be better when she got home, and then they'd have a good set-to, talking of the old times. He was going to visit her a few days.

This accounted for her headache, which lasted the rest of the voyage, so that she did not appear again until they were coming to the dock in New York. Handing her keys to Rex, she said, "See to my trunks, and for heaven's sake keep that man from coming to the house, if you have to strangle him."

She was among the first to leave the ship, and was driving rapidly home, while Phineas was squabbling with a custom-house officer over some jewelry he had bought in Edinburgh as a present for Dorcas, and an overcoat in London for Mr. Leighton, and which he had conscientiously declared.

"I'm a class-leader," he said, "and I'd smile to see me lie, and when they asked me if I had any presents I told 'm yes, a coat for the 'Square, and some cangorms for Dorcas, and I swan if they didn't make me trot 'em out and pay duty, too; and they let more'n fifty trunks full of women's clothes go through for nothin'. I seen 'm. Where's Lucy Ann? I was goin' with her," he said to Rex, who could have enlightened him with regard to the women's clothes which "went through for nothin'," but didn't.

"Mr. Jones," he said, buttonholing him familiarly as they walked out of the custom-house, "my aunt has gone home. She is not feeling well at all, and, as the house is not quite in running order, I do not think you'd better go there now. I'll take you to dine at my club, or, better yet, to the Waldorf, where Mrs. Thurston and Miss Leighton are to stop, and to-morrow we will all go on together, for I'm to see Mrs. Thurston home to Boston, and on my way back shall stop at the Homestead. I am to marry Miss Bertha."

"You be! Well, I'm glad on't; but I do want to see Lucy Ann's house, and I shan't make an atom of trouble. She expects me," Phineas said, and Rex replied, "I hardly think she does. Indeed, I know she doesn't, and I wouldn't go if I were you."

Gradually the truth began to dawn upon Phineas, and there was a pathos in his voice and a moisture in his eyes as he said, "Is Lucy Ann ashamed of *me?* I wouldn't have believed it, and she my only kin. I'd go through fire and water to serve her. Tell her so, and God bless her."

Rex felt a great pity for the simple-hearted man to whom the glories of a dinner at the Waldorf did not quite atone for the loss of Lucy Ann, whom he spoke of again when after dinner Rex went with him to the hotel, where he was to spend the night.

"I'm an awkward critter, I know," he said, "and not used to the ways of high society, but I'm respectable, and my heart is as big as an ox."

Nothing, however, rested long on Phineas's mind, and the next morning he was cheerful as ever when he met his friends at the station, and committed the unwonted extravagance of taking a chair with them in a parlor car, saying as he seated himself that he'd never been in one before, and that he found it tip-top.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I, REX, TAKE THEE, BERTHA."

THE words were said in the old homestead about a year from the time when we first saw Bertha walking along the lane to meet her sister and holding in her hand the newspaper which had been the means of her meeting with Rex Hallam. The May day had been perfect then, and it was perfect now. The air was odorous with the perfume of the pines and the apple-blossoms, and the country seemed as fresh and fair as when it first came from the hands of its Creator. The bequest which Fred had made to Bertha, and which he wished he had doubled, had been quadrupled by Louie, who, when Bertha declined to take so much, had urged it upon her as a bridal present in advance. With that understanding Bertha had accepted it, and several changes had been made in the Homestead, both outside and in. Bertha's room, however, where Rex had once slept, remained intact. This he insisted upon, and it was in this room that he received his bride from the hands of her bridesmaids. It was a very quiet affair, with only a few intimate friends from Worcester and Leicester, and Mrs. Hallam from New York. Bertha had suggested inviting Mrs. Haynes, but Rex vetoed that decidedly. She had been the direct cause of so much humiliation to Bertha that he did not care to keep her acquaintance, he said. But Mrs. Haynes had no intention to be ignored by the future Mrs. Rex Hallam, and one of the handsomest presents Bertha received came from her, with a note of congratulation. Louie and Phineas were master and mistress of ceremonies, Louie inside and Phineas outside, where he insisted upon caring for the horses of those who drove from Worcester and the village.

He'd "smile if he couldn't do it up ship-shape," he said, and he came at an early hour, gorgeous in swallow-tail coat, white vest, stove-pipe hat, and an immense amount of shirt-front, ornamented with Rhine-stone studs. In his ignorance he did not know that a dress-coat was not just as suitable for morning as evening, and had bought one second-hand at a clothing-store in Boston. He wanted to make a good impression on Lucy Ann, he said to Grace, who had been at the Homestead two or three days, and who, declaring him a most delicious specimen, had hobnobbed with him quite familiarly. She told him she had no doubt he would impress Lucy Ann; and he did, for she came near fainting when he presented himself to her, asking what she thought of his outfit, and how it would "do for high." She wanted to tell him that he would look far better in his every-day clothes than in that costume, but restrained herself and made some non-committal reply. Since meeting him on the ship she had had time to reflect that no one whose opinion was really worth caring for would think less of her because of her relatives, and she was a little ashamed of her treatment of him. Perhaps, too, she was softened by the sight of the old homestead, which had been her husband's home, or Grace Travis's avowal that she wished she had just such a dear codger of a cousin might have had some effect in making her civil and even gracious to the man who, without the least resentment for her former slight of him,

"Cousin Lucy Ann"-ed her continually and led her up to salute the bride after the ceremony was over.

There was a wedding breakfast, superintended by Louie, who, if she felt any regret for the might-have-been, did not show it, and was bright and merry as a bird, talking a little of Fred and a great deal of Charlie Sinclair, whom business kept from the wedding and whose lovely present she had helped select. The wedding trip was to extend beyond the Rockies as far as Tacoma, and to include the Fair on the homeward journey. The remainder of the summer was to be spent at the Homestead, where Rex could hunt and fish and row to his heart's content, if he could not have a fox-hunt. Both he and Bertha wished a home of their own in New York, but Mrs. Hallam begged so hard for them to stay with her for a year at least that they consented to do so.

"You may be the mistress, or the daughter of the house, as you please, only stay with me," Mrs. Hallam said to Bertha, of whom she seemed very fond.

Evidently she was on her best behavior, and during the few days she stayed at the Homestead she quite won the hearts of both Mr. Leighton and Dorcas, and greatly delighted Phineas by asking him to spend the second week in July with her. In this she was politic and managing. She knew he was bound to come some time, and, knowing that the most of her calling acquaintance would be out of town in July, she fixed his visit at that time, making him understand that he could not prolong it, as she was to join Rex and Bertha in Chicago on the 15th. Had he been going to visit the queen, Phineas could not have been more elated or have talked more about it.

"I hope I shan't mortify Lucy Ann to death," he said, and when in June Louie came for a few days to the Homestead he asked her to give him some points in etiquette, which he wrote down and studied diligently, till he considered himself quite equal to cope with any difficulty, and at the appointed time packed his dress-suit and started for New York.

This was Monday, and on Saturday Dorcas was surprised to see him walking up the avenue from the car. He'd had a tip-top time, he said, and Lucy Ann did all she could to make it pleasant.

"But, my!" he added, "it was so lonesome and grand and stiff; and didn't Lucy Ann put on the style! But I studied my notes, and held my own pretty well. I don't think I made more than three or four blunders. I reached out and got a piece of bread with my fork, and saw a thunder-cloud on Lucy Ann's face; and I put on my dress-suit one morning to drive to the Park, but took it off quicker when Lucy Ann saw it. Dress-coats ain't the thing in the morning, it seems. I guess they ain't the thing for me anywhere. But my third blunder was wust of all, though I don't understand it. Between you 'n' I, I don't b'lieve Lucy Ann has much company, for not a livin' soul come to the house while I was there, except one woman with two men in tall boots drivin' her. Lucy Ann was out and the nigger was out, and I went to the door to save the girls from runnin' up and down stairs so much. I told her Miss Hallam wa'n't to home, and I rather urged

her to come in and take a chair, she looked so kind of disappointed and tired, and curi's, too, I thought, as if she wondered who I was: so I said, 'I'm Mis' Hallam's cousin. You better come in and rest. She'll be home pretty soon.' 'Thanks,' she said, in a queer kind of way, and handed me a card for Lucy Ann, who was tearin' when I told her what I'd done. It was the servants' business to wait on the door when Peters was out, she said, and on no account was I to ask any one in if she wasn't there. That ain't my idea of hospitality. Is't yours?"

Dorcas laughed, and said she supposed city ways were not exactly like those of the country. Phineas guessed they wasn't, and he was glad to get where he could tip back in his chair if he wanted to, and eat with his knife, and ask a friend to come in and sit down.

A few days later Dorcas and her father, with Louie, started for Chicago to join the Hallams. For four weeks they revelled in the wonders of the beautiful White City. After that Mrs. Hallam returned to her lonely house in New York, while Rex and Bertha and Louie went back to the old homestead. There they spent the remainder of the summer, and there Bertha lingered until the hazy light of October was beginning to hang over the New England hills and the autumnal tints to show in the woods. Then Rex, who had spent every Sunday there, took her to her new home, where her reception was very different from what it had been on her first arrival. Then she was only a hired companion, dining with the housekeeper and waiting on the fourth floor back for her employer to give her an audience. Now she was a petted bride, the daughter of the house, with full authority to go where she pleased, do what she pleased, and make any change she pleased, from the drawing-room to the handsome suite which had been fitted up for her. But she made no change, except in Rex's sleeping-apartment, where she did take the pictures of ballet-dancers, rope-walkers, and sporting men from the mirror-frame, and substituted in their place those of her father, Dorcas, and Grace. She would have liked to remove her own picture, with "Rose Arabella Jefferson" written upon it, but Rex interfered. It seemed to him, he said, a connecting link between his bachelor life and the great joy which had come to him, and it should stay there, Rose Arabella and all.

Mr. Leighton and Dorcas have twice visited Bertha in her handsome home, and been happy there because she was so happy. But both were glad to go back to the old house under the apple-trees and the country life which they like best. Bertha, on the contrary, takes readily to the ways of the great city, although she cares but little for the fashionable society that is so eager to take her up, and prefers the companionship of her husband and the quiet of her home to the gayest assemblage in New York. Occasionally, however, she may be seen at some afternoon tea, or dinner, or reception, where Mrs. Hallam is proud to introduce her as "my nephew's wife," while Mrs. Walker Haynes, always politic and persistent, speaks of her as "my friend that charming Mrs. Reginald Hallam."

THE END.

SHOOTING "BOB WHITE."

ON account of his wide distribution over North America, Bob White is a very familiar friend to most of us in this country, and nine out of ten men among us who have handled a gun at all have burnt some powder in order to arrest his rapid flight over the autumn fields. A great many who are expert and enthusiastic in hunting him have never troubled their memories with his scientific name, which is *Ortyx Virginianus*, nor have they worried about the question whether he is a quail or belongs, as some authors assert, to a distinct family, namely, that of the Odontophorinæ. They enjoy the sport just as much whether he be called the Virginian quail, or the colin (which is said to be his old Mexican title), or, as in some sections, the partridge, or by the apt nickname given on account of the call-note of the male. He is a fine plucky bird under all titles, and after he has informed the farmers that "the wheat's ripe" he will be found waiting for you in the stubble.

On account of the universal friendship felt for him, "Bob" is specially honored by having his name on the statute-books of most of our States, and he has been the cause of profound thought to our wise legislators, so that in the game-laws it is generally written that the closed season when he shall be permitted to whistle in inviolable safety shall be from January 1st until October. But all his friends have not as yet been able to agree as to exact dates, and the laws for his protection vary slightly in different States, and indeed among the counties of the same State. This is not fair to him, especially as he is not duly notified as to the places where he is safe longest, and we think that where his life is in danger there should be a uniform law, that he might know what to expect, and not lose his life because he was not sufficiently posted to fly over a State or county line a week sooner to a place of security. So popular and desirable a citizen as he ought to be treated better. He deserves consideration, for he has "smelt more powder" than any soldier in the land. Six weeks in a year are enough for him to endanger his life for the enjoyment of his compatriots, and those six weeks should begin at the same date through the whole country, that he might know when the war was over. The present law in some places, that forbids shooting at him until the day after the November election, in order to prevent a general slaughter by all who could take advantage of the holiday, and stops the bombardment on Christmas, is a good one, and should be general.

Bob would be comparatively happy were it not for the fact that there are two kinds of dogs that by nature and by training have a special and remarkable faculty for seeking and finding him in his most retired retreats and in his most private moments. The worst of it is that these dogs do not want him for their own food, but take a demoniacal delight in scenting him and then standing like stone and pointing him out to the men with guns. Thus his life for part of the year is

made miserable by the uncertainty of not getting through with breakfast without having his attention called from that important matter by seeing a great big dog, or several of them, standing near by staring as if they had never seen such a sight before. Then, when he does try to get away from the staring dogs, bang go the guns before he is halfway to the woods, and as likely as not some of his company fall to rise no more.

In England Bob will not thrive. This is unfortunate, for there he would have peace from dogs, at least until he was dead and the retriever took hold of him. There the custom of hunting the real partridge by the help of dogs disappeared fifty years ago, on account of the improved agriculture, better-trimmed hedges, closer-cropped stubble, and all that gave the birds good hiding and rendered dogs necessary to point them out. So now they are beaten up by men and boys walking across the field and "driving" them toward the concealed gunners, or they are walked up by the sportsmen themselves, who hence need no dogs except the retrievers. But, as the same conditions in agriculture do not obtain in America, dogs are still in general use here in hunting the quail, and Bob has no hope of relief from these enemies until our country shall be so well cleared up that he can see their approach.

His canine foes are the setters and the pointers, and he dislikes and fears them both equally. The setters are swifter and more dashing; they are also apt to be more stubborn. They, on account of their long hair, suffer less from briers. Pointers have some advantages over the others, but no absolute decision can be pronounced between them; hunters of long experience will be found to be divided on the question, and to incline according to their prejudices rather than their judgment, from having favorites of one kind or the other. But, unhappily for Bob, good specimens of either kind will be found adequate to finding him.

Bob will not thank me for saying that no man should buy a bird-dog without having seen it at work in the field, or having some one on whom he can rely who knows the animal. For dogs with the very finest pedigree, from having been bred "in and in" over-much, are aptest to be "gun-shy,"—an incurable trouble. A puppy from the best kennel in the country (there are good kennels in most of our cities), for which a large price has been paid, may be absolutely worthless. The best have the best pedigree, but the worst ones also have the same.

The setters and pointers have the same method of hunting and standing the game. They quarter the field until they find a scent; then, if the game is winded, they run toward it with head erect and with a cat-like tread, slowing up as they near the covey until the stand is made, with nose pointing out, tail straight, and frequently one front paw held up. If the ground-scent is first found, the dog noses it and proceeds as before until the stand is made. Darwin surmises that the stand of the bird-dog is an arrested leap, inherited from long lines of trained ancestors. The inheritance in some cases is very complete, for some puppies need no training at all, but at three or four months will stand birds well the first time they are taken into the field.

The delight of the hunter in watching the dogs, obedient to a gesture, quarter the field, and the stand with quivering lips and flanks trembling with excitement, and the backing of the dogs who have not first found the game, but take their cue from their more fortunate companion, is as great as in the actual shooting of the birds.

The right gun for quail is the twelve-gauge, and the hammerless one is vastly preferable, on account of the diminished danger in bushes of exploding a cartridge into yourself or a companion. A gun should fit one's arm and shoulder perfectly, and the inexperienced should purchase of a gunsmith who is capable of fitting them as accurately as a tailor would their clothing. One should have his cartridges loaded by an expert to suit his gun, for buying ready-filled cartridges at haphazard may cause the gun to recoil and the game to be missed, from the disproportion of the charge to the weapon.

In preparing for a hunt, care should be taken that the dogs are not allowed to have any meat on that day until the sport is over, as such food interferes with their scent. If the hunters are going any distance before taking the field, the dogs should have a place in the carriage, as they will have run enough in their actual work, and the extra labor, while it may make them more quiet and obedient for the day, rapidly wears them out. Many a good dog has grown old before his time through the thoughtlessness of his master in neglecting to give him a lift.

As to where to shoot, a few coveys of quail can be found almost anywhere in our country, but there are probably no States now where they are so abundant as in Virginia and the Carolinas. In parts of these States it will not be difficult to find twenty or thirty coveys in a day, whereas in the better cultivated parts of Maryland or Pennsylvania one cannot hope to find more than three or four. Where the birds are scarce, however, the more careful search for the single ones, when the covey has been scattered, has a zest of its own which is quite equal to the pleasure of finding a new covey in every field. The scarcity of game calls for better work from the dogs and greater skill in the shooter, so that there is a compensation in shooting even where the game is not abundant.

In the settled parts of the country the inevitable sign along the borders of the farms, "No Trespassing with Gun or Dog on this Place under Penalty of Fine," renders it necessary for the hunters to find their sport on their own or their friends' lands, or where they have rented shooting rights, or can secure a temporary privilege; for while there can be no absolute property in wild game, the owner of land has absolute right to forbid any one he chooses to step upon it. A great many allow no one for love or money to shoot on their premises, on account of danger to cattle and sheep from guns and dogs. Some have a sentimental feeling against destruction of the game. Some wish to preserve the birds for their own exclusive pleasure, or that of their sons or particular friends. So that where to go to shoot and how to get the right are primary questions which the hunter has to settle according to his means and opportunities.

So many who pose as sportsmen are really shooting for market that

the farmers in the neighborhood of cities have come to look with suspicion on all strangers who appear with a gun. These, if without introduction, stand a good chance of being "run off," or having to swell the resources of the public schools by paying a fine.

In a region where quail are scarce the sportsman will save himself and his dogs a great deal of trouble by making inquiries as to the places where the birds have been recently seen or heard to whistle. In Maryland and some other parts of the South the inquirer will be informed, by the antiquated Elizabethan and Miltonic word which has survived there among the descendants of English settlers, that a covey of quail has been observed to "use" in a certain field which will be pointed out. It is necessary in seeking this kind of game, as indeed all kinds, to know something of their habits. Quail ordinarily "use" in fields and pastures, and in the shooting season they are likeliest to be found in rag-weed and wheat-stubble during the day, though if cover of bushes or woods is near they may be found there early in the morning before they have begun to feed. They seek such protection as a defence against hawks and other foes, and frequently by observing the circling of a hawk the hunter will get a hint as to the locality of the game which both hawk and man are seeking.

When these birds are resting they sit in a circle, with their heads at the circumference, so that they are ready for a speedy departure at the first alarm. When a covey has been scattered and driven into a wood, it is to be remembered that the hunter is as likely to find his birds on the trees as on the ground, for it is a peculiarity of Bob White, as distinguished from the quail of other countries, that he does not confine himself to the ground. In observing the quail take their short flights when startled in the fields, one would hardly think them capable of a more prolonged journey in the air; yet when they are migrating they are able to keep up until they have crossed large bodies of water, though the feebler ones will in the course of such a flight take refuge on a boat or anything that affords them a footing.

When a covey has been scattered it is a common practice for the hunters to call the birds together again toward evening by imitating their own whistle, and they will come running from all directions, answering on the way, so that if there is light enough left another chance is had for a few shots.

The beginner in wing shooting should remember that the first rule is not to be in too much of a hurry in discharging his gun, if he is in the open. Most novices have the gun up and the cartridge emptied before the bird is twenty feet away; consequently the shot have not scattered, and one might as well have fired with a rifle. Old hunters advise to wait until the bird is so far away that you think you cannot reach it at all, and then your shot will cover a yard in diameter, and you have a good chance of bringing down your game. Of course this advice must not be taken too literally. The beginner must also remember that he should single out one bird, and not fire into the "brown" of the whole covey if he hopes to hit anything. Let him learn also, if he wishes to be a sportsman, that it is against all rule to fire into the covey on the ground or at a bird sitting still: no matter

how anxious he may be to fill his bag, let him never—no, never—descend to this. He should also be thoughtful enough not to kill all of a covey, but leave two or four always to produce the increase of the next season.

A not unusual exhibition of skill in quail-shooting is for the gunner, when a good stand has been made and the covey is in flight, to kill a bird with each barrel of his gun. The best shot that can be made in this sport is to watch the flight of two birds until their paths cross and to take both with one barrel.

If shooting large game seems a greater thing than this, we must remember that small game and wing shooting present more variety and rapidity.

A pleasant autumn day in the fields with friends, dogs, and guns is something to drive the blues away from the most melancholy man and to put him in healthy touch with the universe. While there is something to be said against all shooting or fishing, except for food, on the ground of alleged cruelty, we think Paley has answered these objections once for all by showing that the fate of the game that meets death at the hands of man is not more severe than that which awaits it in the course of nature in sickness or old age. Many of the best people think there is no more cruelty in shooting a bird that is fit for food than in being one of many who hire a butcher to kill a beef.

Well-trained dogs in action in the field are a joy to behold, and we have known a party of hunters to be so fascinated by looking at a fine stand that they allowed the birds to take flight and get away. The poet Somerville has described the action of the hunting dog in the following lines :

> When Autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,
> And paints each checkered grove with various hues,
> My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
> His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
> Panting he bounds, his quartered ground divides
> In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
> One inch untried: at length the tainted gales
> His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
> His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
> Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps,
> Low cowering, step by step, at last attains
> His proper distance: there he stops at once,
> And points with his instructive nose upon
> The trembling prey.

When the covey has been found, the stand admired, the first shots taken, and the dogs have gone off after the scattered birds, it is a beautiful sight to watch them in various parts of the field, or in bushes or woods, standing solitary and fixed as statues, waiting for the guns to come up,—perfect examples of strong desire under strong restraint.

And in the increased zest for living, the toned brain and nerves and purified blood, in added skill of eye and hand, in larger sympathy with nature, many kind and thoughtful men find their justification for this exercise.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

SHALL I STUDY MEDICINE?

THERE are in the United States about one hundred and ten thousand physicians, each of whom is supported, on the average, by five hundred and eighty persons, rich and poor, sick and well. About twenty-seven hundred physicians die each year, but the medical colleges are graduating a still greater number; so that, in spite of increase in population, the profession is becoming more and more crowded. Thus, except in special cases, the choice of medicine as a profession is not a matter of duty, but purely of inclination. In fact, when we consider that in most European countries the physician has an average *clientèle* of two or three thousand without being overburdened with either work or riches, it is plain that our own medical profession needs pruning rather than the addition of fresh grafts.

What, then, are the inducements to the study of medicine? Let us consider the financial aspect of the question first. The easiest and quickest way to a competence is to locate at some country "Corners," out of reach of competition, and where a living may be expected almost from the start. The first year's receipts will be from five to eight hundred dollars; there will be an increase for a year or two, but then comes the limit of ambition, and, although the physician is practically assured of as good a living as most of his neighbors, he is isolated from his natural companions and doomed to a hard routine of long drives over rough roads, often at night, and particularly at the very seasons when the weather is most inclement. "Doctoring" may pay better than pitching hay, and if the country practitioners represented simply the uneducated young men who study medicine "for what it is worth," our sympathies would be due not to the doctor, but to his patients. Unhappily for the former, and fortunately for the latter, so many good men are forced by circumstances to practise in the country that the standing of country doctors is far higher than their meagre recompense would indicate.

There are also undesirable quarters in most cities which afford a paying practice almost from the beginning, but it is difficult for a physician thus located either to grow into a better practice or to save enough to make a fresh start. While the country doctor may console himself with the thought that without himself, or some one in his place, much suffering would result, the city resident is as needless as he is unfortunate, for his patients could easily send for one of many practitioners within a few blocks. No better advice can be given to a young physician than "Locate where you are willing to live."

Such a choice of residence, however, involves the ability to meet expenses for two or three, perhaps four or five, years, without relying on a professional income. Several eminently successful physicians have stated their first year's collections at from fifteen dollars to two hundred and fifty. Recent graduates often seek to associate themselves with an established physician, and are much envied if they succeed,

yet they not infrequently have to pay for the privilege, and rarely do they receive more than a few hundred dollars a year. They have a chance, however, of gaining an introduction into a good practice. It is some comfort to know that a middle-aged or elderly man has about the same difficulties in building up a practice as his younger competitor. A physician who moved from one city to another after several years' practice waited four months for his first patient, but eventually gained a prominent place in the profession. Another man, already advanced in years, left a large village practice to locate in a city, but after two or three months gave up the struggle in disgust.

The average physician becomes "well established" in from five to ten years. His income then, after deducting professional expenses (medicines, books, telephone, horse and buggy, etc.), is in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. Probably not more than three physicians out of a hundred have a practice of ten thousand a year, and such a practice, except in a specialty, implies heavy expense and a sacrifice of all leisure.

It is probable that at least a third of all medical services are rendered for charity, while of the fees charged at ordinary rates the general practitioner collects only about sixty per cent. The loss is accounted for, in part, by discounts, but largely by the habits of "dead-beats," those leeches on human society who are fostered by our present laws concerning debt. To the really deserving poor, who state their needs frankly and are genuinely grateful for favors, it is a pleasure to minister; but the dead-beat, with his plausible excuses for temporary poverty, his fair promises for the future, his treacherous flattery, and his self-indulgence with money that belongs to his creditor, is a creature with all the dishonesty of the sneak-thief and the burglar, but without the ability of the former or the courage of the latter. Unfortunately, the recent graduate, with all his skill in medicine and surgery, cannot easily diagnose the dead-beat, so that faith in human nature is rudely shaken in the first year's practice.

While it is evident that pecuniary reasons alone are insufficient to attract men into the medical profession, it is also true that those who join its ranks solely from philanthropic motives are not, as a rule, highly esteemed either by their colleagues or by their patients. This is not peculiar to medicine : in every vocation a direct interest seems necessary to prevent dilettanteism.

Almost every one understands how a physician can work for money or for love of doing good ; few appreciate the real main incentives,—true scientific interest and the spirit of emulation.

Ambition may be good or evil in medicine as in any other vocation. Every physician ought to desire to rank well among his fellows, and a large practice, a professorship in a college, an office in a medical society, a reputation as a medical writer, are rightly in demand as tangible proofs of success. But when such honors are obtained by influence with relatives or because of social position, when a candidate for a chair in a college or the presidency of a society uses the methods of the ward politician, then, even if the coveted prize is obtained, it is a stigma of disgrace rather than a mark of honor. There are at least two good

men for every place of honor in the medical profession, and, as in every other walk of life, influence and money usually decide which of the two shall be favored; but, to the glory of the profession be it said, these conditions, without proper qualifications, rarely succeed in bringing a man to the front. The young man of wealth and leisure will find little to attract him in medicine, but if one be interested in the work and willing to be industrious he will find influence with physicians already prominent, and money, to be levers of tremendous power. It often takes two generations to reach success in medicine, the son reaping what the father has sowed.

The life of a medical man devoted to his profession is a busy one, apart from actual practice. He must read and re-read text-books and medical periodicals. Societies for the discussion of professional topics will occupy about one evening in a week. For his own satisfaction he will attend autopsies, witness important operations, and examine interesting cases in hospitals, as he has opportunity. From time to time it will devolve upon him to write papers for medical societies or journals. College lecturers often complain that their practice is seriously interfered with, but they seldom resign. Undoubtedly many physicians neglect all these means of self-education and yet enjoy large practices and are accounted successful. But the public is learning to see through this sort of medical fraud, and to demand the best, wisest, and most modern thought in the consideration of its maladies.

About fourteen per cent. of the entire number of medical graduates drop out of the profession within a few years. Some few never practise; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; others succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must include those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphine, or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery. Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life-work, and it is no discredit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians: there are schools to teach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the study of medicine, but it is cheaper than to sacrifice honor and prostitute medical science to quackery.

Night-work is a much exaggerated evil of the physician's life. In the first few years of city practice there is not a superabundance of either day or night calls, and to one who falls asleep full of apprehensions as to the success of the future, the jingle of the telephone breaks in upon his troubled dreams like sweet music. Moreover, partly from a growing consideration for the doctor and partly from a realization that it is not only safer but cheaper to summon a physician twice in the daytime than once at night, there is not so much of this work now as formerly.

The physician forms many friendships, friendships such as soldiers make, knowing that death is likely to break them soon, and so with-

holding that quality of friendship which causes grief at separation. He will find much that is good in bad people, much that is evil in those whom the world esteems good. Life and death lie in his hands: let him not sacrifice life to too radical experimentation, nor, as more frequently happens, to the conservatism and ignorance of modern methods that sometimes lurk behind white whiskers and a good sick-room manner. The physician is the confessor of more people than the priest, and the fact that society is not shaken as by an earthquake proves how honorably its secrets are kept. Throughout his life, the physician must sacrifice time, convenience, and social obligations. If he would avoid misery, he must accept the inevitable cheerfully and make the most of leisure as he chances upon it.

Such are the demands and the rewards of a medical career. The profession, overcrowded as it is, needs men with strong bodies, strong minds, strong consciences, and good education. It offers nothing but disappointment to the mere money-maker, nothing but failure to the idler; it is already disgraced by too many uneducated members. It has a specious success for the schemer; for the enthusiast it makes an interesting lesson of every case; it throws the zest of the warrior into every operation. The true physician is a lotus-eater: whatever he may find unpleasant in his own life-work, no other calling will satisfy him.

A. L. Benedict.

A WESTERN DAISY MILLER.

IT was not quite dark, but the Smudgers were at supper.

"Where's Leila?" inquired the judge, helping himself to butter by simply reaching half-way across the table with the carving-knife.

"Here she is," said a clear voice at the door. She came in, flushed and radiant, and took a seat by her father.

"Guess who I saw on the street just now," she continued, gazing in triumph at the table-full, which included the numerous Smudgers and several boarders.

"The parachute-man, I reckon," said her small brother, as contemptuously as a big mouthful permitted. "He's been loafin' roun' the co'te-house square fur th' las' week in them red tights o' his'n. He thinks he's a daisy."

"Parachute-man, indeed!" exclaimed Leila. "It was the great violinist who plays to-night at the Opera-House. I recognized him as soon as I laid eyes on him. He is exactly like his pictures. So handsome! An ideal artist."

Her *vis-à-vis*, Hank Scales, looked blackly at her. He had ridden in from his ranch to take her to the concert, but this praise from her of one he privately considered a "dago" was gall and wormwood to him. He had not the tact to conceal his thought.

"He handsome? . . . That fiddler? . . . Why, he looks like the Wizard Oil fakir that was here last month."

Leila glanced at his dark face,—a mere sweep of her eyelashes, but it reduced him to a sulky silence.

The "great violinist" was looking about him in the Lone Star Hotel dining-room.

"Herr Gott!" he said to the man next him, "why do we come to this gottverlassen hole?"

Dietrich, the 'cellist, shrugged his shoulders.

"O, behüte! Ask the manager."

"Ach!" said Fräulein Aagot Lind, on the other side, "he thinks to prove whether music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. For my part, I have doubts on the subject."

"Do you think you will sing 'Blüte nur, liebes Herz,' to-night?" asked the violinist, with sardonic amusement.

"As much as you will play the Zigeunerweisen," she replied. "It makes no difference, since everything will be ten miles over their heads."

The manager came in and seated himself, laughing; he had overheard her remark.

"The natives call this Cosmopolis," he observed. "Some of the rich ones have been around the world, and they send their daughters away to be educated."

"And they return and marry these," said Fräulein Lind, glancing over the room and waving her fork, "and live on this," picking up a bit of fried steak with the same weapon. "Ach! Gott in Himmel!"

The manager winked at Dietrich and looked at Lind.

"And what did you live on in Guldbrandsal?" he asked, innocently.

"We had kraut and kartoffeln frittes, did not we?" said the violinist, more sardonically amused than before. "Still, the memory of those vanished joys makes not the beef of Ultima Thule any the less like leather. Pah!" as he tasted the water by his plate. "Take it away," he said to the negro waiter; "it is not fit for the bath. Bring us some beer."

An hour or two later the company sat on the stage of the indescribable barn called the Opera-House.

Mora rested his violin on his knee and surveyed the audience with a sarcastic smile. His brown hair was worn like a curly wig, his moustache curved fiercely upward like the horns of a Welsh bull, his beard was forked like a swallow's tail; his pale face was illumined by a vivid pair of laughing greenish-gray eyes.

He threw his head up, disclosing his smooth white throat, and laughed under his breath, while the others were playing the Schumann A major Quartet.

The society-leader of Cosmopolis, Mrs. Fitz-Muggin, sat just in front of Tinola Lufty, the Comanche interpreter. She wore white silk, falling off her shoulders, with a plastron of fresh violets; a necklace and coronet of diamonds, genuine, and big as chestnuts.

The men surrounding her were in correct evening dress, and one of them, Chandos, stamped his note-paper with the crest of an English earl.

Tinola wore a grass-green cashmere, a blue velvet hat with a scarlet bow, a set of garnets and rhine-stones, and waved a Japanese fan. Beside her sat Lone Wolf in broadcloth, a silk hat at his feet.

The Fitz-Muggin surveyed the stage and audience through her gold-mounted lorgnette, and chattered audibly in approved cosmopolitan fashion.

Tinola stared straight ahead of her without the flicker of an eye-lash. She had been to Carlisle, and knew how to behave.

Fräulein Lind in a much battered pink satin, a limp back-broken ostrich feather in her ash-colored hair, opened her wide mouth and sang superbly "Vöglein, wohin so schnell?"

Leila, who sat near the front with Hank Scales, looked at her with disdain in her nostrils.

"Mitts!" she whispered to her escort, who had on his riding-leathers; "white ones, and dirty at that! And a thousand creases in her old gown! What does she take us for?" She glanced down at her own costume of sea-green velvet set off with pearls and aqua-marines.

Mora caught her disdainful glance with appreciation.

"Blessed Virgin!" he thought; "what eyes! What hair! What lips! . . . and what a figure! . . . Is she a Cosmopolite, I wonder, or only a flower of the field?"

"He sees me," she thought, tingling with gratified vanity.

He was near enough to watch the changing expression and color of her beautiful face as he played. Her soft lips parted like a ripe pomegranate; tears welled up in her dark blue eyes. There was an unusual hush in the half-empty hall, for Mora had rapped imperiously for silence on the stand before him, transfixing the volatile Fitz-Muggin with his glittering green eyes. She giggled, dropped her glass, and subsided.

Tinola carried her programme to the hotel and pinned it upside down on the wall.

The Fitz-Muggin made a wad of hers to throw at Stanhope Cecil Chandos.

Leila folded hers tightly about a piece of wedding-cake and dreamed of Ilario Mora.

Early the next morning, for the Smudgers breakfasted at seven, she put on her hat and went for a walk.

She passed the hotel irresolutely, turned back, went into the parlor, and hurriedly punched the electric button, then stood staring at it with round eyes and cheeks like the oleanders in her belt.

The flippant negro waiter touched her arm to call attention to his presence.

"Oh!" she said, startled; "Jim, has the concert company gone yet?"

"No'm; but dey gwine tuh tek de nine-fawty dis mawnin' fuh Noo-Er-*leans*."

"Well . . ," she hunted about in a card-case, "here—just take my card up to *Sig*-nor Mora. I want to see him."

Mora was in bed. He took the specimen of Spencerian chirography and looked lazily from it to the negro.

"Who is this Miss Leila—how do you call her?"

"Smudger; Miss Leila Smudger, sah. Said tuh be de puttiest 'ooman in de State, sah."

"You do not say so!"

"Yezzah. Her po'trick hez ornumented de pages ob one ob our fus' mag'zines, sah. She's a perfeshnal beauty, sah."

"Is it possible!" softly exclaimed Mora, turning over on an elbow and looking up at the mulatto from beneath his ruffled wig.

"I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance. You will ask her to come in."

"Sah!" exclaimed Jim.

"Tell her to come up."

"She is a lady, sah. Jedge Smudger is one ob our fus' lawyers, sah, an' mos' gin'ally on de half-cock, sah. Lightnin' on de triggah an' de bull's-eye ever' pop. I begs tuh be escused f'om ca'yin' de lady dat message, sah."

"Oh, I see!" said Mora, falling on his back again and perusing the cracks in the ceiling with his sardonic smile.

"To rise, or not to rise, that is the question. What does she look like, this beauty?"

"P'obably, sah, yuh might 'a' observe' her a-settin' neah de front, las' night. Dressed in blue velvet, sah, widout a hat. Yaller ha'r an' blue——"

"Oh, indeed!" Mora sat up, uttering fervid Italian exclamation-points. "Tell her I give myself the great pleasure to see her at once."

He pointed to the door and put one foot to the floor. Jim vanished, grinning.

In about ten minutes, Mora entered the parlor, perfumed as the modest violet, and bowing profoundly.

Miss Smudger advanced to meet him, holding out an ungloved hand. She had tied a pair of pink gloves, a yard long, to her parasol handle.

"I am afraid you will think it very strange," she said, with a soft, slipshod articulation, "but I wanted to thank you for your beautiful, lovely music. I was so afraid you would go away before I could see you."

"I should have been heart-broken to have not seen you," he replied, looking into her blue eyes with his vivid smile.

"You are very kind to say so," she answered. "Can you talk to me for a few moments?"

"With all the pleasure in the world."

They sat on a plush *tête-à-tête*, with faces not two feet apart.

"I shall lose my breakfast," he thought, "but she is dazzling. I never saw such complexion out of Holland, or such hair anywhere. Natural color, too."

Her silk dress was cut away at the throat, displaying a turquoise chain. Her hat was covered with roses, and her parasol with lace. She looked as if she were ready for a lawn-party.

"I said I came to thank you," she was saying; "but that is not all. I want to study music some more."

"Ah?" Mora leaned back for a better perspective. "Then you play? On what?"

"Oh, violin, of course. I took some lessons in St. Louis. But I am not satisfied. I do not get the right tone. I want to play like you do. Do you teach music?"

Mora's peculiar smile flitted over his face curiously as he looked steadily at her.

"This, then, is fame!" he thought. Aloud he said, "Si,—yes. I teach."

"Where?"

"Oh, in the Conservatorium in—in New York."

"Then I will go there. When does it open?"

"Open? What? I do not comprehend."

"The Conservatory. When can I go?"

"Ah, yes. . . . Any time. I go there in—October, I think."

Leila got up and looked down at him sidewise under her long lashes.

"I sing, too. I don't think much of Frowline Lind's voice. Is she related to Jenny Lind?"

Mora bit his lip and pinched the plush.

"I think not. So you did not like her singing? Why?"

"Oh, because. I don't know. She is so ugly. Why don't you have a pretty woman?"

Mora looked up into her angelic face and pulled at his forked beard.

"Ah! Beautiful women and fine singers are not always to be discovered together, unfortunately. If I might have you, now!"

She smiled down at him.

"Will you sing for me?" he said, caressingly.

"I am dreadfully out of practice, but I reckon I can sing something. I know that 'Tell me, my Heart,' that Frowline Lind sang."

"Do you?" He opened the square piano and ran his fingers over the keys with a grimace.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" she said. "Do you know the accompaniment?"

"Perhaps." He picked it out, avoiding the worst keys, glanced at her, and nodded.

He sat looking down speechless, when she finished the song.

She leaned against the piano, one lovely hand dangling over the key-board, which now and then she lightly touched.

"You thought I couldn't sing," she said, amused, appreciating his evident embarrassment.

"You have a beautiful voice," he said, lifting his eyes suddenly, "but—you cannot sing."

"Oh-h! thank you!" she said, with circumflex accents of sarcasm. "I am much obliged. I studied singing in Philadelphia all last winter."

"Do not be angry with me," he implored, catching the dangling hand as she turned away. "Did I not say you had a beautiful voice?"

He kissed her fingers penitently.

"Yes; but it was worse than nothing to say I could not sing,—to my face."

"That was unpardonable," he said; "and such a face! But you will study. You will be a great singer some day, and then you will forgive me."

"Well," she replied, somewhat mollified, "maybe I will. But I am going to study violin, not voice."

"Both," he entreated, taking her other hand also, as if in illustration. "And you will come to New York in October?" His flexible voice uttered the commonplace question with unimagined ardor. Her color deepened.

"I reckon so,—if pa doesn't object."

Several people, Dietrich and Schulz of the company among them, came in, attracted by the singing.

"I must be going," she added, hastily. "Are you coming here again?"

"I am afraid not." He followed her to the door. "*A rivederci.*"

She did not understand, but she shook hands with him, smiled at him, and went away.

"Herr Gott!" said Dietrich, nudging Schulz in the ribs, "Mora has made a mash, as these Americans say. Nicht wahr?"

As Leila left the hotel she came face to face with Hank Scales.

"Well, did you see him?" Scales inquired, with grim politeness.

"I did," she replied, lifting her blue eyes calmly to his dark face.

If she anticipated any objection on his part she was disappointed. He quietly lifted his broad-brimmed hat, stood aside to allow her to pass, and watched her meditatively as she walked nonchalantly down the street toward home.

Mora's fellow-musicians looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders when he consented to teach under Ignace Wowski at the Conservatory.

He kept much to himself, playing only now and then for fabulous sums at concerts and drawing-rooms. He was especially careful to avoid being seen in public with Miss Smudger; and for the sake of seeing her alone twice a week, he shut his ears to his outraged artistic conscience and praised her voice, which the director had pronounced divine.

It was Mora's first experience with a woman of her type, and, to his intense surprise, the end of the last term found him in a state of feverish uncertainty and excitement.

He had painted for Leila a future as a singer that dazzled her imagination and roused her pride. She had studied with an ardor that surprised him. But he had not suspected her of subtlety, nor himself of prudence. He had never worn a curb and check-rein before, and he felt dangerous.

Miss Smudger was to make her first appearance as a singer at one of the Faculty Recitals, with the great honor of the Herr Direktor at

the piano, and the greater honor, did she but know it, of Ilario Mora on the violin, as accompanists. She made a sensation, being the only pupil on the programme. She was tremendously overdressed, for her costume would have been appropriate at a prima-donna's triumph. But the judge was wealthy, she was beautiful, and this is a free country, and so she wore the very latest combination of New York and Paris audacity, her lace stiff with pearls, her shoe-buckles set with real stones, her fan painted by Lemaire expressly for the occasion, the entire costume ablaze with diamonds.

After the concert, she was directed by Wowski to his private parlor, with the information that Mora desired to see her.

She swept into the room frowning.

"Herr Wowski said you wanted to see me," she said, coldly. "Now I am not used to having messages like that sent to me. Why didn't you wait in the organ-room and say what you had to say there? Or at the reception?"

"Forgive me," Mora murmured, bending to kiss her hand, "but I wanted to see you alone. You know the customs of this place. I had to ask permission of Wowski to see you at all, and the reception-rooms are too full of people with eyes and ears."

He led her to a sofa out of line of the door, and after a second's hesitation she sat down beside him. He was much excited. His eyes were glowing.

"My queen—Reine d'Amour! How beautiful thou art!" he ejaculated.

"Is that all you sent for me to listen to?" she asked, disdainfully, but her eyes were downcast and the hands in her lap trembled.

Mora caught one of them to his heart.

"Ah, no! Leila, listen. I love you, love you, love you," a crescendo of intensity that made her blush crimson. "Be mine; be my wife. My angel! Ah! thou shalt live the life of dreams."

"Life of dreams! With a music-teacher in a Conservatory?"

He threw his head back and laughed despite his excitement.

"Oh, thou! thou innocent one! Carissima, thou a Cosmopolite and not to know that for a year have I buried alive myself, for a year have taught idiots, for a year have forsworn fame and reputation, to be near you, to see you, to speak to you! I, Ilario Mora, whom kings have crowned!"

She looked shyly at him, and her lips quivered.

"I thought you played remarkably well," she stammered.

"I!" he continued, smiling sardonically. "I who am wealthy! Why, Craig-y-Nos itself compares not with the House of Delight on the Mustapha Supérieure, with the splendor on the Mediterranean, the gold of the orange and the red of the oleander on the granite wall. Ah!" he set his teeth together, he put an imperious arm about her delicate waist, "come,—come; let me teach you what life, what happiness, what heaven are."

His lips burnt upon her peachy cheek; her heart suffocated beneath his hand. A divine color suffused her face, her throat, her trembling bosom. She pressed a gleaming hand upon his buoyant curls and held

her scarlet mouth to his kiss, when a voice at the door made her leap to her feet and set her diamonds a-shiver.

"Hank Scales!" she ejaculated, the color ebbing from her face. "Where—where did you come from?"

Scales glanced from her agitated face to the man beside her.

"From home," he replied. "You forgot to send me an invitation to the concert, but I came without one." He paused a moment. "I thought," he continued, grimly, "that you were to marry me, but I hear that you are to marry this Mr. Mora."

Mora leaned from the sofa and took the hand hanging by Leila's side.

"It is quite true," he replied, softly: "you have been correctly informed."

"I prefer," said Scales, more quietly than before, "to be answered by Miss Smudger herself."

Mora smiled up at her.

Her knees trembled, she sank down again beside him and turned her beautiful head aslant to look at Scales.

"It is true," she said. "I am awfully sorry, Hank. Indeed I am."

"Thank you," said Scales. "Excuse my intrusion, but I did not believe it could be true, and reckoned I had better come to headquarters. Being neither a dago nor a fiddler, I am not in it."

"What is that you call me?" exclaimed Mora, fiercely.

"I called you a dago and a fiddler; and, what is more, you are a liar."

Mora leaped to his feet.

"I suppose you must have told Miss Smudger you were not a married man?"

"What do you know about me?" retorted Mora, shaking with passion.

The ranchman eyed him with cool composure.

"When did you get a divorce from your wife?"

"I have no wife," cried Mora.

"No? Then perhaps you will tell us who this lady is?" He went in two strides to the door and brought in a figure, pale, travel-stained, and hysterical.

"Frowline Lind!" exclaimed Leila.

"Let me introduce Mrs. Mora," said Scales, calmly.

"Ilario!" wailed the Lind, extending two good-sized hands and advancing upon the violinist.

Mora recoiled, exclaiming, "My God, Leila, it is false! I have a divorce——"

"He has not," cried Aagot, looking fiercely upon Leila. "Believe him not. He lies when he does say so. Ah! So this is why I was sent to Norway. Herr Gott! I left my child and yours, Mora, to cross the ocean with this good man, who of all the world did have the heart to save you from disgrace."

"Beast!" shrieked Mora. "Get out of my sight. I will kill you. —Leila, my darling!"

He advanced with outstretched hands to Leila, who stood white and petrified, staring upon them.

Scales also stepped toward her, saying, softly,—

"Leila!"

"I hate you!" she cried, suddenly, snapping her fan in two, flinging it upon the floor, and placing a shining foot upon it. "I hate every last one of you. All three!"

She looked Scales in the face. "I despise you!" She veered passionately toward Mora. "I could murder you!" She flamed upon the unfortunate Aagot: "Take him—and welcome!"

She rushed past them to the door. Mora attempted to intercept her, but Scales swept him out of her path, and the heavy door fell behind her with a resounding bang.

Claude M. Girardeau.

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, I give thanks!
Last year, Thou knowest, my best ambitions failed:
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed;
My eyes felt oft the sharp salt wash of tears;
No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied.
Yet in my woes Thou didst with me abide.
Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!
Last year my one lone ship came back to me,
A ruined wreck of what she used to be,
No cargo in her hold, storm-stained and scarred.
O Lord, thou knowest that it was hard, was hard,
To watch her drifting hulk with hopeless eye.
Yet in my desolation Thou wert nigh.
Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!
Last year the one I loved the dearest died,
And like a desert waste became the wide
And weary world. Love's last sweet star went out:
Blackness of darkness wrapped me round about.
Yet in the midst of my mad misery,
Thou lent'st Thy rod and staff to comfort me.
Lord, I give thanks!

Susie M. Best.

LIVING PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE.

EYES and brain soon tire of the critical scrutiny of canvases. At the first symptom of weariness, it is generally best to succumb and leave the gallery. There are times, however, when it is as well to stay. A glass of wine somehow makes room for another course at a *table-d'hôte* when one rashly thinks himself at the limit of his capacity. So in the Louvre I have sometimes recovered my art appetite by taking a draught of humanity,—that is, turning for a time from the painted pictures to the living pictures, the people who walk and strut and gaze and gape and ply the brush and pencil up and down its interminable galleries.

The central attraction of the Salon carré, which is itself the central attraction of the Louvre, is an old man, less than five feet tall, with a weazen face, a bald head, a pointed white beard, a pair of bead-like eyes, and a large red nose on which spectacles are precariously borne. His expression is that of a philosophic setting hen, part pride, part wisdom, part defiance. In the matter of his form, the unexpected always happens. The right shoulder is several inches lower than the left. His talon-like fingers point in all directions. His elbows protrude in a way to make a dude envious. His legs are of unequal lengths. The line of his back is a semicircle. His feet are turned in exactly opposite directions, thereby recalling those puzzling oral-arithmetic problems of our childhood in which A went one way and B another. Had we not been told that Mother Goose was an old-fashioned American lady who scarcely ever left Boston and who certainly never thought of going to Paris, we should feel sure that we had found the inspiration of her quatrain,—

> There was a crooked man
> Who walked a crooked mile
> And found a crooked sixpence
> Upon a crooked stile.

This crooked man of the Louvre has painted a crooked picture. He and his picture are part and parcel of each other. Though I have come early and left late, I have never seen them apart. The combination—the crooked man and the crooked picture—attracts a larger crowd than any *chef-d'œuvre* in the room. That the man enjoys this prominence is plain. Attention forebodes trade, and, whatever his minor motives may be, he is here primarily for trade. He stopped working at least a fortnight ago, and would have had his easel ordered away before this, had he not kept within the letter of the rules of the gallery by the occasional use of a dry brush, a transparent subterfuge very common with needy artists.

His picture represents the Salon carré itself on a canvas of about two feet by four. That it does not represent every square inch of the room and every picture on the walls is due to the laws of optics, not to

any lack of zeal on the part of the painter. It is an album of costuming, a treatise on anthropology, a dictionary of form, a cyclopædia of color, and a nineteenth-century summary of the artistic centuries, all in one, —a gorgeous souvenir of a visit to Paris. Think of the glory of returning to America with three-fourths of the Salon carré in one's trunk to brag about—and pay duty on! If this crooked old man has failed to produce a true work of art, he yet deserves to be rewarded for the originality of his idea and his sublime, fakir-like faith in the total art-depravity of the buying public.

The Salon carré has a lean, wrinkled, hungry-looking woman also, who long ago bundled off her youthful illusions in the boat that returns not (see Gleyre's beautiful "Illusions perdues"),—all but one: she still believes that she is fair. Her skirt is a Dolly Varden pattern, —enormous roses on a rusty black ground; her basque a brilliantly-spangled satin, trimmed with tattered lace. A soiled yellow silk handkerchief is knotted about her scrawny neck. And oh for a woman's tongue to describe her hat!—a wide-spreading saffron lace affair, bedight with gay flowers and blazing ribbons. Not all this butterfly apparel, nor the paint which is as thick on her face as on her pallet or canvas, can hide the truth that she is round-shouldered, hollow-chested, and tallow-faced. She has just finished copying Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," a specialty of hers, I take it, as she has done others since I came to Paris. Perched awkwardly on a stool so high that a person behind her cannot help seeing the holes in her stockings, she too is wielding the dry brush and looking for a customer. Now and then she lays her hat aside, displaying a pretentious affectation of a fillet about her grizzled hair, and steps down and walks backward to take in the effect of the insipidity of her simpering copy.

This, then, is art, and this shrivelled, painted travesty of a woman and that twisted, avaricious piece of a man are artists, when youthful illusions are gone and the problem of bread and butter is uppermost. In them cleverness has gone to seed; servility has crystallized. They are incarnations of blasted hope, a *memento mori* to exuberant ambition, the very nightmares of art. And there may have been a time when they were eager, impetuous, soulful. "It is with men as with trees," wrote George Eliot. "If you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial, erring life, which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered."

Art has its cant as well as religion, and cant in either sphere marks arrested growth. In the Grande Galerie, a young fellow who has stopped growing, artistically, is copying the Saint Sebastian of Guido. At twenty he is a slave to cant; his brush-strokes mean no more to him than pious words to a pietist; they cost him no more effort. Facility has been his idol, and he has his reward,—a picture a day. His face

has not a single token of nobility. He does not stand for what might have been; he is not even a wreck, and in that he is a more pitiable object than the crooked old man of the Salon carré. He is irretrievably small because he was born small, with small possibilities of growth.

Studious, conscientious copying of the masters is undoubtedly good for both hand and brain, and we do find unflinching devotion to high ideals among copyists. Two girls, for instance, attract me strongly. One has been working for at least three weeks before Leonardo's Mona Lisa. Her pale features are exquisitely chiselled. She is fair-haired, dreamy-eyed, *spirituelle*, a Parisian Hulda. She feels the beauty and wonder of Leonardo's masterpiece in every fibre of her sensitive, artistic being. The other is a veritable Miriam, a superb black-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned creature, and her picture is Léon Bénounville's "Saint-François d'Assise mourant bénit sa ville natale." Her touch is the less delicate and sympathetic, but it has the more *verve*. Neither will spend her life copying. One will attempt to force the recognition of the world; the other will wait patiently, even timidly, for it to come. Both may fail of recognition, but both will do work worthy of souls.

Equally serious with these young women, and combining with even more of the consciousness of genius the studied carelessness of a man of the world, is a young man who is copying Delacroix's "Dante et Virgile." His dress, as well as his choice of a master, declares him an ardent romanticist. If the fever of Paris gayety does not sap his energies, he will do grand things by and by.

A ten-year-old lad becomes so infatuated with gazing long at Paul Potter's "La Prairie" that he fishes out of his trousers-pocket a dirty piece of paper and a stub of a pencil and sketches the principal animal figures with surprising skill. He, it may be, is the truest genius of them all.

The picture-viewers are of three kinds:

1. Those who know absolutely nothing about art and who do not pretend to know.

2. Those who have a confused smattering of artists' names and art phrases.

3. Art connoisseurs, or those whose love of beauty and ardent spirit of inquiry will ultimately land them in connoisseurship.

The first are mainly people out for a holiday stroll. They drop into the Louvre as they would into an auction, a *café-concert*, or a circus, without a guide-book and without definite purpose. Here, for instance, is a middle-aged peasant couple. In spite of the bravery of a silver buckle in his hat and a mirror-like polish on his clumsy shoes, the man would attract no notice by himself. His scrupulous neatness and short black frock are shared with many other provincials in Paris. But the woman in any crowd would raise a stare, partly by her dress and partly by her aggressive personality. She wears a stiff white cap, the strings of which are untied for freedom's sake. It is purposely shoved back, and shows a luxuriant growth of rather coarse black hair. Heavy gold finger-rings and huge ear-rings lend a barbaric touch. Her dress-skirt is not unlike that now in vogue with Paris *bicyclistes:* only by

way of apology can it be said to cover the knees. Her sinewy legs are encased in tight-fitting black stockings, and her generous feet in low black slippers. Her dress-waist is cut low about the neck and has puffed sleeves. The front of both waist and skirt is protected by a crisp, blue-checkered apron. A black silk kerchief is loosely knotted over her shoulders. Her skin (she cannot be said to have a complexion) is of the color and (apparently) of the consistency of sole-leather; it certainly has been thoroughly cured by years of ploughing, sowing, and reaping.

She judges a picture with both hands on her hips, and when disapproval appears in her eye, one trembles for the picture. When she is actually bored, she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rail, lays her leathery chin in her leathery hands, crosses her sturdy legs, and in this street-loafer attitude refreshes her mind. Her fist is capable of a sledge-hammer blow. Her husband (yeoman though he is) would hardly be a match for her. He knows it and is visibly proud of it. I have seen Whitechapel hags rouse their shrivelled or bloated selves to fight like fiends, but she, if once she were roused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the ploughwoman of mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type, there would have been no mystery about her military prowess. She is a masculine woman, in the best sense, and there is as vital a difference between her masculinity and the masculinity of the fast woman of the period as there is between her husband and the *boulevardier*.

Even more of an anomaly in Paris is a jolly Irishman in the Salle La Caze,—so much of an anomaly, in fact, that he himself realizes it and is trying his best to make out how he comes to be there. I have been watching him for a full half-hour, and during that time he has not so much as looked at a picture, he has been so occupied knitting his brows over his problem. He is a study in red, green, and black. His face is red, his hair is red, and his side-whiskers are red. He wears a rusty black velvet coat, very much rubbed at the elbows but brave with green buttons, a soft black felt hat cocked rakishly on one side, a flowing green necktie, and green velvet trousers relieved by a black woollen patch on the seat. He carries in his hand a green-tasselled cane, and in his head, you may be sure, a fund of green imaginings.

In the Grande Salle Française, before my favorite Troyon "Bœufs se rendant au labeur" (a picture in which a peasant and his oxen are glorified by a transcendently beautiful morning light), I find a raw country lad with wooden shoes, ill-fitting clothes, an unshaven face, and unkempt hair. A tear furrows its way down his cheek as he sees on canvas the free open-air life he has left forever. He has come to Paris to make his fortune, poor fellow, and he will have a sorry time of it for a while in that garb; but Paris will gradually conventionalize him and polish him, as it does sooner or later every man who enters it. And by and by, when he comes to the Louvre, he will be too well bred to show any feeling even if he meets just such another neat, wrinkled, cheery French grandam as he sees now puzzling out the meaning of a picture near the Troyon.

The omnipresent priest must be mentioned here, because he takes art as he takes life,—in his official capacity. He stands long before punctured and truncated saints with a rapt professional admiration, casting only longing sheep's-eyes at the secular nymphs and nudities, except he feel called upon to rest, as he often does, in the Galerie Daru, on the walls of which Watteau, Boucher, and Van Loo appear. It is surprising how suddenly he is seized with fatigue in the indifferent transit of this not long gallery.

The second kind of picture-viewers are largely tourists, who are doing the art-galleries as they are doing Europe,—for effect. Of these the most flagrantly superficial are the Cook excursionists. Every now and then a Cook party appears, thirty or forty strong, to the terror and disgust of the true picture-lovers. The latter are so sure, from a bitter experience, of being jostled by the crowd and distracted by the noise that they beat a hasty retreat when the rumble of the party's approach begins to be heard like distant thunder.

A Cook party halted the other day in the Grande Galerie opposite Murillo's magnificent work "La Cuisine des Anges." An artist's copy in front of the Murillo completely shut off the view of the latter from the party. Nevertheless, the guide parroted his usual story, gesticulating wildly, the while, in the direction of the copyist's easel. The worn-out sight-seers dragged themselves to seats several yards away. The listless gazed vacantly into space. The eager hung upon the lips of the guide as though he were a great critic or a great artist, and scribbled furiously in their note-books under the conviction that they were studying art. The harangue over, the entire party moved on. Not one of them had seen the wonderful original; not one of them had made an effort to see it. Many supposed they had seen it, and that answered their purpose as well.

The third kind of picture-viewers need no description. They are easily distinguished by an air of studious leisure as far removed from the gormandizing rush of the second class as it is from the careless sauntering of the first. They are the brushless artists, who bear the same relation to art that silent poets bear to poetry.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

VICTORY.

PEACE, for the silver bugles play,
And the glad fifes, with shriller sound;
The drum beats fast, and, far away,
Awakens joy profound.

From dawn until the setting sun
We battled, and our foes have lost;
O heart, my heart, the day is won,—
Break thou, and pay the cost!

Florence Earle Coates.

A CREED OF MANNERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODO."

THE long hours of English midsummer twilight were rapidly fading into night, and the dark was descending over the landscape layer on layer. In the garden-beds the scarlet geraniums already looked black, and the trees stood out in delicate tracery of leaf and branch against the velvet blue of a clear sky. The garden itself sloped gently up in a stretch of bird-haunted lawn from the river bank to a broad gravel walk in front of the house, and from the dining-room windows, which were thrown open to admit the cool night air, came shafts of oblong yellow light, through which soft clumsy moths passed and repassed as across a magic-lantern sheet, losing themselves again in the fragrant dusk.

Inside, two young men were sitting at the table, and one of them had just drawn a cigarette-case from his coat-pocket.

"I think we had better go outside and smoke," he said, "and tell them to bring the coffee out there. It's deliciously warm. What do you say, Claude?"

The younger of the two got up and strolled to the window.

"Yes, let's go out, and then you can go on trying to convince me that I have a soul, and I can begin convincing you that I have not. Not that any one ever convinced anybody. That is why it is so delightful to argue. All argument is perfectly useless, and thus partakes of the nature of Art."

Jack Anstruther rose too.

"How very Oscaresque!" he said.

"To-night you have adventitious advantage," continued Claude. "Midsummer evenings by the Thames always seem to me to lend a superficial probability to the existence of souls. If we had stopped in London and gone to Lady Mildred's dance, you would never have given a thought to your own soul, much less to mine."

"My aunt resolves everything into digestion, I know," said Jack. "She told me the other day that once when she was a girl she fell violently in love. 'But, my dear Jack,' she went on, 'it was all stomach.'"

"The converse holds too," said Claude. "I ate some lobster the other day, and it gave me, not indigestion, but acute remorse."

"Remorse? What for?"

"I forget. It is immaterial. Remorse will hang itself on any peg."

"But in your case it doesn't get many pegs to hang on, does it?"

The other laughed, and strolled towards the door. "No; I am let unfurnished and without fittings," he said. "Come on, Jack."

Claude Ackersley was one of those almost perfectly happy young men who have been blessed by Nature with an unlimited capacity for

enjoying themselves, and, as this gift was wedded in him to an insatiable appetite for loafing, his time was very fully taken up. The loafer, like the poet, is born, not made, and out of a hundred men who loaf, very few are loafers. Most men who loaf do so only because they find it less tedious than any other occupation : the real loafer loafs because he loves it. In other respects, Claude was rich, good-looking, well-born, perfectly healthy, entirely unambitious, and twenty-five years old. Jack Anstruther had been questioning him at dinner as to what he meant to do, and why and when, and this led on to more metaphysical matters. Jack, who was some years the elder, was a rising barrister with a large practice, and the two had come down to a little house he owned on the Thames near Henley, to stay from Saturday till Monday. Originally there was to have been a small party with him, but the thing had fallen through. Claude had been somewhat at a loss to know what they would do with themselves alone, but Jack evidently wanted to come, and, as the other had never been possessed of sufficient strength of mind to refuse anybody anything, he went too.

They settled themselves in basket chairs on the terrace, and for a few moments neither of them spoke. A nightingale sang loud in the trees, and Our Lady of Summer Nights walked through her lands with hushed footsteps.

"I can't think why you should be so anxious that I should ever do anything," Claude began at last. "You see, I have no sordid motives which necessitate my choosing some profession. A merciful Providence has spared me that."

"There are other reasons for having a profession besides making money," said Jack.

Claude opened his eyes wide.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are stating dogmatically as proved the very point we have been arguing. If there is any reason besides that of making money, it would be some sense of moral responsibility, the idea that one can and ought to do some good. I couldn't possibly do any good. I am a harmless, unnecessary young man. I lay claim to that, but to nothing more."

"Do you really mean you have no aims or hopes or fears, that you regard yourself as wholly irresponsible with reference to others?"

Claude sat still a moment without replying.

"Irresponsible? Yes," he said, at length. "But I have a hope and an aim, and a fear for that matter, though they are all one. My hope and aim are that under every circumstance, however trying, I may behave like a gentleman. My fear is that circumstances may be too strong, and that I shall fail, and behave like a coward or a cad. We differ altogether, you see. Your motto is 'Morals makyth man;' mine, that 'Manners makyth man.' I was at Winchester. Perhaps morals do make woman,—you may be right there; and that, no doubt, is why all women are incomprehensible."

"Why do you say those things, Claude?" Jack asked. "Sometimes I really do believe that you put manners and morals on the same plane; and of course that is absurd when a case in point arises."

"Of course I don't put them on the same plane. I put manners on the only plane, and everything else nowhere. But what do you mean by 'when a case in point arises'?"

"When you are confronted with a right and a wrong: of course all else must give way to that."

Claude sat up in his chair, clasping his knees with his hands.

"I am telling you sober truth," he said. "Nothing seems to me worth taking any trouble about, except behaving nicely. You talk of right and wrong deciding your actions: I talk of good form and bad form directing mine. My whole being revolts against bad form, but I am sorry to say I don't feel any such revulsion against doing things which I suppose are wrong. I am perfectly serious. Think how totally impossible life would be unless we took some trouble to behave decently. The whole duty of man is to be pleasant and social and charming. Nothing else matters. Hear me swear!"

Claude turned round and looked at Jack. When a loafer is serious, he is very serious.

"It is so," he said, nodding his head.

"You can't really think that," said Jack. "You enjoy taking the lowest view of yourself."

"Not in the least. I have no instinctive sense of right and wrong, but I have a very strong instinctive sense that if this world is to go on we must do our best to make it pleasant. A man's first duty is to make himself as presentable as possible, and his next to make himself as adaptable and well-mannered as he can. A good host is a host with good manners who will behave nicely in a crowd; and so it is with a good man. So, to return to our point, I still fail to see why I should have a profession."

"Still, a profession need not be bad for your manners," said Jack.

"That is true; but it cannot possibly be good for them; and if so, why should I have one?"

"And is that all your creed?" he asked.

"No. There is a little more. I enjoy life, as I live it, enormously, quite enormously. It is my bird in the hand. Other people—you, for example—assure me there is a much better bird, or perhaps two, in the bush, which you call your aims in life. Personally I cannot see that bird in the bush,—you all confess it is a very thick bush,—nor can I hear it sing. All that comes out of the bush is a very desolate croaking sound, most lugubrious to hear. I really cannot believe that the bird is there. So it would clearly be absurd for me to sacrifice the bird I hold in my hand for one that I don't believe is in the bush."

"Then you really mean that your physical nature is your only criterion, that you care for nothing with your soul, or, if that word offends you, with anything that is not your body?"

"I have no reason to suppose the contrary," said Claude. "Of course I don't love all beautiful people and hate all ugly ones, because some ugly people have got an attractiveness about them which a very beautiful woman may lack; but as a rule I love beauty and I am indifferent to anything else. And the attractiveness of those other people is purely physical, too. Of course I am right. How can you love a

person's soul? When one falls in love it is the physical contact which one desires. The touch of one woman's hand is more to me than all the world."

"Oh, I admit that," said Jack; "but don't you know what Plato says about the bodily sensation being only a sort of copy from the archetype, the soul?"

Claude shook his head.

"My dear Jack, you make that fatal mistake of getting information second-hand. If you wanted to see what an elephant was like, you would look it out in the Encyclopædia instead of going to the Zoo. The only thing that matters to me is what *I* think about love, not what Plato thinks about it. Isn't it Plato who proves conclusively and in charming language that pain is not an evil? I was quite convinced by it until I had to go to the dentist. And the dentist convinced me that pain is the only evil in existence. And as his demonstration was practical, it was necessarily more final to me than Plato's, which is only theoretical.

Jack laughed.

"I wish you would be serious for two minutes."

"I was never more serious in my life. As a matter of experience again, I don't like people because they are good, or dislike them because they are bad, and to me that seems about a proof that if I have a soul at all it must be a very indifferent one,—not worth cultivating, in fact. Of course if I liked all good people and disliked all bad ones, it would be a very strong argument in favor of my having a soul; but failing the one I fail the other. No, my hope and my aim are sufficient for me."

Claude threw away the stump of his cigarette, got up out of his chair, and stretched himself slowly and luxuriously.

"Let's go down to the river," he said. "I never saw such a delicious night. You really were quite right; it is much better being here than in a stuffy ball-room. I wish my mother was in England: she loves an English June. However, she comes next week; she leaves Brindisi to-night."

Claude thrust his hand through Jack's arm, and they walked down over the close-shaven lawn to the water's edge. A great tawny moon had just risen over the fields, which were fragrant and tall with dusky hay, and cast an uncertain trembling track across the stream. The night was perfectly cloudless. A fish rose once and again in midstream, and a little breeze wandered shiftily down the river.

"What was that charming little poem you showed me the other day?" he continued: "'This kind warm world is all I know.' That is so good, I felt I could have written it myself,—which, after all, is the highest compliment one can pay to the productions of any one else. And people like me, who know only this kind warm world, enjoy it, I believe, most of all. It must be so distracting to believe in anything else."

They stood for several minutes by the river bank, and then Claude shivered slightly.

"This kind warm world is just a trifle chilly down here," he

said. "Let's go in again; it is getting late, and I want whiskey and soda."

They went in-doors, and a man brought them glasses and bottles. Claude managed to break the neck of his soda, and spilt about half of it on to the floor. However, he poured the rest into the glass and drank it off at a gulp.

As he drained the glass he suddenly started.

"How very odd!" he said. "Jack, did you put any ice into my whiskey?"

Jack looked up.

"Ice? No."

Claude held the tumbler up to the light. There were two or three small fragments of glass at the bottom of it.

"I've done an extraordinarily stupid thing," he said. "I've swallowed a chunk of glass. Is it very indigestible?"

Jack jumped out of his chair.

"Swallowed a piece of glass?" he asked. "Claude, are you sure?"

"Well, it was something hard, and it wasn't ice, and there is some more of it in the tumbler. But don't look like the Tragic Muse. What shall I do? Glass cannot be very wholesome."

Jack looked at his watch.

"We can catch the last train back," he said. "You must come up to London to-night."

"And see a doctor?"

"Yes, of course. I knew a man——Oh, my God!"

Claude got up too.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked. "Yes, I suppose it might play the deuce with one's inside. But you needn't come. It would be absurd for you to come too."

"Nonsense! I couldn't possibly stop here."

Claude turned to the window and looked out. The basket chairs where they had been sitting a quarter of an hour before had been moved in, and the moon had risen a little higher. Otherwise everything was pitilessly unchanged. For a moment he felt angry and horribly helpless. Why should a splinter from a soda-water bottle, a wretched accident of this kind, be allowed to enter into the issues of life and death?

Jack touched him on the shoulder.

"Come, Claude, we mustn't miss the train."

"No; I'm ready. But isn't it odd we should have been talking about these things just before this happened? Tell me what you were going to say just now,—that man you knew——"

"I can't talk of it. Come."

Two days later Claude lay dying. They had gone at once to a great London doctor, who had told him there was nothing to be done. If he died, he died quickly but terribly; if he lived, he lived. And he lay dying. They had given him as much morphia as they dared, but there were intervals in which he was conscious. He could not

bear the weight of the bedclothes or of the useless poultices, and on the third morning he lay just covered with a sheet. Under the influence of the drugs he had gone off into a disturbed sleep about four that morning, and when Jack came back at eight he was still sleeping. But soon after he began to fidget and grow restless, and when the doctor came he was awake.

The pain was almost insupportable, and his face was growing very white and worn. When the doctor saw him, he looked up at Jack, who was standing on the other side of the bed, and shook his head.

Jack understood at once, and without hesitation knelt down at Claude's side.

"Claude, old boy," he said, "it is nearly over. You will not be in pain much longer. Is there anything you want done?"

Claude smiled. Even in the midst of his rending pain he was his old courteous self.

"Thanks, Jack; there is one thing. Ah——!"

His face contracted with a fresh spasm of pain.

"One thing," he continued. "My mother will be less wretched if she hears there has been a—a clergyman with me. Send for Lawson, will you? He's a good fellow. Can't they send me to sleep again?"

Jack looked at the doctor. Yes, the end was near and inevitable. Why let him suffer more than necessary? He gave him another dose of morphia, and, saying he would be back in half an hour, left the two together.

The morphia soon began to take effect, and Claude dozed off again. The nurse moved noiselessly about the room, arranging things for the day, and once she stopped near the bed and looked at Claude as he lay there.

"He is dying very hard," she whispered to Jack, "but he never said a harsh or impatient word to me; and he always thanked me whenever I did anything for him. I never saw a man so patient and gentle. Poor boy! poor boy!"

The sun cast a square of hot golden light on to the floor where Claude's dachshund Flo was enjoying her morning doze. Finding it unpleasantly warm, she waddled pathetically off into the shade again. Jack found himself noticing that she had chosen the wrong side, and that she would certainly have to move again before an hour was up. Flo hated the sun as much as any woman who was inclined to freckle.

Lawson soon came, and he and Jack waited together. At the end of half an hour the doctor returned. Claude was already getting fidgety in his sleep, and before long he opened his eyes.

"I think—this is the end, is it not?" he asked.

Again a spasm of pain seized him.

"Ah, my God——" he began.

He turned in bed slightly and saw Lawson.

"A thousand pardons," he said. "Dr. Smartly—I don't think—do you know Mr. Lawson?"

And before the hot yellow square of light had travelled across the floor to where Flo lay, his hope and his aim were realized.

E. F. Benson.

DON JAIME, OF MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

AMONG the first Spanish settlers in that beautiful valley of Alta California that lies east of the Bay of San Francisco was the family of Don Jaime de Vallejo. It was early in the century, when the slow *carreta* that carried their household goods from sunny Monterey by the sea wound through the Gavilan passes into the Salinas, thence north past the Mission of "San Juan of the North," where the travellers rested, and saw the good padre Justus plant his olive-trees and teach the Indian neophytes to weave coarse woollen cloth. From San Juan the explorers crossed to the Gilroy rancho, where a few Spanish people were living, and thence northward to the hospitable settlement of Santa Clara, near the southern point of the bay. After resting here for a time among old friends at the pueblo, they turned to the eastern shore, and the base of the great Mission Peak that rises high over that portion of the Coast Range between Monte Diablo and Mount Hamilton. This was the "Valle de la San José," so named by the first Spanish expeditions, and here, in the newly established village of the Mission, they made their home.

The branch of the Vallejos to which Don Jaime belonged was famous in the history of the young colony that Spain had planted. His father, still living in a hale and hearty manhood, had been one of the soldiers who accompanied Padre Junipero Serra on his first voyage into Alta California. He was then a reckless, impetuous, and popular young man, and many stories are told in the pioneer families that show his courage and attractiveness. Once in Los Angeles he rode with other cavaliers to a bull-fight, the first one ever held in that ancient and honorable pueblo. The corral was ill suited for such an occasion, and the rude seats about and above it were so insecure that during the fight a little girl fell from her place into the trampled arena.

The bull rushed towards the child, but Don Ignacio, leaping down, seized him by the horns, and exerted to the utmost that giant strength for which he was justly famous even among the men of mighty thews who were his comrades. For a brief space he held the animal, until men with lassos caught the bull and dragged him away.

The mother of the child was named Barbara, and the story goes that when the young man handed back her child he recited, with a smile, an impromptu stanza of verse that has been handed down in the memory of his descendants. It runs after this wise:

Barbaramente castigas
A quien constante adora;
No seas barbara, señora,
Aunque Barbara te digas.

A literal translation would be stiff and commonplace; a metrical one that should manage to retain the play upon the lady's name is beyond my verse-making abilities. What the gallant young provincial

said was that she punished her constant admirers almost with barbarity. "Oh, be not always so cruel a lady," he exclaimed, "even though thy name is Barbara!" The overwrought conceit pleased the period. Somehow the scene carries one back to feudal times and famous characters. Here are the admiration of beauty, the sentiment of captivity, the lawlessness, the genial insolence, that belong to mediæval "courts of love." A modern hero inclined to dangerous rhymes and to a play upon the lady's name would have said something like this: "From a barbarous death receive back thy child, thou beautiful Barbara." A practised verse-maker sees whole sonnets, full of nicely-balanced turns, in the situation. But young Don Ignacio's primitive rhyme was much better than a whole school of poetry, and it established his reputation as the first poet of the province of Alta California.

Don Jaime had much of his father's physical strength and courage. He was a youth of twenty when Bouchard, the pirate, frightened the weak Spanish settlements, captured Monterey, and drove the simple, peaceful townsfolk into the inland valleys. The Vallejo family traditions are full of narratives of his valor at this juncture. His descendants love to tell how he was a very Ajax, raging up and down the sea-beach; how he dragged a cannon down to a point of land, loaded it, and fired repeatedly, though deserted by all his companions; how he remained the sole representative of the Californians, refusing to obey orders to retire sent him by the governor of the province; and, lastly, how the governor himself, greatly admiring the courage of the hero, and anxious to save him for future wars, sent his own servant on horseback with a file and a hammer. The servant galloped up to the lone cannoneer on the beach, just as the pirates were landing, and hastily spiked the gun. Don Jaime hurled the hammer at his foes, and slowly retired after the much admired manner of his classic models. He reached a place of safety, where the governor embraced him with fervor, and at once raised him from the rank of lieutenant to that of captain.

In 1825 the flag of the King of Spain was pulled down, and that of Mexico took its place throughout California. The young and thoughtless welcomed the tricolor without a shade of regret for the old *régime;* the elders of the colony felt still more separated from the mother-land. Even while they admitted the policy of the Revolution, they mourned over the buried past.

The new authorities soon recognized Don Jaime's executive abilities, and made him *administrador* of the Mission San José, then in process of secularization after the plans of the government, which looked with disfavor upon the absolute power of the priests over land, herds, and Indians. They hoped, though vainly, that the Indians could be made capable of caring for themselves and might ultimately become citizens of the commonwealth.

Don Jaime had accumulated great riches in Monterey County and in Santa Clara,—wealth measured, as all property was in those days, by leagues of land and thousands of cattle and horses. His herdsmen could ride from sunrise to sunset in a straight line and not cross the boundaries of the rancho. Some of his cattle were kept on the seaward slopes of the Coast Range that slant to the Pacific; some were in the

valleys of the bay region; some, far inland, climbed the brush-covered hills that overlooked the San Joaquin.

The first thing that the old Don did in Alameda was to order the Indians to dig a ditch from far up in the gorge, to carry water for a grist-mill that he afterwards had them build at the mouth of the cañon. The millstones were brought from Spain; the other machinery was ordered by way of Acapulco from Mexico, and was carried on mule-back over the narrow mountain trails.

After the flour-mill, the first in all that region, was well established, Don Jaime began a weaving-factory at the Mission San José, where coarse fabrics for blankets, *zarapes*, and other articles were manufactured by the Indian neophytes under his supervision, and sold to the residents of the pueblos of San Francisco and Santa Clara. It was not long before the fame of them went abroad, and the priests of Carmelo and San Juan wrote by special messenger to ask at what rate they might exchange the striped weavings of those missions for the Don's gay-patterned blankets.

Even under the *administradores*, much of the patriarchal life of the priestly *régime* was maintained. The Indians, though nominally free, had a vast reverence for the overlordship of the dignified Don. As the tradition goes, he treated them kindly, provided them with abundant food, and allowed them to stop work at four o'clock in the afternoon and "dance all the evening in the village square." Besides, there were feast-days and celebrations, bull-fights, the hanging of the last sheaf of wheat at the church door, the gathering of the vintage, and a multitude of other epoch-marking events.

The *vaqueros* of the Mission, always a popular class, were dressed by the new *administrador* in a sort of uniform made of soft sheepskins, tanned and left in the natural color, then bound with scarlet, with brilliant scarlet stand-up collars and cuffs. A wide scarlet sash about the waist completed the outfit. The herdsmen from the mountain pastures assembled on feast-days in the sleepy old town that lies under the Mission Peak. Fine, swarthy fellows they were, and better horsemen never rode on raid or dwelt in any wilderness of the continent. Even the cowboys of the Southwest are not more completely at home in the saddle than were these native Californians.

In the midst of large projects for the development of the valley, the planting of vineyards, and the irrigation of great tracts of land, Don Jaime heard the news of the discovery of gold. It seemed to him a sad thing for the Spanish-Americans, who were only just beginning to adapt themselves to the new order of affairs after the conquest of California. Almost immediately hundreds of strangers appeared, moving in converging lines to the hill-passes, bound for the mines beyond. The Mission was suddenly filled with a new and reckless life,—Missourian emigrants, Sonorans, Chileans, Spanish adventurers from Los Angeles, Mormons, runaway sailors, and many a hungry-eyed speculator. Some had large canvas-covered wagons; others came with mules or donkeys loaded down with camp-utensils; still others were blanket-men, starting on foot for the mines. It is said that some of them afterwards came back and bought ranches on the very streams by

which they had camped, poor, restless gold-seekers in the splendid days of '49, when all the world was hastening to the Sierras.

Don Jaime himself decided to follow the current of adventure, and he did so in a peculiarly Californian manner. He asked for volunteers among his Indian peons, and easily equipped an expedition of one hundred men. A team of pack-horses was loaded with flour, dried beef, *pinole*, and other articles. In order to supply milk for the Don's morning cup of coffee, his favorite cow "Nevada" was placed in a *carreta*, or wooden-wheeled wagon, drawn by horses. The party crossed the San Joaquin and proceeded leisurely to the El Dorado County placers. There Don Jaime pitched his tent and set his Indians at work. Every night the faithful, simple souls filed into his presence with the proceeds of their day's toil, pouring it out on his table. The old Spaniard thanked them, and they withdrew to their own camp. For three months the yield of gold averaged a thousand dollars a day; then the diggings gave out, and the party returned to the Mission San José. On the eve of departure, as the family tradition runs, the Indians went to the Don and poured out an additional treasure.

"Muchachos," he said, "what is this?"

"Señor, we wish to give you all that we dug on Sunday,—the day you gave us free."

"That is your own; keep it, my good men."

"The patron can use it best," was the answer.

So Don Jaime had it weighed, and when he reached the Mission he obtained a quantity of silver, the money that the Indians liked best, and paid them back, some twenty dollars, some fifty, some almost a hundred, in exact accordance with the amount of surplus gold they had given him. Then he began to spend his own with lavish hands, and in a few years the fortune that his faithful Indians had heaped up was but the shadow of its former self.

The region is full of legends of the liberality of Don Jaime in his days of good fortune. His secretary, a poor Connecticut Yankee, pleased him one day by some apt remark. The Don ordered him to draw up a title-deed, and forthwith presented him with a quarter-section of the best land in the valley. He found a poor family camping on the highway, and gave them a farm the next morning. He heard that "the heretics" in the squatter village on his lands were struggling to build a church; down came a hundred servitors of the stout old Catholic and gave a week's work to the rearing of a Methodist chapel.

If the old Spaniard had one ruling passion, it was his love of a square and honest horse-race. He had been present when all the money of Santa Barbara was staked against the money of Los Angeles, and knew the history of every noted race of the province. Don Jaime was a particularly famous authority on "chuck-a-luck" races, where every one enters and rides his own horse and the contest is a single running "spurt" of a mile or so. He had horses himself, and he backed his opinions royally.

The Don was never above the dubious guidance of omens. "Daughter," he used to say in courtly Spanish to his eldest girl, "what didst thou dream of last night?" One morning, hearing that the dream had

been of a new red dress, he went elate to the Santa Clara races, wagered all his available funds on a "dark red horse," and came home triumphant to pour whole pounds of Mexican dollars into his daughter's lap.

"Alas," said the girl years afterwards, "if only I could more often have dreamed rightly!"

Times changed in a few years, and the days of waste were gone forever. The beautiful valley, so long unfenced, used only by flocks and herds, had caught the attention of restless, energetic American home-hunters. They came fast and faster, bringing ploughs and shotguns, axes and seed-wheat; the smoke of scores of settlers' cabins rose from as many claims on the Mission grant. Endless litigation followed, and Don Jaime spent the rest of his life in the law courts. Acre after acre, league after league, the vast estate melted into nothingness and was swept out of sight in whirling eddies. The invaders rapidly destroyed every vestige of the ancient *régime*. Don Jaime and his careless scarlet-banded *vaqueros* became but shadowy myths in less than a score of years.

The old adobe where the Spanish *administrador* once lived like some feudal baron in the midst of his retainers is now crumbling into ruin. It stands roofless, deserted; the olives that were planted about it nearly a century ago are mostly gone; the walls of the garden are torn down; the tall hedges of prickly-pear have been destroyed. Even the graceful sycamores that gave the river-crossing its name of "Alisal" were cut for firewood by some early settler who had no sense of their beauty.

"Even the children in the village cried when the sycamores were cut," said the daughter of Don Jaime, as she told the story. "Even the Indians came and asked the man to leave them alone. Then, when he refused to stop, they went to the padre; but the good father told them, as he had many times before, that the old days were gone, and that the new-comers were masters of the land. It was but one of many things that went wrong that summer.

"It seemed as if most of the troubles of the Spanish people and Indians culminated in one year," she added; "the mines were giving out, and thousands of rough and wicked men were returning to the region of the lowlands. They killed cattle every night, and sold the beef in San Francisco; they took fruit out of the orchards, vegetables from the gardens, and grapes from the vineyards. Pretty soon they had all the land; we had none."

That was forty years ago, and now the valley that Don Jaime once owned is a land of orchards; for miles the little fruit-farms extend, with their prunes, apricots, peaches, cherries, almonds, walnuts, and olives; it begins to look like a fragment of Italy. Now and then an orchardist turns up an Indian bead or shell, or a piece of red Mission tile. There is hardly a memorial of the Spanish period left to mark their fifty or sixty years' ownership of the fertile valley.

Charles Howard Shinn.

A LIVE GHOST.

"THERE he is!"—"There she is!"—"There they are!" These outcries were not fragments of a conjugation, but the exclamations of a joyous crowd which leaned over the sides of the Campania, as she steamed slowly to her dock, and the mass of humanity waiting upon the pier became gradually individualized.

Tom Stuart listened with a pang of loneliness none the less keen because it was unreasonable. He had informed nobody of his return. Yet his heart was heavy with the knowledge that not one of those eager welcomes would be for him, though he had wandered so much farther than any of these other travellers.

Two years before, he had rushed away in the hot desperation of a lovers' quarrel. But in "darkest Africa" death's every-day neighborhood had taught him many lessons; and part of that stern teaching had been the translating of what seemed the dignified self-assertion of his abrupt departure into a cruel injustice toward the girl who loved him. For of course Mabel loved him; else why should she have promised her beauty and her fortune to him, penniless Tom Stuart, who possessed only a paint-brush for future reliance? It was her money, or rather his lack of money, which had made him so easily offended when Van Eyck continued to haunt her steps after the announcement of their engagement. He had been jealous, she had been resentful; they had quarrelled, and within three days he had joined an expedition fitted out by a couple of wealthy young fellows of his acquaintance, who were inspired by the craze for African exploration prevalent among the youthful millionaire "unemployed."

Good God! how long were those two years! Through what a lifetime of monotonous marches and dreary watches he had dreamed of the letters from her which he was convinced he should find when his party got back to Zanzibar, where civilization and the mail service ended. Was it not one of her half-tender, half-mocking assertions, in the first glad days of their engagement, that a woman must naturally prefer to ask forgiveness of the man she loved, rather than to bestow her forgiveness upon him?

But, though dozens of letters awaited his friends, there had been nothing for him,—nothing!

He was entirely bereft of family ties, and of no social or financial importance. Only to Mabel had he desired to cable news of his safety; and her anxiety was obviously not incapable of further endurance.

In the midst of the joyful messages sent home by his comrades, Tom Stuart had maintained the silence of his disappointment. Nor had he wished to break it through all the many weeks which are required even nowadays to bring a traveller from Zanzibar to New York, until this foolish longing for a welcome overtook him as he arrived, unexpected and unrecognized, among the happy meetings upon the Cunard pier. Yet not quite unrecognized.

While he was accounting to a customs inspector for his portfolio of African sketches, he became aware of an oddly amazed stare fixed upon him, and recollected the perpetrator thereof to be a former acquaintance.

"Halloo, Jackson!" he exclaimed, genially.

His extended hand was accepted hesitatingly.

"Tom Stuart?" Jackson stammered, with an uncertain smile. "Beg your pardon. I—I thought you were dead."

"Never more alive," Tom declared, struggling against an absurd dismay at the quality of this first greeting.

"You look splendidly," Jackson continued, with dawning cordiality. "I heard that the expedition had returned safely to Zanzibar a month ago. But there was a rumor of your death soon after your departure."

"I am happy to be able to contradict the rumor," Tom said, cynically; "though I dare say most people will have forgotten both me and my demise, if the rumor is two years old. You should be proud of your very retentive memory, Jackson."

With this utterance of a natural if unjustifiable resentment he stalked away to a cab, and was driven up-town.

New York was as dirty, dusty, and deserted as it usually is early in August, and Tom's remembrance of African heat became more kindly before he arrived, perspiring and perplexed, at his club. He had never been a prominent member of that agreeable institution, but he had frequented it for many years, and, should everybody he knew be out of the city, he relied forlornly upon recognition from the servants.

The hall porter, however, proved to be a new-comer, who replied to Tom's inquiry for a room with the formula, "Only club members received, sir."

"You will find my name on the books,—Thomas Stuart."

The porter drew a careful finger up the column belonging to the letter S. Then he confronted Tom dumbly, divided between amazement and indignation.

"Well?" Tom demanded, a chill of suspicion stealing down his spine,—not a pleasant chill, even in August.

"The Thomas Stuart on this list is dead."

"Don't you see that I am alive?" cried Tom.

"Yes," the other admitted, sharply; "but I don't see that you are Thomas Stuart. Here is the star opposite the gent's name."

"Call one of the old servants. I've been away two years," Tom said, resolutely controlling his temper, as he saw the grinning cabman standing guard over the portmanteau he had just brought in.

"Guess you know that the whole lot of old servants were cleared out six months ago," the porter rejoined, with a derisive wink at the cabman.

"I will have you discharged for insolence to a member of the club," Tom began, impressively.

"I ain't afraid," the other interrupted, triumphantly. "If you are a member you must be a ghost; and I don't believe in ghosts."

Stammering with wrath, yet equally determined against a row or a retreat, Tom ejaculated the names of several acquaintances likely to be available for his identification.

"Out of town," his adversary repeated, with a leer, which grew more objectionable at each repetition, until Tom remembered David Wynne, an elderly bachelor who professed a conviction that London and New York share the comforts of life between them, and that a man of reasonable experience is to be found either in one city or the other at any season.

"He is in town," the porter conceded. "Dines here every evening, eight sharp."

"I shall return at eight; and I shall report you," Tom declared, turning away with but small consolation in anticipating the vindication of his course which would crown his reappearance; for he was impotently aware of another exchange of winks across his shoulder.

"The Brunswick," he ordered, haughtily, and hid his discomfiture in the cab.

At that hotel he was assigned a room without accusation of being a fraud or a phantom, and there he proceeded to consider the singular position in which he found himself.

The lawyer with whom he had left his will, previous to his departure for Africa, could probably give him all details concerning the origin of the rumor of his death. Was his small patrimony already divided among the distant heirs? Tom started from his chair to seek the lawyer's office at once; but he sank back again with a half-smile: the old gentleman's holidays occurred in August, and Tom shrank from confronting a clerk possibly as sceptical as the club porter. He must wait for Wynne, who was a certainty at eight o'clock, and who, always well posted in everybody's affairs, could inform him not merely about the rumor of his death, but about some imaginable results of that rumor which troubled this perplexed young man more than the temporary doubt of his identity or the brief disarrangement of his finances.

Before that star was printed beside his name in the club list his death must have been widely credited. This explained Mabel's silence: she believed him dead two years since; a long, long time for faithful mourning of the dead,—the dead who had been neither just nor tender in his farewells. Good God! how should he bear to hear that Van Eyck had won her?

Very ghost-like he felt as he wandered restlessly from the hotel to the streets. Poor ghosts,—real ghosts! he hoped that heaven, or even the other place, shut them securely from any news of the world which they had left, and which did not miss them!

Eight o'clock found him again at the club, where his enemy the hall porter took his card in eloquent silence and presently announced that Mr. Wynne would see him.

There was a keen look of question upon David Wynne's clever countenance as he awaited his visitor.

"This is a most extraordinary coincidence, or a most——" he

began, but broke off abruptly as Tom advanced under the electric lights; then, with dilating eyes, he exclaimed, "Great heavens! Tom Stuart?—you are alive?"

"According to my own sensations I am," Tom said, smiling unmirthfully; "though so many sane people seem sure of my death that I begin to doubt."

"My dear fellow," Wynne interrupted, grasping Tom's hand in both of his, and speaking with delightful exaggeration, "I have never been so glad to see any one." He broke off again, to stare at the other's handsome sunbrowned face. "This is inexplicable," he muttered.

"If you mean the rumor of my death, I intend to have that explained very thoroughly," Tom declared, grimly. "And I come to you to start my investigations."

"It was much more positive than a rumor: it was a cablegram," Wynne said, ruminatingly.

Then he drew forward a big chair for his guest, dropped into another, and took a letter-case from his pocket.

"I sent to my rooms for this when the porter told me that some impostor was claiming your name," he began, briskly. "This is my receptacle for newspaper cuttings which interest me particularly and are not too long. Here is your obituary——"

"Which was not too long," Tom interpolated, bitterly.

"Better be a living dog than a dead lion," Wynne cried, genially. "I assure you, my boy, that you were very much talked about for a week at least. One must be a Bismarck or a Gladstone to expect more of one's world. Hear what the *Herald* says:

"'With deep regret we announce the death, near Zanzibar, Africa, of the talented young artist Thomas Stuart. He had joined the expedition fitted out by Messrs. Blount and Brooke for the purpose of making sketches among majestic and unfamiliar scenery. His death occurred after a few hours' illness, during the second day's march from the coast, and the sad intelligence was cabled to his lawyers in this city by a servant of Mr. Blount's, who had been sent back to Zanzibar for that object. Thus again does the Dark Continent deprive us of genius.'

"Gratifying to you hereafter to know how a *Herald* reporter classifies you," Wynne said, giving the cutting to Tom with a smile. "Just now it is more important that we should analyze such facts as you may remember concerning the servant who sent that cablegram. Did Blount discharge him? Or did he have any grudge against you?"

"Not the slightest. Nor was he discharged; he simply got funked and left us after our first bivouac."

"From whom did Blount get him?"

"From Fritz Van Eyck, who had employed him on his yacht, and who recommended him strongly."

"Van Eyck?—If somebody influenced this servant to send the cablegram, that somebody must have had an object to gain by the report of your death. Van Eyck couldn't, of course——?"

Wynne paused, as Tom uttered an exclamation:

"The scoundrel!"

"Go slowly, my boy," the elder man said, gravely.

Tom, who had grown very white, pressed both hands over his eyes, while, with a flash of divination whose vividness dizzied him, he understood the whole plot. Two years in which to win Mabel from the memory of the lover she believed dead! Such had been Van Eyck's object in devising and accomplishing, through his old servant, this curious fraud. Doubtless the well-paid servant had vanished. The master's complicity would be difficult to prove. Yet, more and worse, Van Eyck was attractive, devoted: Mabel was probably already his wife,—pure, proud Mabel, whose misery, should she discover that her husband had been guilty of so base a treachery, would not be lessened by the knowledge that he was tempted by love of her.

"What has Van Eyck been doing these two years?" Tom asked, presently.

"Loafing, as usual, and making love to Miss Nesbit."

"Has that occupation been successful?"

"Slow but sure, those say who profess to know. There are bets—bad form, those bets!—that Miss Nesbit will Mrs. Van Eyck before Christmas. Keep cool, my boy," Wynne added, with an odd change of tone, and a glance across Tom's shoulder toward a man who was approaching them.

Tom rose. The new-comer stood stone-still. For a moment they stared at each other, with a gaze of such entire mutual comprehension that words were needed merely for its disguise.

"Alive, after all the weeping and wailing for you is ended? Very indiscreet, Mr. Stuart," Van Eyck exclaimed.

"You evidently did not share the general belief in my death."

"I rarely share a general belief, even in matters which concern me more deeply than the rumored death of an acquaintance."

"This rumor took the form of a cablegram sent by a servant whom you recommended to us."

"I stood sponsor for the fellow's cooking, not for his veracity, or his sanity."

The short sentences, sternly swift as the first passes in a duel *à la mort*, ceased sharply. During another long moment neither man moved,—a moment in which Tom fought a nobler battle for Mabel's future happiness than ever knight of old waged for his lady's name; and the adversary he conquered was his own fierce desire to strike his clinched hand against Van Eyck's sneering smile.

"Good-night, Wynne," he said, rather breathlessly. "Being a ghost, I am inspired by the well-known ghostly liking for solitary prowling."

Without further word to Van Eyck, he walked down the room, followed by Wynne.

"Right you are," that gentleman murmured, rejoicingly conscious of having escaped complicity in a row. "I doubt whether you could prove anything; and accusation, unless proved, seems mere blackguardism. Clever rascal he is,—eh? Neat, that hint about the

cook's sanity. Breakfast with me to-morrow at ten, my boy. I'll hunt up two or three old chums, and we'll drink to your new lease of life."

Van Eyck was turning over an evening paper when Wynne passed him again.

"Has Stuart been interviewing his disappointed heirs?" he asked, languidly; "or did he lose his manners in Africa?"

"He has had a curious experience."

"I should like to hear how he enraged my very peaceable cook."

"He says the cook had no cause for grudge against him."

Van Eyck shrugged his shoulders.

"That is a statement which few will believe, even though a man return from the dead to tell it," he quoted, cynically. Then he rose. "Ta-ta, Wynne," he said, without offering his hand,—perhaps because Wynne's remained somewhat rigidly pendent. "I sail in the Majestic to-morrow; due in Scotland next week for the August shooting."

"Scotland? Capital idea. You couldn't do better," Wynne declared, and went to dinner chuckling softly. "Tom wins, by Jove, after throwing down his cards. And there must be one woman yet as constant as Penelope."

Tom Stuart, however, had not thrown down all his cards. Though he had resolved to leave unaccused the man who had by such ingenious treachery won Mabel from him, he owed it to her to write her of his return, and of his unchanged love, not mentioning Van Eyck's name, perhaps. As Tom walked swiftly along a way that had used to be the way to Paradise, there drifted across the tumult of his thoughts some lines which thrilled him wondrously:

> There's a time in the lives of most women and men
> When tangled threads would grow smooth and even
> If only the dead could know just when
> To come back and be forgiven."

Was this ghostly coming back the "just when"? Surely he would not lose the chance of it! Mabel, of course, must be out of town; but he could get her address from the care-taker left in charge of her house, and she should have his letter before seeing Van Eyck again.

Very bleak and black the tall house looked as he rang,—darkly different from the brilliant welcome its lighted windows had been wont to offer him.

"Her address, is it? She's here herself,—come into the city for a couple of days," the care-taker replied to his demand, then vanished in haste to finish one of the perennial meals of her class.

The drawing-room, despoiled of curtains and portières, yawned before him, a dim cave, with an atmosphere redolent of linen furniture covers instead of mouldy stone; and into its depths he stumbled.

Yes, she was there, rising tremulously from the shadows, white as the vision she believed him to be.

"Tom? Tom!—Is this dreaming? or dying?" she whispered, awed but not afraid; not afraid, because love, thank God, is mightier than death or the fear of it.

With this thanksgiving he took her in his arms, and forgave the rest of the world its treachery and its forgetfulness.

Ellen Mackubin.

A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

O HERON, from the lonely shore
Unceasingly thy cry,
Ill-boding, dismal, harsh,
Arises through the mists of night
That gather deep and cold and white
Upon the silent marsh,
Dim, drifting shrouds that folded lie
Around my door.

What shadow of the future's needs
Dismays thy simple heart,
Poor dweller in the fog?
What evil spirit of unrest
Disturbs the quiet of thy nest
Beyond the tussocked bog?
Do demons even ply their art
Among the reeds?

Perhaps thy bright-eyed mate is led
Across the winding creek,
Belated, tired of wing.
Then grieve not! Soon thy loving note
As beacon's blaze to storm-tossed boat
The wanderer will bring.
O heron, can the words *I* speak
Recall the dead?

O heron on the lonely shore,
The east is gray above:
Thy watch is well-nigh done,
And gentle dawn will bring thee sleep,
While I my endless vigil keep,
Unwelcoming the sun;
For she, my light, my life, my love,
Will come no more.

H. Prescott Beach.

SOME NOTABLE WOMEN OF THE PAST.

LOOKING at our letters of the beginning of this century, the names of a delightful set of women meet us and remind us how in those days the comparatively few women who wrote or struck out a line of their own towered above their fellows in a way which we at the latter end of the century can hardly understand. Apparently also there were others even then aspiring to be literary whose names have entirely disappeared. "Literary ladies!" Mrs. Barbauld once exclaimed. "Mercy on us! Have you ever reckoned up how many there are, or computed how much trash would be poured in from such a general invitation?" This was in answer to Miss Edgeworth's idea of starting a magazine to be entirely conducted by ladies. What would Mrs. Barbauld say now?

And yet these women of the past—how many of them are more than mere names to the rising generation of to-day? Possibly, however, a glance at some of their letters may serve to make us know them a little better than we do.

A lesson on fame will be pointed if we take brave-hearted HANNAH MORE as the first on our list. "Hannah More! Why, she wrote tracts." That will be the probable answer of an intelligent person if questioned as to this once famous lady; and yet very brilliant was her youth, and the keen wit and ready humor of the Hannah More of twenty were quite equal to appreciating the brilliant literary society she met. David Garrick, "an abridgment of all that is pleasant in man," became her friend; Dr. Johnson made much of her, and laughed at her, too, occasionally; she drank tea at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; Horace Walpole said she was the choicest and best of human beings; and that she took a lively interest in politics is shown by the following lines which we have in her own strong and decided handwriting, the first two being Cowper's and the other four her comment thereon:

> "Undaunted England, wearied and perplexed!
> Once Chatham saved thee, but who saves thee next?"
> Who saves? Again that glorious Trophy's won,
> And Chatham's name is lost in Chatham's son.
> To him the muse a loftier praise shall yield:
> A sword was Chatham—Pitt's both sword and shield.

Even the reviews, famed in those days for spite, were gracious to her, and her tragedies "Percy" and "The Fatal Falsehood" were acted and praised. It certainly was not disappointed ambition that made Hannah More after a time turn all her thoughts towards working for the good of her fellow-creatures instead of for her own glory, or towards writing the moral "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," "Practical Piety," and "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," or, at the instigation of Mr. Wilberforce, doing all she could among the poor of the Mendip Hills. From 1789 her energies and those of her sisters were devoted to good works, until one by one the sisters died, leaving Hannah alone

and desolate in her home at Barley Wood, which she herself had built. The letter of hers which we have is dated at this period, and was written to a gentleman who wished to become a clergyman. There is a true earnest ring in these words from the old lady of nearly eighty, and the handwriting is still clear and legible:

BARLEY WOOD, Feb. 22, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—

Tho' I have not the pleasure of being known to you, yet your near connexion with my beloved Mrs. Le Touche seems to authorize me to treat you with the familiarity of an old acquaintance and even of a friend.

Our valuable friend Mr. Sendford was so good as to show me a late letter of yours to him. It was an interesting picture of your situation, of your principles and your plans. Whatever may be your present difficulties and your future trials, it rejoices me to see that you place an entire confidence on that Almighty arm which is able to support you under the one, and to deliver you from the other. The two interesting companions of your voyage, tho' they will augment your cares, will sweeten them; and it is no small consolation, by enjoying the company of those we best love, to be relieved from the unavoidable anxieties of separation and tedious absence.

Tho' you have not accomplished your wish of entering into holy orders, let not that discourage you, as if it would interfere with your moral and religious usefulness. I have even sometimes known that a truly pious layman has done more good to the souls of men than if he had been of the sacred profession; because the vulgar cannot suspect him, as they are apt to suspect a clergyman, of having some interested end in view; besides, your military situation will give you a degree of authority. Much discretion no doubt will be necessary in the exercise of this duty; but true Christian zeal under the direction of a sound prudence will commonly, thro' the Divine blessing, without which nothing is strong, nothing is holy, produce substantial, tho' perhaps very gradual effects. Sober perseverance will do much.

As you have made some preparation for your more *remote* plan, by studying at the University, I see nothing improper in your design if it please God to preserve you in the same pious disposition, that you should at your return complete your studies at Cambridge preparatory to your coming into the Church; your reading and devout exercises in the mean time will usefully fill up your leisure, and prove your qualifications for the ministry. In whatever situation you may be placed, may you always be looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of your faith! This is the best prayer that can be offered up by, dear sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

HANNAH MORE.

Time and fame have not dealt much better with MRS. BARBAULD, and yet she too was a clever woman, and had ideas beyond her time in education; she wrote poetry, essays, and novels, and was withal gentle, retiring, and good. Her father, John Aikin, was a dissenting minister, and early trained her mind at Warrington, where he was classical tutor at the college, and where she met such men as Howard the philanthropist, Roscoe the author, Pennant the naturalist, and many others. Also, alas for her, she there fell in love with, and married in 1774, a young divinity student, Richard Barbauld, who unfortunately was subject to fits of insanity, and the boarding-school for young men which they kept for eleven years was really upheld by the energy of Mrs. Barbauld. When they retired and settled at Hampstead, Anna Letitia became the attraction of a literary centre. Joanna Baillie, the author of "De Montfort," was there, and Miss Edgeworth, with whom she constantly corresponded. Mrs. Barbauld's memory will never die altogether, for Wordsworth was once heard to murmur that, though he

was not in the habit of envying people, he wished he had written her lines about "Life," the last lines of which are famous:

> Life, we've been long together
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
> Bid me "Good morning."

It is curious to note how much Mrs. Barbauld's opinion of Johnson differed from that of Hannah More. "Johnson, I think, was far from being a great character," she says; "he was constantly sinning against his conscience, and then afraid of going to hell for it; a Christian and a man of the town, a philosopher and a bigot, a Jacobite and pensioned. In short, he rather seems to me to be one of those who have shone in the belles lettres than what he is held out to be by many, an original and deep genius in investigation."

Mrs. Barbauld's note among our autographs hardly deserves such a long notice of her, yet, with its careful, well-formed letters, though showing signs of age, it is characteristic in its brevity:

> If Miss Julia Rivaz is charitably disposed this afternoon, Mrs. Barbauld will be very thankful for her company. She can offer her no other motive.

Who will doubt that Miss Julia Rivaz was charitably disposed?

Then we turn over and find an affectionate letter—the writing uneven and shaky, but full of character—from old MRS. GRANT of Laggan, whose "Letters from the Mountains" were once eagerly read, and whose "Memoirs of an American Lady" might still be looked at with interest, since she as Miss McVicar spent her early years in the United States.

It is to her "dear Miss Margarete," whom she says "I cannot call by any other name, for auld Lang Syne continues more present with me than with most people," and whom she begs to "write instantly to one who truly goes to you yourself on a Pilgrimage of love."

Near this we have a note from the celebrated MARIA EDGEWORTH to a Mr. Backhouse, which recalls to us that inconvenient time of postal arrangements and how the poor members of Parliament had to be bothered for the "franks" which they alone had the privilege of giving. The writing is sloping, pointed, and neat, that of a careful and sensible woman.

> Miss Edgeworth's Compts to Mr. Backhouse. She takes the liberty of enclosing a packet to him for
>
> L. P. Wilson, Esqre
> Kings Arms Yard
> Coleman Street
>
> Miss Edgeworth hopes that she does not encroach upon Mr. Backhouse's kind permission by enclosing to him during the dissolution of parliament. He will have the goodness to give her notice if this should be the case.
>
> EDGEWORTHS TOWN
> July 26th 1830

And now we come to MRS. OPIE. Short as her notes are, they are so characteristic of their warm-hearted author both in their clear writing with its hasty dashes and in the style so devoid of stiffness that we seem to have her before us and to be ready to fall in love with her when we read them. Amelia Alderson started in life with everything at her command, beauty, health, and talent. She was petted by society, was a friend of Mrs. Siddons, sang her own songs to the Prince Regent, and then fell in love with Opie the painter, who, though originally poor and unknown, had struggled into fame. That picture of love at first sight may be worth quoting here. It was at an evening party. "At the time she came in, Opie was sitting on the sofa beside Mr. F., who had been saying from time to time, 'Amelia is coming, Amelia will surely come.' He was interrupted by his companion eagerly exclaiming, 'Who is that? who is that?'" Hastily rising, he pressed forward to the fair object whose sudden appearance had so impressed him. He was evidently smitten, charmed at first sight. On her side she says, in a letter dated 1797, "Mr. Opie has been my declared lover ever since I came. I was ingenuous with him upon principle; I told him my situation and the state of my heart. He said he should still persist and risk all consequences to his own peace, and so he did and does."

John Opie, the son of a Truro carpenter, won his lady by sheer force of will and of love; and a very happy married life they had, she cheering him when he was despondent, writing her novels and her poems for money, and bringing in society to be painted, and he working hard for his beloved art and his beloved wife. Nine years of happiness, and then he died, leaving her to return to Norwich, taking many of her husband's pictures with her. Mrs. Opie did not give up society at once; indeed, for a while she could be seen in the gay world, at Paris with Cuvier and Lafayette, visiting David's studio, where she met Lady Morgan, *fêted* by the Comtesse de Genlis and Queen Marie Amélie. But gradually she turned towards good works and her Quaker friends, and though no gray dresses or quaint phraseology could make her dull, she adopted both, at least for a time. To the end she was sweet and pleasant to look upon; as Edward Irving once put it, when she was showing off her dead husband's pictures, "I thought nought o' the paintings; it was the bonnie livin' picture I saw." Mrs. Opie saw the prorogation of Parliament in 1841 and the Exhibition of 1851, and lived till 1853.

Here is one letter she wrote about the time she was bringing out "Tales of the Heart," "Madelina," "Lying in all its Branches," and soon after she had joined the Society of Friends:

N. BASINGHALL STREET, 7, 6th Mo 4th, 1829.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

Be so good as to pay what is due to me into the hands of

Messrs. Hoares, Barnetts & Co.

Lombard Street.

I do not see a view of Tilbury Fort, one of my husband's pictures, amongst the list of things sold. Surely it came up, but was overlooked.

Believe me, thine with esteem,

A. OPIE.

P.S. I leave town early next week for Paris.

The second note, in which the Quaker phraseology seems to be somewhat dropped, shows the kindly spirit which entered so warmly into the joys of others,—"the little dears" being a young bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour. The "beautiful garden" is the public one at Norwich, to which she by her private key had access.

MY DEAR EDMUND,

Please not to call on me tomorrow, for fear I should not be visible, or should be out. But if not better engaged, do, little dears, come, and dine with me, at ½ past 5 or 6—but come at four, to walk in my beautiful garden, which I shut at an hour after sunset by sound of bell.

No one can walk there without a key, and I have one. I think you may go farther and fare worse,—but this you are better able to judge of than I am.

One line in answer.

With much love,
Yours,
AMELIA OPIE.

Night,
2 CASTLE STREET, 11th Mo. 2d, 1834.

JANE PORTER'S first book has been supposed to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw," but here we have an acknowledgment in her own handwriting—bold, business-like, and decided—of a little humble fifteen pounds for a book which by the date must have preceded both "Thaddeus" and "The Scottish Chiefs," a work which was well read and is not yet wholly forgotten:

Recd March 31 1801 of Crosby & Litteman Fifteen Pounds for the full Copyright of my Book entitled Two Princes of Persia and the Copper Plate.
JANE PORTER.

£15.0.0.

Jane's sister Anna Maria also wrote novels, and together they wrote "Tales round a Winter's Hearth." Jane accompanied her brother, Sir Robert Porter, to St. Petersburg, and died at Bristol in 1850.

And now we pass to one of the most interesting women of that period. When many female novelists are forgotten, the name of MARY SOMERVILLE will still be fresh on the page of fame. Though for a long time unassisted, she mastered that science which some considered to be fit only for men. A child of nature was little Mary Fairfax as she ran about the small seaport town of Burntisland on the Firth of Forth, though her father, Captain Fairfax, now and then, when he returned home, made amusing efforts at education by causing Mary to read articles in the old "Spectator," with not much result. But Mary, without any one's aid, gained a store of health which lasted her for nearly a century, and helped to form that hard brain capable afterwards of solving such tough problems; while her mother, caring nothing about books, made the young girl sew and cook, unknowing that late at night Mary amused herself with Euclid. When at Edinburgh, however, Mary, then about fifteen years old, obtained a little help, but no one paid much attention to her studies. Eventually she had to marry, like other girls, and her choice fell unfortunately upon her cousin, Mr. Greig, who took her to London; happily for her, he soon died, leaving her

with two little boys and no very pleasing remembrance of himself. Back she went to Fifeshire and studied again, and, being independent now, she did not care what people said about her silly studies. Again she married, another cousin, but this one, Somerville, was all that could be wished. He loved and admired his wife, and helped her in every way he could. After a time came the publication of "Mechanism of the Heavens," and then fame heaped all its honors on the once wild little Scotch girl. She was *fêted* at Cambridge, at Paris, everywhere. Her next book, "On the Connection of the Physical Sciences," was dedicated to Queen Adelaide, and as she was at Paris at the time the proof-sheets had to go through the Embassy. Perhaps the following letter belongs to this time, and the mention of General de La Fayette gives it an interest more than personal.

11 Rue de la Femme des Mathurins, Paris,
16 November.

My dear Mr. Hamilton,—

I have much pleasure in sending you a letter to Mr. Airy, and shall be most happy if it should be of use to your son, of whose success I have not the smallest doubt from the proof he has already given of what he can do. I am delighted with the good account you give me of yourself and of those most dear to you, and rejoice that your new residence is so agreeable. We have been in Paris more than two months, and have had very great reason to be pleased with the kindness we have received. Nothing could be more flattering than the attentions I have experienced from the most distinguished scientific characters of the age, and the account of my work read by M. Biot at the Institute is the most gratifying thing I have yet met with. Besides scientific society, we are in the best circles in Paris, which we find so advantageous to the girls that we have determined to give them every opportunity of improvement; so I remain with them till some time in the spring, and is to live with Dr. Somerville at Chelsea during our absence. I like the French society exceedingly, they are sociable, easy and kind. We spent a week with General de La Fayette at his fine old castle about thirty miles from Paris, and I must say that I never throughout the whole of my life met with so perfect a family. The kindness and benevolence of the venerable hero cast sunshine on all who approach him; at once a pattern of mildness and dignity, he lives surrounded by his children to the fourth generation, adored by them and the whole neighborhood. The place is magnificent, and his greatest pleasure is cultivating an extensive farm in the English style. We sat down from 18 to 22 to dinner every day: we spent the evenings in the most interesting conversation, and the young people in music and dancing. Two of the granddaughters have formed a great intimacy with the girls, and are exactly the kind of companions I should wish them to have. You may believe the girls are much delighted with all they see and meet with, and though rather young to go much out, I think it a pity to lose such an opportunity of forming their manners. I have no doubt that Jane is as usual full of pursuit and that she is now excelling as much in drawing as she does in music and in all other things. We all unite in every cordial and kind wish to Mr. Hamilton, yourself, and to dear Jane; and believe me, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, your very affectionate friend,

Mary Somerville.

The fine running hand in which the above is written is characteristic of the time, but the extreme neatness, the well-formed letters, and the accurate distance between the lines, all bring the woman of science before us.

In 1860 (twelve years after she had published her "Physical Geography") Mrs. Somerville lost her beloved husband, but she retained her bright spirits and her wonderful health to the very end,

which was not till 1872, when in her ninety-second year; indeed, she was in her ninetieth year when she brought out "Molecules and Microscopic Science." Full of years and full of honor, the life of Mary Somerville is a very bright spot in the record of our clever women.

Mrs. Somerville in one of her letters mentions, among the guests she met at the Miss Berrys', the Miss Fanshawes as highly accomplished and good artists; "besides which," she adds, "Miss Catherine Fanshawe wrote clever *vers de société*, such as a charade on the letter H, and, if I am not mistaken, 'The Butterfly's Ball.' I visited these ladies, but their manners were so cold and formal that though I admired their talents I never became intimate with them." The charade here alluded to was doubtless those well-known lines beginning "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell."

Catherine Fanshawe thus goes down to posterity as cold and formal, and certainly her careful writing and great precision of style are indicative of a cold, guarded nature; but this letter with the interest it exhibits in those dear to her may put its writer in a pleasanter light and give us a better opinion of her:

I am greatly obliged to you, my dear Madam, for the favor of your note and of the interesting communications which it contained and accompanied; and I heartily rejoice with you in all the satisfactory intelligence which we now possess of one so dear to us. That Alpine journey must indeed in such a season have been tremendous; how happy must the Travellers have felt when safely delivered from the land of Bondage, though it is not quite clear to me whether till they reached Florence they thought themselves beyond the reach of espionage, and even when there whether they were fully aware of the mighty change which was approaching. From some symptoms relating to the Journal (which however I expect with much pleasure) it must, I fear, have been in some degree written under the same restraints which shackled the pen of our Friend while at Paris, and we cannot but be far more anxious to see it picture the features of the Times than those of the Country, however beautiful. Her next Letters will be more interesting still, for now nothing can withhold her from disclosing the secrets of her Parisian prison house.

I will write to her shortly, and shall take the liberty of troubling you with my Letter. I suppose a foreign mail goes out every week.

My sisters desire to add their best compliments.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your sincerely obliged

CATH. M. FANSHAWE.

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Not less honored than Mrs. Somerville during her life was Mrs. Fry, who as the reformer of English prisons will always live in the memory of her country. Her story is too well known to repeat, and the life of the brave Quaker lady was one long act of faith and charity. The persistent following of the single purpose of her life made her all-powerful, but, though she too received marks of honor from most of the reigning princes, she never sought personal glory, and certainly never wished for it. Married to a strict Quaker, she conformed to all the rules of her sect; but she who knew how to comfort the sorrows of others so well was not exempt from suffering; yet loss of children and relations, loss of money, and loss of health, only made her cling more closely to Him in whom she had early put her trust.

The following letter is worth reading as showing her interest in

the "curious people in the heart of India" who resembled her own Quakers, and also for the simple way in which she mentions her prison work. At this time she had already travelled much on the Continent to examine the prisons there and, if possible, to do good to the prisoners of other nations; for, if her creed was somewhat narrow, her charity was world-wide.

PLASHET HOUSE, 2nd Month 8 dy. 1823.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—

I hope thou wilt excuse the liberty that I take in writing to make a request of thee. When we had the pleasure of seeing thy son and thyself at our house in town, he gave me an account of a curious people in the heart of India, who were very much like the Society of Friends in many of their habits and some of their principles. For particular reasons I am very anxious to know everything respecting them, and would be very much obliged to him if he would kindly communicate them to me by letter. I would not thus have troubled thee upon the subject, but I did not know his direction, and I also felt sure thou wouldst excuse my freedom in writing. I am glad to be able to tell thee that our prison cause continues to prosper, not only in London but in various parts of the kingdom, and also on the Continent. I hope thy health has not been the cause of thy being at Clifton, as I understand thy present residence is there. Be so kind when I have the pleasure of hearing from thee to let me know of thy health and of thy son's, and believe me,

With respect and regard,

Thy friend,

ELIZTH FRY.

My direction is either Mildred's Court, London, or Plashet House, Essex.

A second letter* is also given to show how Newgate had now become almost a recognized meeting-place instead of a hell upon earth, which, before Mrs. Fry's visits, it might certainly have been called. In both the writing shows a careful, patient nature. The letters are well formed and legible; there is no hurry or want of time about them. The calm of the Quakers is plainly visible.

PLASHET HOUSE, 2/14—1828.

DEAR FRIEND,—

I consider myself much indebted to the Ophthalmic Infirmary; therefore the least I can do is as far as I am able to assist it. To my name it is welcome as a patroness, if a name can do any good. For I do not see how I can promise much more; my time, mind, and purse are so much pressed upon; but if your committee like to have such a poor lame helper, they are welcome to have me.

I should not like thee to have the trouble of calling upon me, for I know how much thy valuable time is occupied; but if thou still wishes to see me to tell me what is expected of these patronesses, I will endeavour to be at Mildred's Court tomorrow, the 15th instant, at 10 minutes before one o'clock: being my Newgate morning, I could not be there sooner properly, but if thou liked to see me at Newgate, [my] reading would probably be over [at] ½ past 11 o'clock, and I could after that time attend to thee there until ½ past 12.

I remain with much regard thy friend,

ELIZTH FRY.

Mrs. Fry died in 1845, having had the satisfaction of hearing that all the London prisons were more or less in excellent order and were regularly visited by the committee of ladies she had set on foot.

MISS MITFORD was another kindly soul, who, more literary than

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* Written in answer to a request to be one of the Patronesses of a great Bazaar, to be held at the Mansion House, in aid of the Ophthalmic Hospital.

philanthropic as far as the public were concerned, followed the example of most of the other clever women of that time and wrote plays which were acted on the London boards. The author of "Our Village" was a great celebrity in her day, and the book is not forgotten now, and is worthy of a place on our book-shelves, but one appreciates the character of the author more than her works. The devoted daughter of a spend-thrift father, she early began to help him by winning at ten years of age twenty thousand pounds in a lottery, which, like most other badly earned money, was soon squandered. At the age of thirty-four she published the tragedy of "Julian;" then followed "The Foscari," "Charles I.," and "Rienzi." The letter we now give speaks for itself; the writing is that of a clever woman and of one who, though accustomed to save, was at heart obviously generous, and the gracious spirit of its author shows itself clearly, so that we love the woman even if we no longer care much to read her village descriptions.

THREE MILE CROSS, Sept 8th, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—I don't know when I have been more distressed than to find myself the unconscious cause of so much annoyance to so kind and warm-hearted a person as yourself. Pray think no more of it. The abandonment of literary projects happens every day, sometimes from caprice in the individual concerned, sometimes from reasons really well founded, arising from some circumstance of the Trade. I, for my part, never think myself ill used on such occasions, unless my articles are lost or detained, which you know has not been the case at present. Above all, I never should have dreamt of casting the lightest shadow of blame upon you, on whose zeal and intelligence I have so entire a reliance. I am only sorry that you should have allowed the matter to vex you so causelessly. If you think that Mr. Ebers will bring out his book this year you can retain the Articles; if not be so good as to return them to me via Coley. Perhaps, unless you have very strong grounds to imagine that Mr. Ebers will pursue his intention, this last would be the best plan, as I am much pressed for contributions by Mr. Baylis and Mr. Blackwood, and these papers might and I think would suit one or other magazine. Act as you think best. I am heartily glad that I happened to write, or you would have gone on fretting for a month or two longer.

Lord Levison Gower's opinion is very flattering, especially as coming from one whose own productions evince so perfect a command over two languages. To have put the Faust into English so well as he has done is agreed by all adequate judges to be an almost unexampled triumph over obstacle and difficulty. His translation was the more interesting to me as an intimate friend of my own (Marianne Skerrett, niece of the author of the Pursuits of Literature) had attempted the same arduous task. Her version, which is still unpublished and likely to remain so, has occasional passages of great felicity, especially the song of the Angels before the Throne, but is as a whole decidedly inferior to Lord Levison Gower's.

I am glad to hear that we are likely to see another work by the Author of Today in Ireland—an exceedingly pleasant and clever book—particularly in the humorous parts.

Yes, I suppose that I must try a comedy, for which Charles Kemble cries out almost as hastily as you do; but I am very much afraid of the attempt. My second volume is not out yet, nor have I the slightest idea when it will, although it has been ready for publication these three months.

We have no news from Wokingham, your cousins being still with Mrs. Hayward. Adieu, my dear sir. I am ever most sincerely yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

Kindest regards from my father and mother.

(To W. W. OGBOURN, ESQRE.)

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH," as the lady who was first Miss Browne, then Mrs. Phelan, and lastly Mrs. Tonna, is best known, said to a young friend on meeting her, "Well, my dear, I hope you hate the Papists." From this remark one can easily imagine that the story told of her youthful admiration for Foxe's Book of Martyrs is true, and that she was a much-loved editor of "The Christian Lady's Magazine" in her later years. Her writing indeed betokens one who was both enthusiastic and narrow, but that she had Irish humor as well as Orange Protestantism is evident from the following letter to Lord Mountsandford:

EDMONTON, June 8, 1835.

MY DEAREST LORD,—

Mr. Ayre was obliged to go out, and had just time to tell me to write and say how very, very welcome you will be on Monday. He is gone to pay his visit with the dear children to a friend. I have changed my lodgings, very much for the worse as regards externals, but I have escaped a system of cheating and extorting that has kept me so poor for 4 years; and am now boarding myself.

How I sympathise with you, my dear Lord, in that sad and harassing fact to which you refer, the moral and physical impossibility that these mere English should boil a potato properly! As soon will the poor "jolterheads" understand the palpable distinction between a fresh egg and a new laid egg, as learn the noble art of potato-boiling. However, there is comfort for you, only I tell it in strict confidence, and you are to know nothing about it. There would be a rebellion in the female department if it was openly done—I mean among the ladies of the kitchen—but I have by my pathetic representations extorted permission from Mr. Ayre to cook some potatoes myself, and to smuggle them in. They will be done the REAL IRISH WAY; and if there be any fault, you may depend on its resulting from the awkward mode of growing, in England, and not from a defect in the mode of cooking. I can bate the world, east of St. George's channel, at cooking a potato, making a pan of stirabout, inducing hens to lay fresh eggs, mixing a bowl of whiskey punch, or brightening up a turf fire with a handful of bog-wood. Pity that such rare accomplishments should lie dormant in stupid Edmonton, where sorra a see can you see of anything rational, barring when your Lordship brings the sunshine upon us.

My very kind love to dear Mrs. Bramston and party—and I am with all the veins of my heart,

Your Lordship's dutiful cook,

CHARLOTTE E. PHELAN.

Miss Browne's father was rector of St. Giles, Norwich, a city famous at that time for good and intellectual society. Her first husband, Captain Phelan, was the cause of her taking the name of Charlotte Elizabeth, for he laid claim to the proceeds of her literary work. When living on his estates in Kilkenny she made up her mind that the ills of Ireland arose from its religion, and strove hard to convert the "Papists." Her writings will certainly not be known to posterity; "Chapters on Flowers" may still perhaps be found among the old books on our shelves, but the Christian Lady's Magazine is very dry reading.

The melancholy fate of L. E. L., otherwise MISS LETITIA LANDON, makes the slight note we have from her, in her very small writing,—somewhat sentimental-looking, but not devoid of originality,—interesting as a relic of the poetess whose poetry was like honey, of which a little goes a long way, and whose tragic marriage to Captain Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, ended in her being found one morning poisoned, either by herself or by some one else:

Friday, 22 Hans Place.

Dear Mrs. Fagan,—

I have delayed answering your very kind note till the last minute, hoping that it would be in my power to accept your invitation, but I still continue so unwell, that I fear for some days at least I shall not be out of the house, to which I have been confined since Monday.

Pray accept my best thanks, and regards to yourself and Miss Gibbon, and may I add my kind compts to Colonel Fagan.

Very truly your obliged,

L. E. Landon.

[*L. E. L.*]

Yet L. E. L. was at one time petted by society, produced tales and poems without end, and edited for eight years "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," which in those days answered the purpose of our Christmas numbers, magazines, and illustrated papers. But who now reads "The Troubadour," "The Venetian Bracelet," or "The Vow of the Peacock"? In 1838 the woman whose life, so unlike the lives of many of her literary sisters, shows but little usefulness in it, passed away and was buried in the African soil to which she had only lately come as a bride.

In ending this paper we will add a short note of Miss Strickland, from whose biography the world has learnt all that it cares to know of that industrious writer, who will be remembered, if not read, by posterity as one who patiently chronicled the doings and sayings of the Queens and Princesses of England. This letter was apparently written not long after or during the appearance of her "Queens." The dashing untidy writing has little of the historian in it, though much decision of character, and some artistic perception, which often marks the handwriting of authors:

May 7.

Dear Sir,—

I beg you to accept my sincere thanks both for your gratifying approval of my *Queens*, and your friendly little offering of the curious old print of James II. and his bishops.

I am always thankful for anything illustrative of any portion of the work, and shall value this as a proof of very kind attention from one of my gentle readers. "The children's crumples"—God bless them! are not of a very serious nature, and though perhaps no improvement, may be obliterated by pressure.

Pray give my love to them, and believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your sincerely obliged

Agnes Strickland.

Meydon Hall,
Wangford, Suffolk.

On looking back over our thirteen names, we can but come to the conclusion that the past generation which we have been considering can furnish a goodly list of clever and good women, women at all events who could bear comparison with the most distinguished of our own day. Moreover, amidst much popularity, and somewhat overdone homage perhaps, they never forgot that they could be authors and yet women too, possessing all the womanly virtues which even without genius—as in the case of Mrs. Fry—can make for themselves an undying name.

Esmè Stuart.

AN ODD NEIGHBOR.

I.

THERE was a strange silence everywhere, as is not uncommon in the month of August, for now the promises of summer have been made good, and the world is at rest. Not a leaf stirred, and, except the plaintive note of some far-off bird, I could hear only my own footfalls. The trees and fields and shaded winding lane were as I had seen them last, when darkness shut them in, but now, in the early morning, it seemed as if the sun had brought sad tidings. It has always appeared to me that August days are days for retrospection, and that the mind is supersensitive at such a time. It takes notice of those things which in the hurry and clatter of June are overlooked. This is no mere whim, and on this occasion the effect was to convince me that something unusual had happened or was about to occur. It is not an uncommon experience. Premonitions are too frequent to be lightly treated as mere coincidences. It was this clearly premonitory action that made the world seem to me completely at rest. There are matter-of-fact folks who would testily remark, "Dyspepsia:" there are people of excellent intentions who persistently blunder.

I had heard of an oaken chest, with huge brass clamps, and to-day set out to find it. There was not a wagon to be seen when I turned from the lane into the township road, and so I had the dusty highway to myself, a furthering of my fancy. Even more lonely was the wood-road into which I turned, and of late it had been so little used, it was as much the meeting-ground of bird-life as of humanity. Everywhere it was shaded by cedars of great age or by elms under which the moss had grown since colonial days. Along this ancient way the rambler has little to remind him of the changes wrought in the passing century. What few houses are passed in the course of a long walk are old-time structures, and more than one has been abandoned. The reason was plain: the land is poor, and whatever inducements were held out to the original settlers had not been continued to the fifth and sixth generations. Still, not all the tract had reverted to forest. A little garden-plot about each of the cottages that were occupied was still held back, by spade and hoe, from the encroachments of wild growth, and in the last cottage to be reached, surrounded by every feature of an old-fashioned garden, lived Silas Crabtree. As a child I had feared him, and now I both disliked and admired him; why—as is so often the case—I could not tell.

The man and his house were not unlike. The cottage was a long, low building, one and a half stories high. A window on each side of the door barely showed beneath the projecting roof of a narrow porch extending the full length of the front. There was a single step from the porch to the ground. From the roof projected two squat dormer windows. The shingles were darkened by long exposure, and patches of moss grew about the eaves. Silas was like this. The windows and

door and long low step recalled his eyes, nose, and mouth, overtopped by low projecting brows and unkempt hair, that were well represented by the cottage roof with its moss and dormers. So far the house and its solitary inmate; but the open well with its long sweep, the clump of lilacs, the spreading beech with initials cut long years ago,—these were a poem.

While the day was yet young, I passed by, and Silas was sitting on the porch. The quiet of this month of day-dreams was unbroken. The catbird hopped about the grass, but was mute; a song-sparrow was perched on the topmost twig of a dead quince-bush, but did not sing; a troop of crows was passing overhead in perfect silence. Feeling more strongly than ever the moodiness of the morning, I strove to break the spell by shouting, with unnecessary emphasis, "Good-morning, Uncle Silas." With a sudden start the old man looked up and stared wildly about him. Straightway the catbird chirped, the sparrow sang, and from over the tree-tops came the welcome cawing of the crows. Even a black cat came from the house and rubbed its arched back against Silas's knees. The spell was broken, and the old man growled (for he could not talk as other men), "I'm glad you've come."

"Oh, I was only passing by: were you asleep?"

"Sleepin' or not, I was thinkin' of you. Come in."

Stepping rather reluctantly into the yard, I sat down on the floor of the porch near Silas,—for he did not offer to get me a chair,—and waited for him to speak.

"As a boy," said Silas, in softer tones than I had ever heard before, "you had a grudge again' me, as your father had again' mine, and your grandpap again' mine, and so on away back. It never showed much, that I know of, but the feelin' was there: and yet we started even, for my folks came from England as long ago as yourn. I know now how it all came about. It's down in some old papers in the desk that I've had a man come and go over. It's plain now why folks never set store by the Crabtrees; but it's all right, and soon the ground will be cleared for something better than Crabtrees to grow on."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, purposely interrupting the old man, thinking he might be merely working off the effects of too frequent potations,—a no uncommon occurrence.

"Can't you wait till you find out? I've had a man here, I say, who could do the writin' and read the old papers. That's enough for that. Now, it was this way. Away back, the old Crabtree of them days had a notion of thinkin' for himself, and, foolish-like, sayin' what he thought. So the Friends, as they call themselves, made him write out why he did this and said that, but it went for nothin', and they turned him out o' meetin'. You'll find the same in the meetin' records as you will in there." And Silas pointed his thumb over his shoulder, towards the house. Even this slight movement was made with some effort; but it was evident that Silas had not been drinking.

"Before all this happened," the old man continued, after a long pause, "the Crabtrees were all right. Away back, they were looked at for their shade and shape and sweet-smellin' blossoms and all that; but

after the racket, then it was only the sour crab-apples that people could see, and this worked again' the young folks and pulled 'em down. Perhaps you don't see what I'm drivin' at, but——"

"Don't see!" I exclaimed; "Uncle Silas, you're a poet, a regular poet."

"A what?" Silas asked, with a faint attempt at smiling. "You've called me many a name in your day, like all the rest of 'em, but never that afore this, that I know."

"I meant to be complimentary," I replied, but with some confusion, seeing, as I had often done before, what mischief lurks in ill-timed polysyllables.

"Worse and worse, with your long words; but let me do the talkin'. My folks didn't clear out after the fuss, as they ought 'a' done, but held on and worked their way, as they'd a right to do. Perhaps it was a bad thing they didn't go to church when they stopped goin' to meetin'; I don't know; but they lost headway, with the Quakers again' 'em. It soured, of course, the first of the Crabtrees, and the later ones got a deal more gnarly and bitter, till it come down to me, with little more'n human shape; and now it's the end of us. There's no Crabtree besides me, and I wanted to get things in shape, for there's some would like the old cottage that ain't goin' to get it. I don't know that there's any more to tell you." And Silas looked out towards the road and into the woods upon its other side.

I kept my seat. I could not do otherwise. The Silas of to-day was not he whom I had known in years past. Although there was no evidence of it in the old man's words, I was convinced he had reference to me as his heir; but what of that? He might change his mind a dozen times, for he was not so very, very old,—not much, if any, over eighty; and what, indeed, had he to leave?

Many minutes passed, and then, as I made a slight movement, merely to change my position, Silas spoke in the same strangely softened voice. "Don't go, don't go; there's one thing more——" He suddenly paused, and stared, with a wild look, directly at me. The silence was painful; his strange appearance more so. In a moment the truth flashed across me: he was dead.

II.

I was not surprised to learn, immediately after the funeral, that I had been left the sole legatee of the man whose death I had witnessed; but it was not an altogether pleasant discovery. I had learned, too, that it was my own ancestor who had been most active in the senseless persecution, and it was with no pleasure that I recalled the past as I took formal possession of the cottage and its contents, entering the house for the first time in my life. To cross the threshold was to step backward into colonial times. How true it is that it needs at least a century to mellow a house and make it faintly comparable to out-of-doors!

The hall-way of the Crabtree cottage was neither short nor narrow, but you got that impression from its low ceiling and the dark wooden walls, which time had almost blackened. Lifting a stout wooden latch,

I passed into the living-room, with its ample open fireplace, long unused, for a little air-tight stove had done duty for both cooking and heating for many years. This was the only innovation: all else was as when its first occupant had moved into the "new" house and given over the log hut to other uses. The high-backed settle, the quaint, claw-footed chairs, a home-made table, with bread-trough underneath, seemed never to have been moved from their places since Silas's mother died. These made less impression than would otherwise have been the case, because with them was the old desk to which Silas had referred. It was a bureau with five brass-handled drawers, and above them the desk proper, concealed by a heavy, sloping lid. The dark wood had still a fine polish, and the lid was neatly ornamented with an inlaid star of holly wood. It, with the three-plumed mirror on the wall above it, was the eclipsing feature of the room. All else, well enough in its way, seemed commonplace. Drawing a chair in front of the desk, I sat down to explore it, but was bewildered at the very outset. Lowering the lid, the many pigeon-holes, small drawers, and inner apartment closed by a carved door, took me too much by surprise to let me be methodical. Everywhere were old, stained papers and parchments, some so very old the ink had faded from them; but there was no disorder. At last, knowing it was no time to dream, I drew out a bundle of papers from a pigeon-hole, and noticed in doing so that a strip of carved wood, which I had taken for ornament, slightly moved. It proved to be a long and very narrow drawer, and this again had a more carefully hidden compartment in the back, as a narrow line in the wood showed. Peering into this, I found a scrap of paper so long and closely folded that it fell apart when opened; but the writing was still distinct. It was as follows: "It is his Excellency's, Genl. Howe's, express order, that no person shall injure Silas Crabtree in his person or property." It was duly signed, countersigned, and dated Dec'r 9, 1776. So Silas, the great-grandfather, had been a Tory! I was prepared now for revelations of any kind. To look quietly over papers, one at a time, was too prosy an occupation, and the suggestion that there might be more secret drawers was followed until every nook and cranny had been laid bare, and there were many of them.

Silas, in anticipation of just such an occurrence as I have described, had placed a roll of papers so prominently in the desk that I naturally took it up with a serious purpose. The modern red tape with which it was tied gave it an appearance of importance above the others. These time-stained sheets contained his ancestor's version of the trouble with his coreligionists, and I soon found it was most unpleasant reading. My own ancestor had been an unrelenting persecutor, and, in the name of religion, the cause of all the Crabtree troubles; and now the last of his race had taken this strange revenge, telling me the unwelcome story why his people had been nobodies of the backwoods and my people dwellers in fat-land. It was some satisfaction to know that the two families were not related, but, reading on and on as fast as the crude writing permitted decipherment, I learned that a marriage, generations ago, had been contemplated, and successfully thwarted by the father of the would-be bride. Nothing but ill came of it, and the

rest we know. The wit of the Crabtrees had not quite died out, but smouldered like the burning of damp wood, never receiving the quickening of education, and ever struggling against the curse of alcohol.

It was a sad story; too sad to contemplate, this dreamy August day. Closing the desk, I sat by the open fireplace, as if watching the blazing logs of midwinter. As silent now in-doors as out, and every object about me suggesting myself as the cause of infinite trouble, I grew desperate, and, for more light, a bit of sunshine, threw open the solid shutter of the little south window. The bright yellow beams were magical. What a strange little window it was! Three of the eight small panes were replaced by paper, and the others were all dimmed by decomposition that made the glass prismatic. Through them no object could be plainly seen. Every tree and bush was broken and distorted. The world was all askew as seen through the cracked and warped glass; as much gone wrong as in reality it had been to the Crabtrees.

Though not half explored, I went from the house to the porch, that I might return from the past to the present. How hot and steamy were the far-off woods and the one single clearing in sight! The sizzling rattle of the noontide cicada was the only sound. I gladly returned to the old fireplace, although it was mid-August, and then to the desk, putting on some show of rationality, for Crabtree's lawyer was expected. I even made a fire in the little stove to warm the lunch I had brought, and, after an attempt at eating, awaited the man's coming, with pipe and coffee.

A rattle of wheels, a click of the rickety old gate's latch, and a knock at the door, quickly followed each other, and without ceremony the lawyer appeared. With a coolness, precision, and dry-as-dust manner that soothed my fretted nerves, he proceeded to business, and did what little was to be done. Some papers which he had taken away he returned; and then, his whole manner changing, he actually smiled, lit a cigar, filled with a true lazy man's twist the single easy-chair, and handed me a bit of paper, saying, "This Silas asked me to hand to you, fearing it might be overlooked if left in the desk."

I took it with some distrust, but could not fathom its meaning. The characters had been printed by Silas and the words phonetically spelled. It was a puzzle, and I was in no humor to guess its meaning.

"What is it, anyway?" I asked.

"That's plain enough," the lawyer replied: "it reads, 'Do as you'd be done by.'"

Charles C. Abbott.

GHOSTS.

THREE ghosts there are that haunt the heart,
Whate'er the hour may be:
The ghost called Life, the ghost called Death,
The ghost called Memory.

Clarence Urmy.

TALKS WITH THE TRADE.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT.

HERE are three notes of a kind we have not hitherto cited.

"Your letter gave me more pleasure than I can well express. Let me thank you for your kindness in writing it. To do good work is my ambition of ambitions; and your encouragement, your appreciation, are most gratifying. —E. C."

"I thank you very earnestly for your letter and for your criticism. I am sure you will not regret having broken your rules to say a helpful word to me. —E. H."

"Some weeks ago you returned some verses of mine with a few kindly words that took all the discouragement out of the rejection. If those I now offer have the same fate, I shall still be glad that I sent them. The human touch in a few written words of refusal outweighs a printed acceptance.—M. G."

These friendly expressions indicate a point of view which is all but universally and yet not very wisely taken. We all feel that we would like to be acquainted with the editors to whom we send the small children of our brains, and to get a civil word from them when they return our offerings, or—far better —when they send a check instead; but for practical purposes the difference between acquaintance and non-acquaintance is much less important than is commonly supposed. A rational editor is as glad to receive an article that he can use from a total stranger as if it came from his oldest and most intimate friend—unless he is anxious to oblige the friend, which may be very human, but is not "business." And when the editor accepts your MS., it may be taken for granted that he approves it, whether he writes to tell you so or not.

There is no use of arguing against a universal sentiment; but it may be worth while to point out that sentiment is one thing and practicality another. Every one feels, as an eminent author lately wrote us, that he would rather deal with somebody he knows than with a stranger. That feeling is by no means confined to literary dealings; but in ordinary literary dealings it is a feeling which has small basis in fact. Most of those who write for the magazines, like our friends who are quoted above, prefer to hear from the editor in person rather than through a stereotyped form—though few would agree with M. G. in letting "a few written words of refusal outweigh a printed acceptance." The "human touch" goes for a good deal with human beings. Even the hardened editor, beneath his heavy defensive armor, is usually more or less human: when he gets an uncommonly good story, or essay, or poem, he feels like expressing his joy at once and establishing human relations with the author—though common sense and doleful experience are apt to bid him refrain. The human feeling is very natural, and very proper and harmless in its place; but it ought to have, and usually has, nothing to do with business, as we shall go on to show.

A young writer almost invariably fancies that if he were known in the proper quarters his way would be easier and his success assured. Not necessarily: we might almost say not at all, for if his work is taken on the ground of personal acquaintance, there must be something rotten in the state of that particular Denmark. It does not—or it ought not to—matter where he comes from or what are his personal charms or virtues: the only introduction he ought

to need is that of his pen. He—or she—may be a millionaire or a social leader: does that fact make his (or her) writings any more readable or more instructive? Editors and "readers" who are fit for their posts necessarily judge MSS. on impersonal grounds. In the office of any properly conducted periodical the merit of an article is far more important than its source. A publishing house brings out books because they seem likely to sell, not because they are by friends of the firm. Established reputation counts, of course, because it indicates probable quality in, and commands attention for, whatever bears a noted name; but would any publisher or editor hesitate over the work of Captain King or Mr. Thomas Hardy because he had not met them socially? Did Mr. Howells or Mr. Kipling make his successes by having friends at court?

A pretty story is told of how that warm-hearted woman, the late Helen Hunt Jackson, on discovering a young poetess fresh from the West, bundled the lady and her MSS. into a hack, drove triumphantly through a snow-storm to the office of a great magazine, and there demanded and obtained instant recognition and success for her protégée. If the tale were true it would imply worse management than any successful magazine is apt to enjoy. An editor would be justly doomed who should accept a lady's poems because he liked her looks and manners, or because she had a powerful patron. If the poems are of the right sort, she needs no other introduction; if not, no amount of backing and boosting can change their character.

As a matter of fact, a business-like editor is apt to feel bored and somewhat resentful when would-be contributors bring him a personal introduction, or send their wares through some third party who is supposed to have repute and influence. Their so doing complicates a transaction which ought to be simple and direct: it calls for double entries in the books and the writing of useless letters —and it adds nothing to the value of the offered MS. No reputation is able to carry double: a sketch or story by a new hand is not a bit better for being vouched for by some benevolently interested party whose own work, perhaps, has recognized merit. It will be looked into far enough to see what it amounts to; and this is precisely what would happen if James Johnson of Sand Hills sent it with no endorsement to back his own humble name. An honorable physician gives the same care to each of his patients, whether prince or pauper, and an honorable editor views the MSS. that come to him with equal impartiality. They are all alike to him, till some prove to be better than the rest. He knows that a gem is liable to arrive by any mail from the obscurest village, and that what is not only recommended but signed by a familiar and respected name may not be suited to his purpose. Moreover, he prefers to deal with principals and not with middlemen. It is of no use to get somebody to tell him that you are a gifted young man and that this is a fine piece: he is going to judge of the piece for himself, and of your gifts by what he finds, or does not find, in the piece.

Of course, if one wants "work" or "a situation" he needs to know people, and plenty of them, and to keep reminding the right ones of his claims. As Arthur Clough put it in his modernized decalogue,—

> Honor thy parents—that is, all
> From whom advantage may befall.

Or if one cares to belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration, conducted on the you-tickle-me-I-tickle-you principle, he is liable to have his reward. Mr. Young

Hustler, let us say, does the "literary notes" for the *Hewgag:* let him mention on every due occasion that Mr. Get There Quick is a very rising author, and let Mr. Quick, in the Weekly *Whangdoodle*, frequently expatiate on the brilliant talents of Mr. Hustler; all this labor will probably not be wasted. If there are six of them the effect will be greater—at least three times as great. To be often in the papers is a boon not to be despised; does it not pass for fame with many good Americans? All this, to be sure, is "business" and not literature; but there are myriads who do not know the difference, and after this fashion many reputations—such as they are and what there is of them—are born and nourished.

But if you have a soul above manufactured goods of this kind—if you despise shams and enjoy a sufficient income, or if your temper be so philosophic that you can "cultivate literature on a little oatmeal"—then you can afford to stay at home or travel and take notes quietly, and let your wares go on their merits, assured that real lovers and judges of literature are much less disposed to inquire what your social station or range of acquaintance may be than what you can do. When you have begun to write things that they care for, then they will begin to take a personal interest in you.

A leading magazine in a sister city says there is too much writing,—that, short of genius, there is no particular need for any one to write anything. The editor of another lately confessed that his encouragement of promising beginners had done harm rather than good. These are not merely cries of weariness, wrung from daily experience that of the making of MSS. there is no end. Too many books and articles are printed, and too many penned that never get into print—just as there are too many groceries and candy-shops and peanut-stands, and more young lawyers and doctors than can possibly succeed. The wise will not urge any of ordinary talents to literary pursuits; but since people *will* write, somebody must judge and discriminate between their efforts; and why not hold out a cautious and moderate encouragement to such as seem to have it in them to do it well?

A brother scribe, citing these Talks, says that we "probably know very well that the young writer who inquires is the young writer without a chance of success." With due deference, we know nothing of the kind. It is probable, we admit, but not certain. Were we not all young once, and green as grass, with our experience yet to gain? The beginner who asks ignorant or silly questions is not necessarily beyond hope, since he or she may learn and grow. We prefer to maintain a human attitude toward these tyros, in view of their possibilities, and, when any of them learn to write, to give them the same chance with the old hands. Let there be at least one magazine—we may trust that there are a dozen—where the lists are open to all comers, and the character of the offered MS. is of more consequence than a pedigree, an introduction, or even an established reputation.

Books of the Month.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Colonial Days and Dames. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

After all is said, there is no way to write history so good as the gossipy way. When one advances on the serried volumes of a Gibbon or a Hume he becomes either a hero and achieves by force of will or a craven who prefers to "fight another day." If he takes the latter alternative, there are many arguments to support his choice. He may still have his history in the far more cheerful Memoirs, Autobiographies, and Confessions of the time he seeks to know; he will have the information at first hand; and, better still, the atmosphere and very spirit of the age will steal into his mind unadulterated by the views of another, and recreate vitally a period otherwise remote and lifeless.

This is the charming manner of the wide, diligent, and sympathetic reader who has written for throngs of other readers the delightful book called so aptly *Colonial Days and Dames*, which comes to us fresh from the Lippincott press. Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton knows her colonial days and dames very intimately through the traditions of the old towns, through the gossip of ladies and gentlemen of the old school, and through the dusty books which have lain by through an age of neglect only to appear the more precious in this tide of the worship of our forefathers. From such hallowed sources, often enough droll and merry as well as venerable, she has taken the finer flavors and mixed them together in a volume so fresh and new in its manner that it has an irresistible fascination. To the outlander who knows us not, the human interest would alone render these chapters diverting; but to us whose blood flows from the family sources of which she familiarly speaks,—to the Colonial Dames, the Sons of the Revolution, and what not,—there must be a lasting interest in a book which so deftly strikes off character by anecdote and recalls a myriad of associations by the recital of a single typical one.

The divisions of the book are entitled Colonial Days, Women in the Early Settlement, Early Poetesses, Old Landmarks, Colonial Dames, Weddings and Merry-Makings, Legends and Romance. These seven essays have, as the titles imply, each a distinct motive; but collectively they give a far-reaching view of early Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York, and the East such as no formal history aims to provide. The simplicity and pleasant conversational vein of Miss Wharton's narrative lose no dignity by being familiar, and gain in clearness by avoiding ceremony.

As a sample of book-making, we have seen nothing more tasteful and dainty than this, enveloped in light-blue covers adorned with white designs, and embellished internally with a series of vignettes by Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway which are in singular harmony with the text.

Madonna and Other Poems. Written by Harrison S. Morris.

The publication of a book of verse can hardly be considered an unusual event, or one of peculiar interest, but *poetry* continues as rare as it is enchanting. Of the volume just issued by Mr. Morris it may be said that no more poetic note has been touched in this unpoetic day. By subtlety of insight, by

sincerity of feeling, by breadth of diction, and by distinction of phrase, it recalls the great ones of the early half of the century, and appeals to a sensitive appreciation. The Marsyas and The Wood Robin might have been written by Keats, The Daffodil by Wordsworth himself. Yet, though Mr. Morris has manifestly felt the influence of these masters, there is in his poetry nothing imitative. For his sources of inspiration he has gone directly to Nature, bringing to the study of her mysteries a reverent and intuitive vision, and revealing them with a directness of utterance and a freshness of emotion not taught him in the schools. It would seem incredible that, after Wordsworth, any lines upon the daffodil should prove wholly satisfactory, but, even with Wordsworth in mind, Mr. Morris's poem thrills by the impression of pure and exalted beauty.

His gift is lyric rather than dramatic, his feeling for Nature is his greatest power, and in poems such as the elegiac To a Comrade, The Cricket, The Lonely-Bird, Orchard-Lore, One weeping by the Wayside, etc., we realize how closely he interprets her, how near he brings us to her heart. The human interest is, however, nowhere lacking, and in Sartor Resartus, Madonna, Birds of Passage, Sadie, and A Pine-Tree Buoy, as well as in many other poems, it is strongly felt.

Of his art of picture-making, of conveying much in few words, many illustrations might be given, but we have space for only one or two.

> The lake, like steady wine in a deep cup,
> Lay crystal in the curving mountain deeps.
>
> *The Lonely-Bird.*

> This was the message; then the stair
> Folded along the singing air,
> And, like a beacon on a hill,
> Burnt out in gold the daffodil.
>
> *The Daffodil.*

In external beauty this volume will hold its own with the rarest work of the year. It has been put together with unusual skill and taste, and in the artistic setting of the type, the symmetry of the pages, the excellence in color and quality of the paper, the decorative head-pieces which suggest, without intruding upon, the text, it is the perfection of book-making. The designs both outside and inside are the work of Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway. The frontispiece is from the brush of Mr. Frank Vincent DuMond, an artist noted for his pictures upon tender devotional subjects.

Napoleon and the Fair Sex. Also, Napoleon at Home. 2 vols. Illustrated. Translated from the French of Frédéric Masson.

The extraordinary renaissance of interest in Napoleon which we are now witnessing will doubtless create a new historic figure from the shattered fragments of the accepted character so long labelled by that name. The wily and cruel conqueror is likely to be replaced by a man true to his friends, implacable to his enemies, ambitious and successful both in love and in war, and swayed by the human emotions which affect us all.

The intimate side of Napoleon's character has been rendered plainer to us by the recent issue of the several memoirs of those officially near to him. The disappearance of the older generation has permitted these to see the light; but

editors are still reticent upon many incidents of the Emperor's career which had been held undebatable until the issue of M. Frédéric Masson's works entitled *Napoleon and the Fair Sex* and *Napoleon at Home.* These, we are told by the author, are the first of a series of studies he proposes to publish successively, in which he means to give the result of his wide and tireless researches with absolute independence. It is essential, he asserts, in the historic development of the complete figure of the Emperor, to note his relations with women, and the routine of his daily life; and this the learned writer proceeds to do in a way so thorough, so free from prejudice, and so judicial, that the narratives are fascinating in the very clearness of their contour.

"It is essential," says M. Masson, "to see what sort of woman attracted him, what were his relations with her, and what the feelings, physical or moral, she inspired in him; to inquire which of his actions were attributable to woman's influence, and how far his thoughts and ideas were modified by the beauty and conversation of women in daily intercourse." Hence we have chapters devoted to the passions of Napoleon's youth; to his marriage to Josephine; to Madame Fourès; to Grassini; to actresses such as Mlle. Georges, Thérèse Bourgoin, and others; to a nameless inamorata; to Stéphanie de Beauharnais; to Eléonore Dénuelle; to Madame Walewska; and, finally, to Marie Louise. The tone of the book is one of profound respect for the memory of its great subject, and if the pitiless light of modern research is thrown upon the Emperor's secret passions it is tempered by the apparently honorable purpose of the writer. The chapters of the two volumes entitled *Napoleon at Home* will give a clue to the far-reaching character of that work. They are Etiquette, The Apartments, their Protection, The Toilet, The Morning Levée, Déjeûner, The Emperor's Study, The Emperor at Work, The Dinner, The Evening, Sunday. In an appendix we have much minute information about Napoleon's wardrobe, articles of costume, articles of ordinary and daily use, arms, jewels, and orders, being thoroughly and knowingly dwelt upon. M. Masson is a finished writer, and *Napoleon and the Fair Sex* and *Napoleon at Home*, published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., are books which every reader and student of French history as it has affected our contemporary life will desire. The former handsome octavo of three hundred and twenty pages is embellished with a number of portrait plates by Boussod, Valadon et Cie., of Paris, a sufficient warrant of their excellence; and the latter two volumes are illustrated by F. de Myrbach, an eminent French artist.

The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution. By Charlemagne Tower, Jr., LL.D.

The illustration of history through the channels of biography has become of late a prevailing literary method, and it is one to be applauded and encouraged. History is too apt to show us either the procession of dissociated figures across the stage of time, or to reflect the prejudices of its author. The element of biography imports into the story action, human interest, warmth, light, and truth. There is something to grasp and to remember, and there is an added ring of sincerity when the events of a period can be made legitimately to radiate from a central figure.

This is the admirable method adopted by Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Jr., LL.D., in his two substantial volumes just issued by the Lippincotts and entitled *The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution.*

Starting with a sketch of the family, which sprang into notice in

1000 A.D., the progenitors of the young marquis are traced down to his own times, following which is a brief life of La Fayette up to the period of his departure for America. From this point onward, in dignified prose and with searching inquiry and able analysis, Mr. Tower follows the course of the French general through his connection with the American Revolution. The warm relations with Washington are dwelt upon, and the traits of La Fayette in war and in council are fully brought out, often by means of scarce historic data, some of which Mr. Tower alone of recent historians has had access to. This is especially so of the important campaign of 1781, when La Fayette held an independent command and thus stands forth for untempered examination.

The two volumes are sumptuously made, and contain plates of Madame de La Fayette, and of the Marquis from a portrait by C. W. Peale, together with ten maps, five of which are phototype fac-similes of the maps used by La Fayette himself, and five have been especially drawn for Mr. Tower for use in this work only.

Practice of Pharmacy: A Treatise on the Modes of Making and Dispensing Official, Unofficial, and Extemporaneous Preparations, with Descriptions of their Properties, Uses, and Doses. By Professor Joseph P. Remington, Ph.M., F.C.S. Third Edition, thoroughly revised. 8vo. 1448 pages.

To achieve instant success in the initial effort, and to hold first place continuously for nine years, is not the usual experience of authors; but the record of the *Practice of Pharmacy*, the master-work of the leading pharmaceutical writer of the century, Professor Joseph P. Remington, has been phenomenal: wherever pharmacy is taught or practised and the English language spoken, there will be found this hand-book. The student and tyro, the busy every-day worker, and the progressive pharmacist called to solve the difficulties besetting the paths of the pharmaceutical practice of to-day will alike turn with confidence to its lucid paragraphs and clear expositions.

The new book shows evidence of thorough revision to bring it into accord with the new *United States Pharmacopœia;* the adoption of the metric system has required the placing of the old-form equivalents of weights and measures opposite the metric terms, which has been effected so skilfully that both methods are distinctly shown, and either may be practised without the slightest confusion. All the important new remedies have been introduced, and a glossary of those which are unofficial or unusual—a sudden call for which often harasses even the well-informed—has been added: an exhaustive eight-page table, showing the difference between the metric and the old-form equivalents from one hundred pounds to the thousandth of a grain, is one of the new features.

While one hundred and fifty pages of added new material and sixty pages of index give some idea of the extent of the revision, an examination of each page can alone indicate the care and labor bestowed upon this masterly exponent of pharmaceutical practice.

Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by E. A. Lemann.

Hans Andersen comes back each Christmas-tide as regularly as Santa Claus, and he is always quite as welcome. This year the "Great Magician," as he is well called, is for once and all adequately illustrated. Mr. E. A. Lemann has thrown his whole heart into the work, and has produced a series of thirty-eight drawings for Messrs. Lippincotts' new edition that will instruct as well as please. These adorn the fine large pages and help to illuminate the clear text. It is a good thing to have your conception of an ab-

stract creation eked out by a skilful pen-drawing,—especially if you are in your teens,—and it takes an artist of culture and sympathy to do it. This Mr. Lemann undoubtedly is, and he has made The Little Mermaid, The Storks, The Nightingale, The Shadow, Little Totty, Little Klaus and Big Klaus, The Prince in Disguise, and the half-dozen other tales included in the volume, to enter the mind more vividly and to stay there more enduringly.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By Henry Stacy Marks, R.A. Illustrated. In two volumes.

We all crave to know the intimate inner life of those little groups which spring up among artists in all parts of Bohemia. By their works ye shall—not fully—know them, for the public gets only the finished product of chisel, brush, or pen. The pleasant *cameraderie* of the creators, the fun of the remote land of three-pairs-back where they live, is for the elect alone.

Hence is the charm of such a book as this of *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, by Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., just published in two elaborate volumes by the Messrs. Lippincott. Mr. Marks has moved among the dominant spirits of English art and illustration for half a lifetime, and has known intimately the men of equal reputation who have carried forward the traditions of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. He was the early sharer of a studio with George D. Leslie, and the daily companion of Calderon, of Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel, Leech, and the rest of the *Punch* staff, and of Fred. Walker, the talented artist who died young, leaving a reputation which is to-day a source of national pride. Of all these and many more famous and interesting people Mr. Marks gossips genially and delightfully, devoting a chapter to Walker which gives much new matter concerning him and many valuable sketches from his pen. Mr. Marks is known to literature as "Dry Point," the art-critic of the *Spectator* of thirty years ago, and his style as a writer is as graceful and winning as his pictures, reproductions of which, with many others, are scattered liberally through the five hundred pages.

The Works of Laurence Sterne. Edited by George Saintsbury. Six volumes.

When the mood grows fastidious and the tepid books of to-day fail of effect, we all turn for mental health and comfort to the tonic tales of the masters, merry, genuine, wise, and sincere, who are a sure and perennial resource. None is more truly so than the immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*. He is a minister to the wounded in spirit, of good cheer; to the light-hearted, of matter for mirth. There is a sweet humor in his composition made of intermingled pathos and fun and human kindliness and expressed with the manner of a classic.

That the Messrs. Lippincott have been wise enough to join with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., of London, in the publication of a complete edition of Laurence Sterne's writing is matter for congratulation on the part of readers who know or seek the best in literature. But the six charming volumes which lie invitingly in a convenient box contain not only the text of all Sterne's immortal writings, novels, letters, sermons; they include, as well, a sympathetic introduction by the English critic Mr. George Saintsbury, and three illustrations to a volume, by E. J. Wheeler. The ornamental cover in satinet and the elegant typography complete a rarely good set of books which is foreordained as a Christmas-present to the old reader who loves his Sterne or to the young who knows not the entertainment in store for him.

The Imitation of Christ. From the Latin of Thomas à Kempis. With an Introduction by the Venerable F. W. Farrar.

The taste in books grows simpler as the general taste grows deeper. We are content with a richer plainness of exterior, a finer circumspection of matter, as we advance in the knowledge of beauty and truth. It is patent that a volume such as this new edition of *The Imitation of Christ*, issued by the Lippincotts, with an introduction by Canon Farrar, and five archaic designs which would have done credit to an Elzevir, is a book of the new taste, simple, rich, and of lasting worth. It will be desired for its newly-designed type with rubricated capitals, its well-chosen paper, and its mechanical utilities. Yet all these are harmonized so skilfully as to produce an effect of beautiful completeness very winning to the book-lover.

Of the *Imitation* itself it is difficult to speak, because the final word has long ago been said by saint and prelate as well as sinner and peasant. Canon Farrar gives us his clearly-defined views in an eloquent preface, and these are naturally valuable. But the text, after all, provides the final answer for itself; and every wounded heart which goes to it for the balm of quiet consolation and finds there an ease and uplifting of the spirit must speak its own ultimate word upon the teaching of the saintly author.

Corinne, or Italy. By Mme. de Staël. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. Two volumes.

Every reader of books talks of *Corinne*, but few of the present generation have read it. It was a sensation of the day when it appeared in France early in the present century, and so potent was its effect that it helped to embitter Napoleon against its authoress and prolong her exile from her beloved Paris.

In his pleasant introduction Mr. Saintsbury tells us that what was once so far-reaching in its influences, so representative of the contemporary thought and manners, can never wholly lose its interest, and when to this quality is added the intensity of the tale of passion which it unfolds, *Corinne* is seen to be a story that Messrs. Lippincott and Dent, of London, have done well to revive. The present edition, in two volumes, is richly bound, well boxed and illustrated, and will lend itself to the purposes of the Christmas season with peculiar aptness. *Corinne* undoubtedly shadows forth the life of Madame de Staël herself and that of many of her numerous suitors and friends. It will therefore have a conspicuous place in the present revival of the literature surrounding the French Revolution.

Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Illustrated. In two volumes.

There is nothing that lives so long as sympathy and humor. Down through the remotest generations these twin streams have flowed, bringing us names that else were lost in the blackness of the past. We can to-day reach out a hand to the genial ghost of Washington Irving and be sure of receiving a welcome and a smile; and through all the ages to come he will be alive between the covers where lie his humor and his pathos.

If one were asked to suggest the most appropriate book for Christmas in all the annals of English literature, he would possibly be divided in opinion between the Christmas Stories of Dickens and the Sketch-Book of Irving, with a strong inclination to linger over the latter as being the more human of the two. The whole volume sings a carol of good cheer, and when it can be had

with the appropriate illustrations of such artists as Parsons, William Hart, Hoppin, Darley, Bellows, Huntingdon, and Will, who, being of the same period as Irving, best interpret the life he depicts, there is no longer room for indecision. The edition now issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, in two charming volumes, possesses these attractive features and more besides, which the reader will duly relish.

A Book of English Prose. Character and Incident. Selected by W. E. Henley and Charles Whibley.

Anthologies of English poetry have been unusually rich and numerous; but until the issue of the substantial and well-chosen volume of Messrs. W. E. Henley and Charles Whibley, just from the Lippincotts' press, we do not remember to have encountered a treasury of English prose. This is the more strange in that the prose of English writers from the days of Sir John Maundeville and Caxton and John Trevisa to the present time has been a continuous stream of sonorous, eloquent, and fluent composition of which all true Englishmen and Americans are justly proud.

It is, however, a well-considered fact that the difficulties in making prose selections which shall have an organic unity are very great. Poems are convenient in size and condensed in thought; while prose may constitute a volume as well as a brochure. Recognizing this limitation, these collaborators have set out with the determination of conquering it, and, with the exercise of great skill, and a deep knowledge of the sources and possibilities of English prose, they have been vastly successful. They have formed a book in which each passage is complete in itself, each relates a single incident or unfolds a single character, and in which the often tedious prose of reflection and analysis is discountenanced for that of adventure and romance. The statement of all these excellences will convince holiday book-buyers that a better book for a developing boy or girl will be hard to find among the multitude of Yule-tide publications.

The present volume contains passages from the great authors who flourished from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. It is admirably printed and substantially bound, and thus fitted for home or school.

Tom Cringle's Log. The Cruise of the Midge. By Michael Scott. Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn.

"And Tom Cringle's Log in *Blackwood* is also most excellent," says Coleridge, in his bland after-dinner mood; and so say we of a later generation, to whom the delightful old book has come down as a precious heirloom. For many a long day Tom Cringle puzzled the knowing ones of his age by the hearty stories of the sea which not even Christopher North himself could attribute to their rightful author. It was only at his death that Michael Scott stood revealed, and since that day his name has taken a fixed place in English fiction.

Tom Cringle's Log and *The Cruise of the Midge* are now issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in a form so compact and charming that there need be no further complaint of scarcity. They each appear in two octavo volumes, bound in dark blue, and aptly illustrated by Frank Brangwyn, of artistic note in England. The tales are rollicking, rambling narratives of the sea, carrying one to many remote quarters; and mingled with the keen views of life on land and ocean is a running story which knits all together and will beguile the reader far away from workaday cares. As a holiday gift, these standard old tales will be found far more acceptable than an ephemeral "book which is no book."

Henry of Navarre and the Religious Wars. By Edward T. Blair.

From a residence of some years in the land of the French Pyrenees, which is touched everywhere with memories of Henry of Navarre, Mr. Edward T. Blair has drawn the substance of his thoughtful and admirable work on *Henry of Navarre and the Religious Wars* which has just issued from the Lippincott press. This is in all respects an able and picturesque exposition of the man and the times,—times among the most stirring, romantic, and weighty with import in the history of France. It was at once the age of religious emancipation and of the decline of chivalry, and the two extremes meet in the half-feudal, half-modern characters which crowd the stage of events. In poetry and song as well as in narrative, drama, and picture, King Henry of Navarre has been one of the favorite figures. But his intimate personal life and the surrounding episodes of his brilliant career have never been dealt with more fully and more impartially than in these pages. It has been the aim of Mr. Blair to present a faithful picture of characters and events which have hitherto been much distorted by partisan writers; and he has gone about his chosen task with the skill of an historian and a biographer who thoroughly knows the sources where his true materials lie, the country in which the history has unfolded itself, the descendants of the actors in the historic drama which he records, and the bearing of the events on contemporary and later history. This has furnished forth the substance for a biographical history which will make a strong appeal to many classes of readers,—the young, always interested in the prowess and daring of Henry of Navarre, the religious, alert for the newest versions of many vexed questions, and the general reader, who will find the book interesting purely from its subject and its treatment.

The illustrations, provided by the accomplished author himself from his own large store of historic matter, form a group of several scores which is unique in this connection and will be particularly relished by the lover of prints. As a book for extra illustration, this, with the ample basis thus afforded, would prove of rare interest.

The volume is a royal octavo of over three hundred pages, bound with great elegance in blue and gold; and in letter-press, in paper, and in every mechanical feature it is unsurpassed among recent histories.

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INTERESTING TO SINGLE WOMEN.—Mlle. Lenormand has taken it into her head to figure out what chances a young lady has of getting married at various periods of her existence. From her investigations it appears that out of one thousand women the marriages are as follows:

101 between the ages of 16 and 17 years.
209 between the ages of 18 and 19 years.
232 between the ages of 20 and 21 years.
165 between the ages of 22 and 23 years.
102 between the ages of 24 and 25 years.
60 between the ages of 26 and 27 years.
45 between the ages of 28 and 29 years.
18 between the ages of 30 and 31 years.
14 between the ages of 32 and 33 years.
8 between the ages of 34 and 35 years.
2 between the ages of 36 and 37 years.
1 between the ages of 38 and 39 years.

So that a young lady of thirty has only eighteen chances out of one thousand of getting married. After forty the probability of meeting with a husband is represented by a very small fraction. It is a question of dowry.—*Diluvio.*

THE SERPENT TALKED LIKE A MAN.—In John Ashton's "Curious Creatures of Zoology" there is a quotation from "a little Latine booke, printed at Vienna in the yeare 1551," which tells a most wonderful story. Ashton quotes as follows: "There was found in a mowe or rycke of corn almost as many snakes, adders, and other serpentes as there was sheafes, so as no one sheaf could be removed but there presently appeared a heape of ougly and fierce serpentes. The countrie men determyned to set fire upon the barne, and so attempted to do, but in vaine, for the straw would take no fire, although they laboured with all their witts and policye to burn them up.

"At last there appeared unto them at the top of the heap a huge great serpente, which lifted up his head and spake with a man's voyce to the countrie men, saying, 'Cease to prosecute your devise, for you shall not be able to accomplish our burning, for wee were not bredde by nature, neither came we here of our owne accord, but were sent by God to take vengence on the sinnes of men.'"

Ashton leaves us in the dark as to what the "countrie" men did, but it is natural to suppose that they surrendered at once.—*St. Louis Republic.*

THE IMP HOAX.—This brazen imposture on the credulity of the English public was the result of a wager between the Duke of Montague and another nobleman in 1749. In discussing the amazing gullibility of the English people, the former declared that if one were to advertise it well that he would jump into a quart bottle, all London would go to see him do it. The wager being made, an advertisement was inserted in all the leading papers, promising that the feat would be performed on a certain date at the Haymarket Theatre. On the appointed day the theatre was packed from pit to dome, and many hundreds were turned from the doors. The supposed magician appeared on the stage and had the temerity to state that if the audience would pay double the price he would enter a pint bottle, shown on the stage table, instead of the quart flask as furnished. He then hurriedly escaped by the stage door. A riot resulted, in which the theatre was badly wrecked, and the duke and his companion had to leave town until the excitement was well over.—*Baltimore American.*

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SEASONABLE CROPS.—Ranger.—"How did your crops turn out last year?"

Granger.—"Poorly. We had nearly two months of continuous rain. What do you suppose we would be likely to raise under such conditions?"

Ranger.—"Umbrellas."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

USEFUL BURGLARS.—A sea life does not seem to offer an encouraging field of operation for an enterprising burglar, but a well-known naval officer relates an anecdote of how a considerable number of this shady profession once went to sea. His is a reminiscence of the Virginius affair, when a war with Spain was looked upon as certain. The navy, the chief bulwark of defence, was found to be hampered by a deficiency of men, and almost every one who applied for enlistment was accepted. One result of this is told by the officer, who was then attached to the steam frigate Wabash.

One day the paymaster of the vessel forgot the combination of a new safe which had been placed on board ship, and was at a loss what to do about it. The safe contained important documents which had been called for by the captain, and it was necessary that it be opened without delay. The machinists were sent for, and, after working unsuccessfully at the combination, gave it up as a job beyond their abilities. The paymaster came on deck and mentioned his dilemma to the officer of the watch.

"Oh, I can fix that for you," said the officer, confidently. "Boatswain's mate, pass the word for all the burglars in the ship to report to the paymaster."

In obedience to the command, a score of men sought that official, and in a few minutes picked the lock and the safe was open.—*London Tit-Bits.*

LACONIC.—The man who insists upon conversation whether you will or no was on the train with me between Detroit and Chicago. This time, as is often the case, he was one of those dear fellows, the commercial travellers. I was reading when he took a seat opposite and began to talk:

"Travelling?"

"Yes."

"What line?"

"Paper."

"Wall?"

I gave up. As an example of the laconic in conversation it reminded me of a story told me once by Max O'Rell. It was of a Scotsman stopping before a shop door in a Scotch village. He took a bit of cloth in his hand.

"'Oo'?" he asked.

"Ay, 'oo'," said the shopkeeper.

"A' 'oo'?"

"Ay, a' 'oo'."

"A' ae 'oo'?"

"Ay, a' ae 'oo'."

Which, being interpreted, would be recorded in ordinary English:

"Wool?"

"Yes, wool."

"All wool?"

"Yes, all wool."

"All the same wool?"

"Yes, all the same wool."—MOSES P. HANDY, in *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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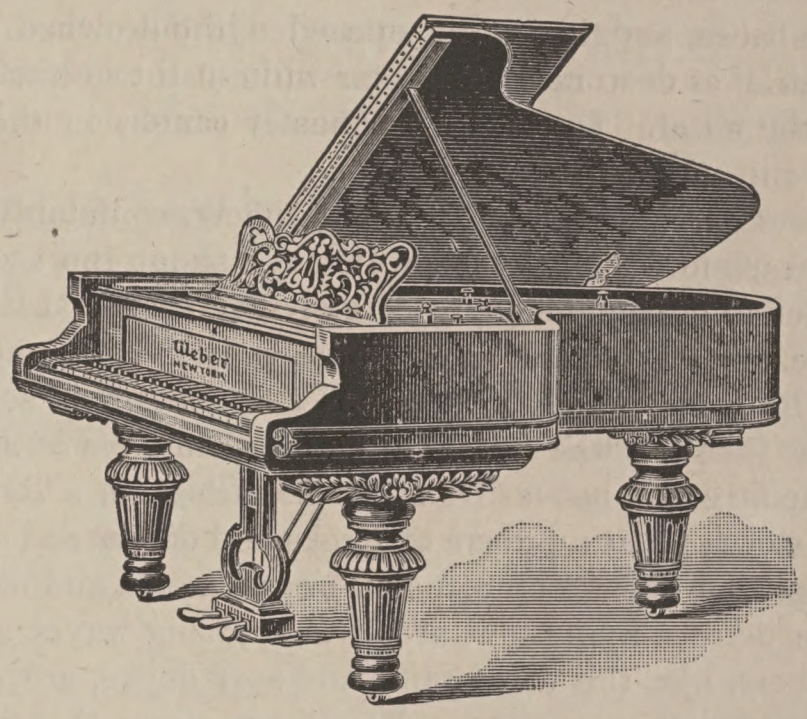

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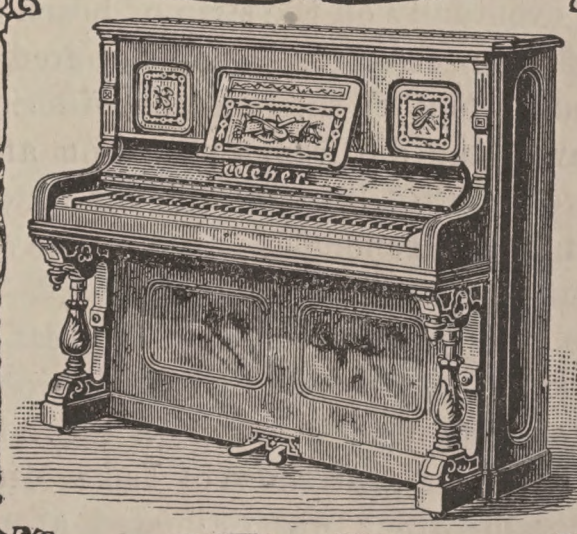

are constructed from the musician's standpoint, as well as that of the mechanic; hence these instruments are distinguished from all others by that pure and sympathetic quality of tone that contains the greatest musical possibilities; that consummation of mechanical excellence that admits of

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A BAD PAYER.—"Did you call on Mr. Putemoff?" asked the merchant of the man who had been out collecting.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he pay anything?"

"Not a thing. I couldn't even get him to pay attention."—*Washington Star.*

FLYING TO THEIR DEATH.—During a storm a light-house will often be surrounded by myriads of birds of many species. Having been so unfortunate as to start off in their migration on a falling barometer, they have got lost and flocked to the light, fluttering about the lantern and dashing upon it or against the tower. One light-keeper, describing such a phenomenon, recently said that, as far as he could see by the beam of the light, the air appeared to be a "solid mass of birds."

Waterfowl are destroyed in considerable numbers by fish-fykes,—a kind of net which leads the fishes into a cul-de-sac from which there is no escape. The birds follow the fishes, and, becoming entangled, are drowned.

In the great lakes deep nets are set for white-fish two hundred feet beneath the surface of the water. Ducks are frequently caught in them, showing how deeply they dive in pursuit of finny prey.

On the shores of some alkaline lakes of the West, notably Owens Lake in California, great quantities of grebes, which are about the size of big pigeons, are sometimes found dead. As many as thirty-five thousand have been counted at Owens Lake, which is not a very large sheet. This phenomenon occurs every year. Either the water is injurious to them, or, as seems more likely, they come to the lake to catch fish, and, finding none, die of starvation.

On the Pacific coast, not far from San Francisco, is a stretch of beach on which, after a storm, great numbers of ducks and divers and even many albatrosses may be picked up, as well as petrels, cormorants, and other birds. Some of them, as the petrels, flying low, are struck by big waves and thrown upon the shore. Others, like the cormorants and surf ducks, are dashed upon the beach while swimming near shore. Elsewhere along that part of the coast there are only rocks, and the waterfowl dashed upon them are not stranded, but float off again, to land eventually on the strip of beach above mentioned.

Vessels coasting off shore from ten to one hundred miles are often visited by birds which have been swept off the lands by winds. If at a great distance from the land, they invariably die from exhaustion after reaching the ships. Sometimes hundreds are seen to fall dying into the water within a few minutes, being unable to sustain flight any longer. In fact, the ocean annually proves a burial-place for vast numbers of feathered creatures.

Likewise immense numbers are lost in the great lakes, being blown off shore by winds or becoming exhausted in trying to cross these sheets of water. In September, 1879, there was a great storm in the lake region, which lasted twenty-four hours. After it the east shore of Lake Michigan was strewn with dead birds, the number of which was estimated at upward of a million.—*Washington Star.*

GARGLING.—A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said, "Oh, mamma! you ought to hear her gargle! She does it so sweetly."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Ballad of Sapolio.

A young house-maid
Was sore afraid
That her mistress would let her go.
Tho' hard she worked,
And never shirked,
At cleaning she was s-l-o-w.

Now, all is bright,
Her heart is light,
For she's found .... **Sapolio.**

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more, its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

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COSTLY BURIAL.—The majority of intelligent persons are more or less indifferent as to the disposal of their bodies after death, but it may be safely asserted that not one would be found to express a wish that his or her body should be carefully preserved in a polished oak or elm brass-mounted coffin and in a walled grave or vault. It is the result partly of tyrannical custom and partly of leaving all to the undertaker. The latter has been shorn of much of his former profits derived from the sale of scarfs and hat-bands and the hire of palls, plumes, feathers, and other trappings of woe. The polished coffin and the brass furniture are the surviving relics of the "funerals completely furnished" of the past age, and are clung to with affectionate tenacity by those whose interest it is to have them continued.

But the undertaker is, after all, what the public make him. The courage and persistence of a few individuals swept away the costly and useless trappings of woe; only a very little more courage is required to substitute cheaper and perishable coffins for the pretentious upholstery exhibited in the coffin of the day. If the upper classes would set the example and make perishable coffins fashionable, it would soon spread to the working classes, who are still tempted to spend upon a coffin and a burial money which would be much more wisely expended in providing additional comforts and even necessaries for the living.—*London Lancet.*

CAME HOME TO ROOST.—A student who secretly dropped a piece of paper, on which the word "Monkey" was written in large letters, in the cap of a professor against whom he had a spite, told the joke to all his classmates. The next day the professor said to the class, in bland and polite tones, "Gentlemen, I have to thank one of your number for the courtesy of dropping his card in my cap yesterday." That student was called Monkey ever after.—*New York Ledger.*

OLD ENGLISH COOKERY.—Down to the sixteenth century the extraordinary mixtures, both as to ingredients and seasonings, which prevailed, gave an indication of the tastes of the period. Thus, blanc-mange, or, as it is generally spelled, blanc-manger, instead of being merely a jelly of milk or cream, was formerly composed of the pounded flesh of poultry, boiled with rice and milk of almonds, and sweetened with sugar, while a mixture of the same kind, but colored with blood or sandal-wood, was called a rose. Buckuade was the name of another typical preparation, and this was made of meat "hewn in gobbets," pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, onions, salt, and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron.

Mortrews, a dish mentioned by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," was held in great esteem. It derived its name from the mortar in which the meat used in making it was pounded, and as the recipe is a representative one we will here give it as it stands in the "Forme of Cury:"

"Take hennes and pork and sethe hom togydre. Take the lyre (flesh) of the hennes and of the porke and hack it small and grinde it all to dust. Take bread gyrated, and do (add) thereto, and temper it with the self broth—that is, the broth in which it was boiled, and alye (mix) it with zelkes of ayern (yolks of eggs), and cast thereon [powder fort (pepper) and boil it, and do thereto powder of gynger, saffron and salt, and loke that it is stonding (stiff), and flour it all with powder of gynger."—*Quarterly Review.*

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Springs Nos. 1 and 2—Nature's Nerve Tonic and Restorative—It's Value in the Lithæmic or Gout State.

James L. Cabell, M.D., A.M. LL.D.,
Professor of Physiology and Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia and President of the National Board of Health, referring to Spring No. 2:

"I have recently read with interest, a paper in the '*New York Medical Journal*' on the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

in Diseases of the Nervous System, in which the writer, Dr. Boyland, citing his own observations and those of other eminent physicians, ascribes to this Water a special virtue as **a direct Tonic for the Nervous System in cases of Cerebral Exhaustion.** I have only had occasion to test its effects in this direction in cases **in which the Nervous Symptoms may have been due to a lithæmic condition, for which it is a well-known therapeutic resource.** (Lithæmic is defined to be an excess of **Uric Acid in the blood**—a condition nearly allied to **Gout.**) In these cases the relief following the use of the remedy was very decided.

Dr. William A. Hammond,
Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), *formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., referring to Spring No. 2:*

"It is well known that many cases of diseases of the Nervous System are complicated with **Lithæmia,** and that unless this condition is removed, a cure is very often retarded and not infrequently entirely prevented. It is quite commonly the case that in Cerebral Congestion producing Insomnia, Nervous Prostration, resulting from over mental work or much emotional disturbance, and in Epilepsy (to say nothing of many cases of insanity), an excess of uric acid in the blood is often observed. **This state appears to be altogether independent of the character of the food, for no matter how careful the physician may be in regard to the diet of the patient, the lithæmic condition continues.** I have tried to overcome this persistence by the use of phosphate of ammonia and other so-called solvents for uric acid, but without notable effect. Several years ago, however, I began to treat such cases with

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

with a result that was as astonishing to me as it was beneficial to the patient."

Dr. John Herbert Claiborne,
of Petersburg, Va., ex-President and Honorary Fellow Medical Society of Va., referring to Spring No. 1:

"The peculiar nerve tonic properties of the

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Spring **No. 1,** give to it very **remarkable recuperative power** in cases of persons broken down by overwork or excess, or by tardy and imperfect convalescence."

Wm. O. Baskerville,
Oxford, N. C., referring to Spring No. 1, writes:

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Spring **No. 1** is a powerful tonic to the Nervous System as well as to the blood. I have known it to produce **magical effects in Nervous Prostration,** resulting from overwork, prolonged mental strain, etc., and convalescents from adynamic diseases have been restored to health in a surprisingly short time, the water being a direct blood producer, a valuable heart tonic and a physiological diuretic."

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THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

A MARVEL OF STRENGTH.—The famous Maurice, Maréchal de Saxe, who commanded the French at Fontenoy, was a marvel of strength. On one occasion he twisted, with his fingers only, a long nail into a corkscrew, with which he drew the corks of half a dozen bottles. He could break with his hands the strongest horseshoe.

One day when in London he had a row with a dustman, when he seized the man by the head, and, throwing him in the air, let him drop right in the middle of his own dust-cart. The only opponent who succeeded in resisting him was a woman, a Mlle. Gauthier, an actress. Maurice tried with her to see who could put down the other's wrist, and after a long struggle she won, but with the greatest difficulty.

The power of Mlle. Gauthier's arm was far beyond the common, and with her fingers she could roll up silver plates as easily as any one would paper.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

FOUR STYLES.

The Vulgate.—A lady slipped on a banana skin on School Street yesterday afternoon and broke a leg.

The Staccato Style.—It is a job for the surgeon.

A banana skin did it.

There was a slide, a scream, and a dull thud.

The atmosphere was full of lingerie, frou-frou, hair-pins, and bric-à-brac.

It was laughable.

But only to a few.

A dozen men gallantly rushed to the rescue.

It was a woman who had fallen.

Horror!

A nether limb was broken.

She was in agony.

And all because of somebody's carelessness.

Saul has slain his thousands.

The banana skin has slain its ten thousands.

The Florid Style.—Tripping lightly down School Street yesterday afternoon, her face all aglow with health and her every muscle, nerve, vein, and artery in harmony with the invigorating autumnal atmosphere, a representative of the softer sex was seen suddenly to deflect from the perpendicular, and in another instant this one of God's last and best gifts to man came with crushing force to the hard and unyielding pavement. The immediate cause of the unfortunate lady's downfall was the greasy envelope of that now tropical fruit, the banana, which some thoughtless, if not malicious, individual had cast upon the public sidewalk. The victim of this carelessness, or worse, had sustained a fracture of a limb, and it will be many weary weeks ere she will again be able to walk erect and stately as heretofore.

The Facetious Style.—She will be careful how she treads on banana skins hereafter. She didn't know it was loaded, but it fired her. It is only a broken leg; not much comfort to her, but a good thing for the surgeon. There's money in it. People who throw away banana skins should be careful to so throw them that they will land with the slippery side down, unless they are in league with the bone-setting profession. In that case, of course, it is different.—*Boston Transcript.*

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THROWING AN OLD SHOE.—The throwing of an old shoe after a newly-married couple on their departure is general all over the country. In Kent the custom is accompanied by a little more detail than is usually observed in other parts of the country. The principal bridesmaid throws the shoe; the other bridesmaids run after it, the belief being that the one who gets it will be the first to be married. She then throws the shoe among the gentlemen, and it is supposed that the one who is hit will also be married before the others.

The custom of showering rice over the bride and bridegroom is a universal one, although in some parts wheat is substituted. This was formerly general in Nottinghamshire and Sussex. The practice appears to find a parallel in Poland, where, after the nuptial benediction has been given by the priest, the father receives the newly-married couple at the door of their house and strews some barleycorns over their heads. These corns are carefully gathered up and sown. If they grow, it is considered an omen that the married pair will enjoy a life of happiness. Grain of any sort is symbolical of plenty, and no doubt at different periods and in different countries that grain has been selected which could be procured the most easily. An old Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century, "The Cid's Wedding," refers to this custom, except that ears of wheat appear to have been used instead of thrashed wheat:

> All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying.
>
> *Westminster Review.*

SERVED GOD AND MAN.—The late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melanesia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defence. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section in New Zealand, owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough in one of the back-streets of Auckland if he was "the bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible tells me, If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other." And he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, and wondering what was coming next, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man." And, taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—*Home Journal.*

FIRST CELTIC SERMON IN AMERICA.—The first sermon preached in the Irish language in the United States was delivered on Thursday, March 17, 1881, when Rev. Hugh Mageveney preached the panegyric of St. Patrick at a mass celebrated by Canon McGee, of Belfast, in St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore. At the mass it was announced that in the afternoon Canon McGee would preach a panegyric in Irish. Natives of Ireland whose age or physical disabilities prevented them attending the church services on other occasions were led to the church to hear their first sermon in Irish since they left the old sod. It was an impressive scene. Canon McGee warmed up to his subject, preaching with fervor and faith, using pure Celtic, which, with his oratorical power, carried his hearers back to the land of St. Patrick. Many honest Irish blessings were called down upon Canon McGee. He had preached the first sermon in Irish on St. Patrick's day in the United States.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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everywhere are the best advertisement of Mellin's Food: with their sound bodies, straight limbs, bright eyes, plump cheeks and fresh, radiant faces, they are the highest types of happy, healthy childhood, and the best evidence that Mellin's Food fulfills every requisite of a food for Infants.

Our book for the instruction of mothers sent free on application.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

On a Big Railroad.—"Do you use the block system on this road?" inquired a passenger on a train in Kentucky.

"No, sir," replied the conductor: "we have no use for it."

"Do you use the electric or pneumatic signals?"

"No, sir."

"Have you a double track?"

"No."

"Well, of course you have a train despatcher, and run all trains by telegraph?"

"No."

"I see you have no brakeman. How do you flag the rear of your train, if you are stopped from any cause between stations?"

"We don't flag."

"Indeed! What a way to run a railroad! A man takes his life in his hand when he rides on it. This is criminally reckless!"

"See here, mister! If you don't like this railroad you can get off and walk. I am the president of this road and its sole owner. I am also the board of directors, treasurer, secretary, general manager, superintendent, paymaster, trackmaster, general passenger agent, general freight agent, master mechanic, ticket agent, conductor, brakeman, and boss. This is the Great Western Railroad of Kentucky, six miles long, with termini at Harrodsburg and Harrodsburg Junction. This is the only train on the road of any kind, and ahead of us is the only engine. We never have collisions. The engineer does his own firing and runs the repair-shop and round house all by himself. He and I run this here railway. It keeps us pretty busy, but we've always got time to stop and eject a sassy passenger. So you want to behave yourself and go through with us, or you will have your baggage set off here by the haystack!"—*Rough Notes.*

Science has often come to the aid of medicine in curing disease, but one of the most interesting instances of its help has only recently been brought to light. The process is the simple application of a natural force, and its effectiveness is fully sustained by its fruits, which have been so satisfactory as to compel the belief of some of its most sceptical observers. Electricity has been applied in the effort to cure disease with varying results, but many physicians in discontinuing its use have prophesied that it would be used again when better understood. The hidden law of its application which they lacked has apparently been discovered, for instead of shocking the patient this method polarizes the entire body by the use of a little instrument called an "Electropoise." When the body is in this condition it has been found to absorb oxygen from the air in such quantities as is required by the system to gain the vitality necessary to throw off disease. Even stubborn cases of chronic troubles have yielded to the treatment. The principle of this useful discovery is not generally understood, but its undoubted cures are commanding the attention of the entire medical world. A company has been formed and it is being widely advertised.

Suspecting the Parson.—A workingman was being united to the lady of his choice at a certain church, and just before the moment for the production of the ring arrived the officiating clergyman leaned over toward the bride and whispered, "Please take off your glove." To his intense dismay, the bridegroom resented the action, and cried, "Here, mister, no whisperin' to my gal." —*London Figaro.*

This Is It!

Cottolene is clean, delicate, wholesome, appetizing, and economical. It is so good that it is taking the place of all other shortenings. Be sure and get the genuine

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with trade-mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every pail. Sold everywhere, in 3 and 5 lb. pails. Made only by

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St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

GOOD NEWS—WONDERFUL CURES OF CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION.—Our readers who suffer from Lung-Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment, known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

WONDERFUL SALT PLAINS.—Mr. C. E. Biddulph, in his "Travels in Persia and Transcaspia," gives a curious account of the great salt plains in the neighborhood of the Black Mountains. He says,—

"I obtained from thence one of the most peculiar sights it has ever been my fortune to look on, and that was an immense sea of what looked like ice, but which was really salt deposit, which entirely filled the hollow in the plains toward the south and stretched away as far as the eye could reach on either side, glittering in the sun like a sheet of glass. I sat for hours looking at this strange spectacle through my field-glasses, and listening to the tales of my guides regarding the peculiarities of its composition and the dangers to be encountered in traversing it.

"According to their account, this vast deposit of salt was of the consistency of ice, and, like the latter, formed a coat of varying degrees of thickness upon the surface of the water which was underneath it, so that in places where the coat attained a thickness of several feet, as was the case in many parts, laden mules and camels could cross this plain with perfect safety, while in others, where this is not the case, this crust of coagulated salt would break beneath their weight, and they would be engulfed in the morass beneath."

HOW HOPKINS WAS SOOTHED.—A Portland physician tells the following story, premising it with the remark that nurses in the London hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and to remind them of the duty of thankfulness. Sometimes the patients do not appreciate their good fortune. This scene from a London hospital, related by the physician above indicated, is a case in point:

Chaplain.—"So poor Hopkins is dead! I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why didn't you call me?"

Hospital Orderly.—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain.—"Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly.—"'"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're mortal bad.'

"'"I am,' sez 'e.

"'"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'

"'"No,' sez 'e.

"'"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're goin' fast.'

"'"Yes,' sez 'e.

"'"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven.'

"'"I don't think I can,' sez 'e.

"'"Well, then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you will go to 'ell.'

"'"I suppose so,' sez 'e.

"'"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you ought to be wery grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go.' And I think 'e 'eard me, sir, and then 'e died.—*Portland Eastern Argus.*

The Uses of Cod-liver Oil

are devoted in a large measure to all those ailments which are indicated by impoverished or diseased blood, with the consequent wasting of tissue and strength. The germs of disease, like the germs of Scrofula and Consumption, are overcome through the blood by the same properties in Cod-liver Oil that cure Anæmia, which is impoverished blood. Cod-liver Oil is a food that makes the blood rich and free from disease.

The Problem,

however, is how to feed the blood with the properties of Cod-liver Oil without taxing the digestive organs, and without nausea. The solution of this problem is ***Scott's Emulsion.*** No other form of Cod-liver Oil is so effective. The only way to insure a prompt assimilation of Cod-liver Oil is to take it in the form of an emulsion,—but there are emulsions and emulsions. ***Scott's Emulsion*** has only one standard—the highest. It contains only the first grade of Norway oil, and an experience of twenty years has made it a *perfect emulsion.* The oil is evenly and minutely divided, its taste is completely disguised, and it is not only easy on the stomach but it actually aids digestion and stimulates the appetite. Any physician will tell you why this is so. Told in a few words, the reason is that ***Scott's Emulsion*** supplies principles of food the stomach ought to have in order to digest other foods properly.

A Testimonial.

N. Y. Practical Aid Society,
327 West 36th St.

Messrs. SCOTT & BOWNE. New York, Oct. 16, 1894.

Gentlemen :—I desire to express my sincere thanks to you for what Scott's Emulsion has done for many that have applied to this Society for aid. One year ago a woman who had been sick for nineteen months with Rheumatism, and was almost helpless, came to us for aid. I gave her a bottle of Scott's Emulsion. She began to improve. She took in all five bottles, and to-day is a perfectly well woman, weighs 198 pounds, and has been cooking since last May (for she is a cook). I have a young lady in one of the large dry-goods stores to-day that could not work without Scott's Emulsion. She was given up with consumption. These are only two of many cases. You can refer to me any time. I am using it all the time, and would not be without it. Babies grow fat, fair, and beautiful with its use, and mothers grow strong and healthy while nursing if they will use it. More than this is true of your invaluable remedy. I wish the whole world knew this as well as I do.

Very respectfully yours, Mrs. L. A. Goodwin, Supt.

Scott's Emulsion cannot be duplicated by a druggist. Don't take substitutes. Get the best—***Scott's Emulsion***—and get the best results. Send for pamphlet. Free.

Scott & Bowne, New-York City. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

He won the Case.—In the early days of interior Missouri the late Judge E—— cut cord-wood, cleared up his homestead farm, and was employed upon one side of nearly every case that came up, being for some years the only lawyer in the county.

He had no books except an old leather-covered Bible and an old volume or two of history similarly bound, but had read law a short time in Kentucky in his youth. He was very small and insignificant in appearance, but became before his death a splendid lawyer and an honored judge.

A young attorney from the East settled in the little country town, with his library of about half a dozen new and handsomely bound law-books, and on his first appearance in a case he brought most of his library to the justice's office in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet-bag, popular in that day. E—— was engaged against him, and, as usual, had not a book.

When his adversary carefully drew his books from his pretty carpet-bag and laid them on the table, E—— looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources and asked the justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried to his homestead, half a mile or so away, and put his old leather-bound Bible and histories into a grain-sack and brought them to court, imitating his opponent in laying them before him on the table.

The evidence was introduced, and the Eastern man, being for the plaintiff, made his opening argument and read at length from his text-books. E—— made his characteristic speech in reply, closing by reading law from his old Bible just the reverse of that read by his opponent, and took his seat, putting his Bible on the table.

His adversary reached over and picked it up, and, seeing what it was, eagerly addressed the justice.

"Your honor," said he, "this man is a humbug and a pettifogger. Why, sir, this is the Bible from which he has pretended to read law."

The old justice looked indignant, and, interrupting the young attorney, said,—

"Set down, durn ye. What better law can we git than the Bible?" He then decided the case in favor of the defendant.—*Green Bag.*

A Mirthful Martyr.—Hans Müller, a private in the Pomeranian grenadiers, on being sentenced to a flogging, went down into the barrack-yard to undergo his punishment. The officer appointed to superintend the proceedings was rather surprised at the man's demeanor, something quite unusual on the like occasion. Müller was evidently in good spirits, and had difficulty in repressing a strong inclination to laugh. At the first blow he exploded; his merriment increased during his cruel sufferings, and when at last he was left panting and bleeding on the ground in the yard he laughed till the tears came.

"Now, then," said the bewildered officer, "what has come over you? Why do you laugh?"

"I am laughing," replied the victim, "because for the last half-hour you have been laboring under a tremendous delusion. There are two of us in the company,—myself, Hans Müller, and another, Fritz Müller. Fritz was sentenced to receive a flogging, and here you have been thrashing me for the last twenty minutes."

The emperor sent his congratulations to Hans "for not complaining until he had taken his punishment."—*Annales Politiques et Littéraires.*

THE magnificent new office-building of the MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is not only the tallest in the world,—towering three hundred and fifty feet above Broadway,—but is unique in many other respects.

Its foundations rest on bed-rock, about fifty-five feet below the street. The building is supported on thirty-two columns resting on fifteen masonry piers, built on steel caissons rammed full of concrete. The foundation cost nearly $150,000, or about ten per cent. of the total cost. The work was successfully accomplished by Sooysmith & Co., in four months, without the slightest damage to adjoining property.

The front wall sustains its own weight, but no part of the floors, and is solid granite up to the Broadway level. All the other walls are carried at intervals on steel girders inserted between the columns.

The structure will resist a wind-pressure considerably in excess of the greatest hurricane on record, which showed a maximum velocity of eighty-four miles per hour, with a corresponding pressure of thirty-five pounds to the square foot.

The building is a notable example of the new method of construction (skeletons of steel and iron covered with brick and stone). The steel frame, designed by C. O. Brown, C.E., and manufactured by the Pencoyd Iron Works, was erected in the unparalleled short time of three months.

The boilers, three in number, furnished by the Quintard Iron Works, are able to evaporate 13,500 pounds of water per hour. The gases pass down to a horizontal underground flue leading to the base of the smoke-stack, which is of steel, 4½ feet in diameter and 258 feet high, and weighs over 120,000 pounds.

The heating and ventilating apparatus was especially designed and erected by Gillis & Geoghegan. Ventilating registers connect with vertical shafts fitted with electric ventilating fans. The air in each room changes about three times an hour, giving perfect ventilation. Outside air first passes over a radiator and is warmed before circulating through the room.

The building has been equipped throughout for electric lighting, ventilating, and power. The lighting plant consists of three 50 kilowatt, ironclad dynamos, manufactured by the General Electric Company, each capable of generating current for one thousand sixteen-candle-power lamps. A power dynamo operates the fans, elevators, motors, etc.

A CHINESE ARTIST.—One picture that he showed a reporter was said to represent a garden-party, though it needed some assurance at first to dispel the idea that it was a catastrophe at sea. What looked like the raging main, however, was really a Chinese turf, and the bent and bedraggled object in the foreground was not a wreck, but a tree. An awful print of a lost Celestial maid in the grasp of a devil-fish proved to be one of an almond-eyed damsel twined in the leaves and tendrils of a flowering shrub. Instead of slippery squids, as one might have supposed, were tambourines, and a rock in the boiling surge was only a pagoda set in the heather and bushes.

A series of small paintings told a romantic story very dear to the Chinese heart. The hero of the pictorial tale was the strongest man in the empire, having become an athlete under the teaching of his wife, who was a female Samson. Together they challenged the world without soft gloves and "bar none." In course of time, however, war came, and the wife was overpowered and taken away, leaving the husband very miserable. As the artist paints him standing mournfully at the door of his deserted lavender house, great vermilion tears roll down his mauve complexion, stain his green vest and trickle along his chromatic trousers, and sink into the scarlet and yellow earth.

Then twenty years go by, and another war ensues. Two armies meet, and the strongest champions go forth for a preliminary combat. Behold! The man and wife are sent against each other, and the artist rises to the occasion. He shows the husband holding his dulcinea out at arm's length by her belt, and as he bears her away toward a saffron river which runs between sky-blue banks he has a fierce, bewhiskered joy on his face that invites not a pearl-tinted breeze, but a crimson hurricane to blow through it. Meanwhile, the captured giantess, demure and sweet, has surrendered without a murmur.

The visiting knight of the brush uses pigments that will wash, and he says that one of his pictures can go through a Chinese laundry without the loss of the natural blue tint on a maiden's cheek or of the delicate bronze flush of an opening flower or leaf.—*Hawaiian Star.*

MONTANA'S ERA OF HIGH PRICES.—A reporter for the *Salt Lake Tribune* reports a conversation with a man who kept a fruit-stand in Helena in 1868. It was only a small stand in front of a store, but the rent of it was thirty dollars a month, and he was obliged to pay in advance. Much of his stock in trade was brought sixteen hundred miles by stage:

"Twenty-five cents would not go far in those days at a fruit-stand. One man who was courting a young lady used to come to my place and buy four apples for five dollars and carry them to his sweetheart. I always picked out four of the best ones, wrapped them in tissue-paper, and put them into a neat candy-box. After a while he got married, and I sold him no more apples.

"The first year's pineapples sold for seven dollars apiece. Oranges were two dollars and a half or three dollars each, and the men who are rich in Montana to-day did not buy them.

"The first sweet potatoes ever in Montana were sent to me, and cost me one dollar and thirty-five cents a pound. My first customer for them was a Chinese, who bought two pounds at a dollar and a half a pound."

Book-keepers were then paid twelve dollars a day. A very ordinary wooden building rented for four hundred dollars a month. Newspapers sold for fifty cents each, and magazines for a dollar and a quarter.

TEN REASONS FOR USING
DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP.

THE REASON WHY it is **best** from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity.

" " " it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised.

" " " it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights.

" " " no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—being absolutely pure, it can do its own work.

" " " it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them.

" " " it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse.

" " " three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap.

" " " it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless.

" " " we paid $50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it.

" " " so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality,

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. **DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.**
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Send your full name and address to Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by return mail, and get, *free of all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention. Mention *Lippincott's Magazine.*

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Do YOU USE evaporated cream or unsweetened condensed milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

HE MADE UP THE DOZEN.—In times past there was in a certain law school an aged and eccentric professor. "General information" was the old gentleman's hobby. He held it for incontrovertible that if a young lawyer possessed a large fund of miscellaneous knowledge, combined with an equal amount of common sense, he would be successful in life. So every year the professor put on his examination papers a question very far removed from the subject of criminal law. One year it was, "How many kinds of trees are there in the college yard?" the next, "What is the make-up of the present English cabinet?"

Finally the professor thought he had invented the best question of his life. It was, "Name twelve animals that inhabit the polar regions." The professor chuckled as he wrote this down. He was sure he could "pluck" half the students on that question; and it was beyond a doubt that that opprobrious young loafer Thompson would fail. But when the professor read the examination papers, Thompson, who had not answered another question, was the only man who had solved the polar problem. This was Thompson's answer: "Six seals and six polar bears." Thompson got his degree with distinction.—*London Tit-Bits.*

THE WEATHER FORECAST.—He entered the meteorological service office and said abruptly, "This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I would come up and give you some tips."

"Yes?" said the clerk, politely.

"Yes. I've figured on it a little, an' I find that ye ain't always right."

"No: we sometimes make mistakes."

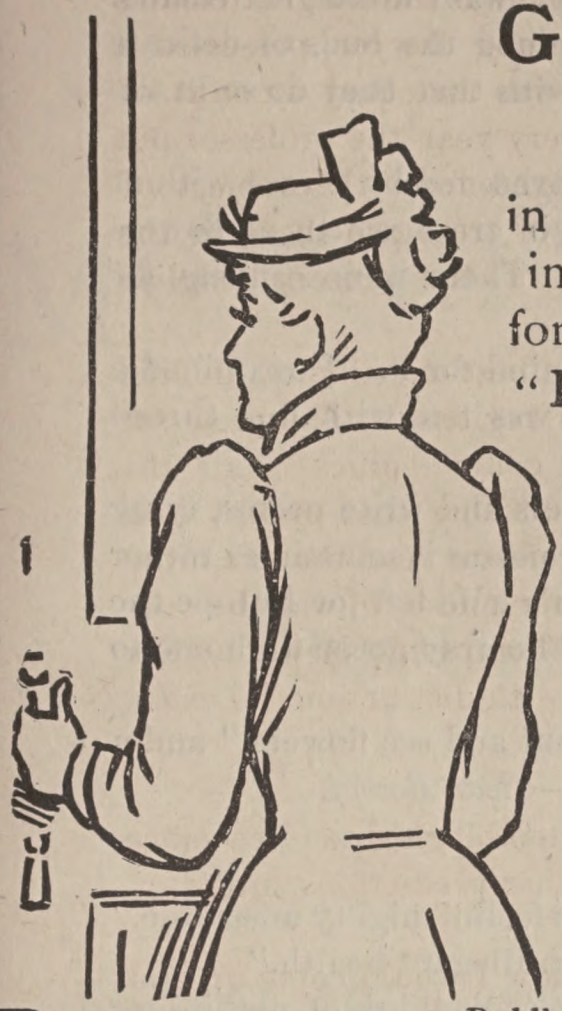
"Course you do. We all do sometimes. Now, I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the auction hand-bills down in our county might do fust-rate on your weather predictions an' save you a lot of explainin'."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an' weather permittin'."

He went down without waiting to say good-by.—*London Tit-Bits.*

POPE JOAN A FICTION.—In spite of the learned historian by whom the story has been refuted, there is still a wide-spread popular belief that there existed in the Middle Ages a female pope. Pope Joan, as she is called, has even given her name to a game of cards which is mentioned in Sheridan's "School for Scandal." The tradition with regard to the female pope has been traced back to the eleventh century, but she is said to have lived much earlier, her pontificate having taken place in the ninth century and having lasted for more than two years. The name she is alleged to have assumed is John VII. At the last meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions, in Paris, M. Muntz dealt another blow at a story which Gibbon, who cannot be suspected of Catholic prejudices, considered had been "annihilated" by two Protestant critics, Blondel and Bayle. M. Muntz characterizes the legend as a vulgar fable invented in the Middle Ages. Never, he declares, after a careful study of the question, has a woman worn the tiara; and, moreover, there was no interregnum at the period when the pretended John VII. governed the Church.—*London Daily News.*



Go into the best grocery stores,

in any city—the stores that have the most intelligent trade—and ask them what is best for washing and cleaning. They'll tell you, "**Pearline.**" Ask them how the imitations compare with it, in quality and in sales. They'll tell you that they're far behind. What does this show? Why, that the people who have the finest and most delicate things to wash, and who would be least likely to risk these things with any dangerous washing-compound—it shows that these people have proved to themselves that **Pearline** is the best. And it certainly is.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.*

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BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers that the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

JAPANESE FLOWERS.—The Japanese are expert at gardening, and give such individual attention to each blossom that they obtain wonderful results. Upon asking a gardener if it were true that they helped the buds of delicate flowers to open by gently fanning them, the answer was that they do so in the case of choice flowers.

No matter how humble the little home, it is brightened by a vase with at least one flower or spray of autumn leaves, etc. Their arrangement of flowers is always lovely, such harmonies of form and color. There is no stiffness, for they try to imitate nature.

It is marvellous what man can do if he has the mind for it. I examined a tree in process of development. Almost every twig was tied with fine thread and "bent in the way it should go."

The entire population turn out to honor the flowers and write poems, tying them to the branches. This habit of composing little poems is sometimes rather amusing. On one occasion when the British minister's wife left for Europe the empress presented her with the versicle, "Why does the gray goose fly home to her brood?"

The Japanese term for picnic signifies "to go out and see flowers," and a proverb runs, "Flowers are better than dumplings."—*Clear Round.*

HER CHIEF PLEASURE GONE.—"Mrs. Guggins is feelin' mighty miserable."

"You don't say so! I thought she was lookin' in illegant health."

"Yes, that's jest it. She's feelin' so well that she can't think of nothin' ter take patent medicines for, an' she jes' sits an' reads the advertisements an' pines."—*Washington Star.*

A COOL PROCEEDING.—"I think about the most curious man I ever met," said the retired burglar, "I met in a house in eastern Connecticut, and I shouldn't know him, either, if I should meet him again, unless I should hear him speak. It was so dark where I met him that I never saw him at all. I had looked around the house down-stairs and actually hadn't seen a thing worth carrying off. It was the poorest house I ever was in, and it wasn't a bad-looking house on the outside, either. I got up-stairs and groped around a little, and finally turned into a room that was darker than Egypt. I had not gone more than three steps in this room when I heard a man say,—

"'Hello, there.'

"'Hello,' says I.

"'Who are you?' says the man: 'burglar?'

"And I said yes, I did do something in that line occasionally.

"'Miserable business to be in, ain't it?' said the man. His voice came from a bed over in the corner of the room, and I knew he hadn't even sat up.

"And I said, 'Well, I dunno. I got to support my family some way.'

"'Well, you've just wasted a night here,' says the man. 'Did you see anything down-stairs worth stealing?'

"And I said no, I hadn't.

"'Well, there's less up-stairs,' says the man; and then I heard him turn over and settle down to go to sleep again. I'd like to have gone over there and kicked him, but I didn't. It was getting late, and I thought, all things considered, that I might just as well let him have his sleep out."—*New York Sun.*

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OF

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Arizona Speculation, An	*Mary E. Stickney*	685
Ballad of the Drum, The	*David Graham Adee*	536
Bargaining in Russia	*Isabel F. Hapgood*	680
Bitter Root Mountains, In the	*Ella Higginson*	700
Captain Close (A Novel)	*Captain Charles King*	1
Captain Molly (A Novel)	*Mary A. Denison*	289
Case of Hoodoo, A	*William Cecil Elam*	138
Chinese Shops	*Will Clemens*	282
Coals of Fire	*LeRoy Armstrong*	544
Conscience Fund, The	*Francis Leon Chrisman*	103
Creed of Manners, A	*E. F. Benson*	828
Don Jaime, of Mission San José	*Charles Howard Shinn*	834
Dora's Defiance (A Novel)	*Lady Lindsay*	577
"Everlastin' Buzzards' Sit, The"	*Charles McIlvaine*	279
Evolution of the Heroine, The	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	425
Feminine Phases	*Thomas Stinson Jarvis*	235
Head-Lines	*W. T. Larned*	410
Hour before Death, An	*Elizabeth Knowlton Carter*	534
How I found the Baron	*Edward Wakefield*	397
Human Horses	*Walter Rogers Furness*	395
Incognito	*W. S. Walsh*	668
Inconsistent Franchises	*F. K. Henry*	416
In Memoriam of the Keys, An	*Johanna Staats*	284
Japanese and Chinese Porcelains and their Imitations	*Saburo Arai*	557
Josef Helmuth's Goetz	*Frederick R. Burton*	382
Little Red House, At the	*Kate Jordan*	522
Live Ghost, A	*Ellen Mackubin*	839
Living Pictures in the Louvre	*Alvan F. Sanborn*	823
Localized Virtue	*Felix L. Oswald*	539
Magazine Fiction, and how not to write it	*Frederic M. Bird*	650
Man who died at Amdheran, The	*Virginia Woodward Cloud*	664
Marrini's, At	*Richard Hamilton Potts*	113
Mess of Pottage, A	*Louise Stockton*	124, 264
Military Manœuvre, A	*Kate Lee Ashley*	252
Mill Girls	*Elizabeth Morris*	119
Mrs. Hallam's Companion (A Novel)	*Mary J. Holmes*	721
Muscles and Morals	*Mary Elizabeth Blake*	286
Newspaper "Faking"	*George Grantham Bain*	274
October Woods, In the	*James Knapp Reeve*	527
Odd Neighbor, An	*Charles C. Abbott*	857
Old New York Restaurants	*Edgar Fawcett*	709
Question of Courage, A (A Novel)	*Francis Lynde*	433
Rabbits in New Zealand	*J. N. Ingram*	696
Rector Warne's Heresy	*Gillam W. Ford*	675
Roman Nurse, A	*Ellen Olney Kirk*	107
Roses, The	*Fannie E. Newberry*	712

		PAGE
Rough-and-Tumble Landing, At the	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	240
Sale of Uncle Rastus, The	*Will N. Harben*	403
Scattered Sect, A	*H. V. Brown*	132
Schools, My	*Richard Malcolm Johnston*	703
Second Thoughts, On	*Lalage D. Morgan*	420
Shall I Study Medicine?	*A. L. Benedict*	811
Shooting Bob White	*Calvin Dill Wilson*	806
Snub, The	*Kate Milner Rabb*	565
Songs of the Battle-Field	*Laura A. Smith*	374
Sweetheart Manette (A Novel)	*Maurice Thompson*	145
Talks with the Trade		142, 429, 862
Telegraphy up to Date	*George J. Varney*	571
Ten Dollars a Day—No Canvassing	*Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*	657
Tragedy of Trade, A	*Margaret Langdon*	560
Uncared-for Cats	*Charles Henry Webb*	246
Washington before the War	*M. E. W. Sherwood*	259
Washington Correspondent, The	*E. J. Gibson*	715
Western Daisy Miller, A	*Claude M. Girardeau*	814
Women, Famous Rivalries of	*Gertrude Atherton*	514
Women of the Past, Some Notable	*Esmè Stuart*	846

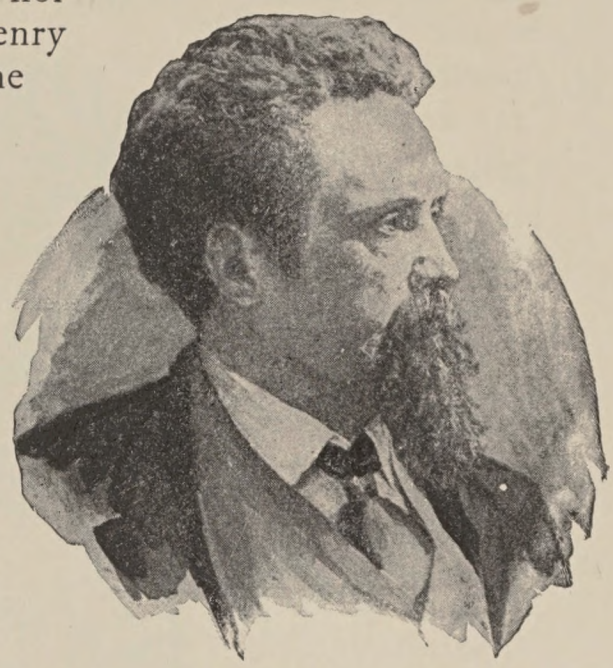
POETRY:

A Garden Quest	*Harrison S. Morris*	532
A Voice from the Night	*H. Prescott Beach*	845
After the Summer	*Emma J. Gompf*	521
Bob o' Lincoln	*Celia A. Hayward*	123
Crisis	*L. Worthington Green*	535
Ghosts	*Clarence Urmy*	861
Golden-Rod	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	428
How could I Know?	*Fannie Bent Dillingham*	278
Immortal	*Florence Earle Coates*	559
Mirage	*Albert Payson Terhune*	695
Night's Ministry	*Dora Read Goodale*	245
Nihil Humani Alienum	*Titus Munson Coan*	381
"Perchance to Dream"	*Margaret Gilman George*	570
Sorrow in Summer	*William S. Lord*	112
Thanksgiving	*Susie M. Best*	822
The Goal	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	394
The Pine-Tree	*John B. Tabb*	674
The Statue	*John B. Tabb*	258
The Traitor	*William H. Hayne*	711
The Voice of the Morning	*Celia A. Hayward*	543
Vanity of Vanities	*Zoe D. Underhill*	131
Victory	*Florence Earle Coates*	827
Wakened	*Margaret Gilman George*	263

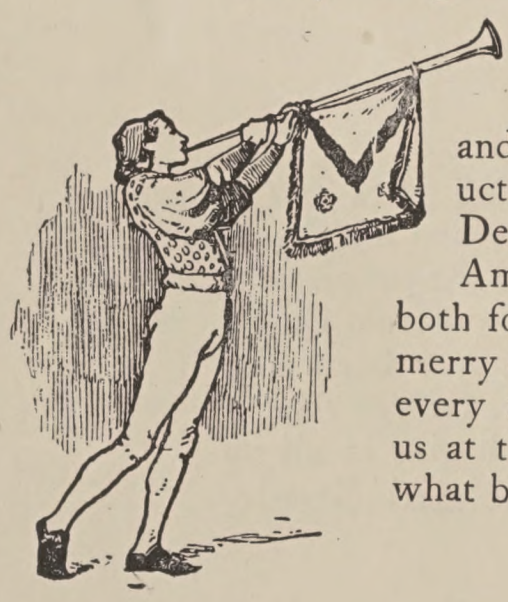
ALL of which is quite *à propos* of one who loved both the birds and the men,—even "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, the little dogs, and all" about him. No finer soul ever visited the human shape than that named Washington Irving. His Sketch-Book is a record of kindly observation and gentle humor exercised upon his fellows whom he loved and therefore knew deeply. It lends itself with unusual grace to illustration, because its types are so vivid and so picturesque. Illustrated it now has been once and for all time, and the Lippincott edition which you may find at all the Christmas counters will prove an ideal gift for either a youngster or a graybeard. The size of the two handsome volumes is that best adapted to daily use, and the type with which they are printed is entirely new and therefore exquisitely legible.

RICHARD STEELE, too, rollicking Dick Steele, is an author so honestly simple and unaffected that he has won the hearts of all the generations since he sowed his wild oats and passed away from Queen Anne's London. His biography has never been adequately dealt with until now, when Mr. George Aitken has produced two ample volumes which give in all its lights and shades The Life of Richard Steele.

IT is perhaps safer, however, to write one's own life. What should be left out is naturally best known to the subject himself. This, in an engaging way, neither exhaustive nor exhausting, has Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., done in his two elegant volumes, entitled Pen and Pencil Sketches. These contain four delightful photogravure plates and one hundred and twenty-four illustrations in *fac-simile* from the author's own drawings. The reputation of Mr. Stacy Marks in the English world of art will make his book welcome to all who value urbanity and beauty in happy union.



THOSE who drink or who want to drink a draught from the "well of English undefiled," will give an ardent and hearty welcome to Early English Ballads, four volumes of which are appropriately offered to holiday seekers. These tasteful books contain two hundred capital illustrations, and in type and paper are the best products of the combined houses of Messrs. Dent in England and Lippincott in America. There is an endless enjoyment both for the student and the layman in the merry or tragic ballads of old England, and every fibre of our Saxon ancestry thrills in us at their ringing tones. For a lusty boy, what better gift could be conceived?



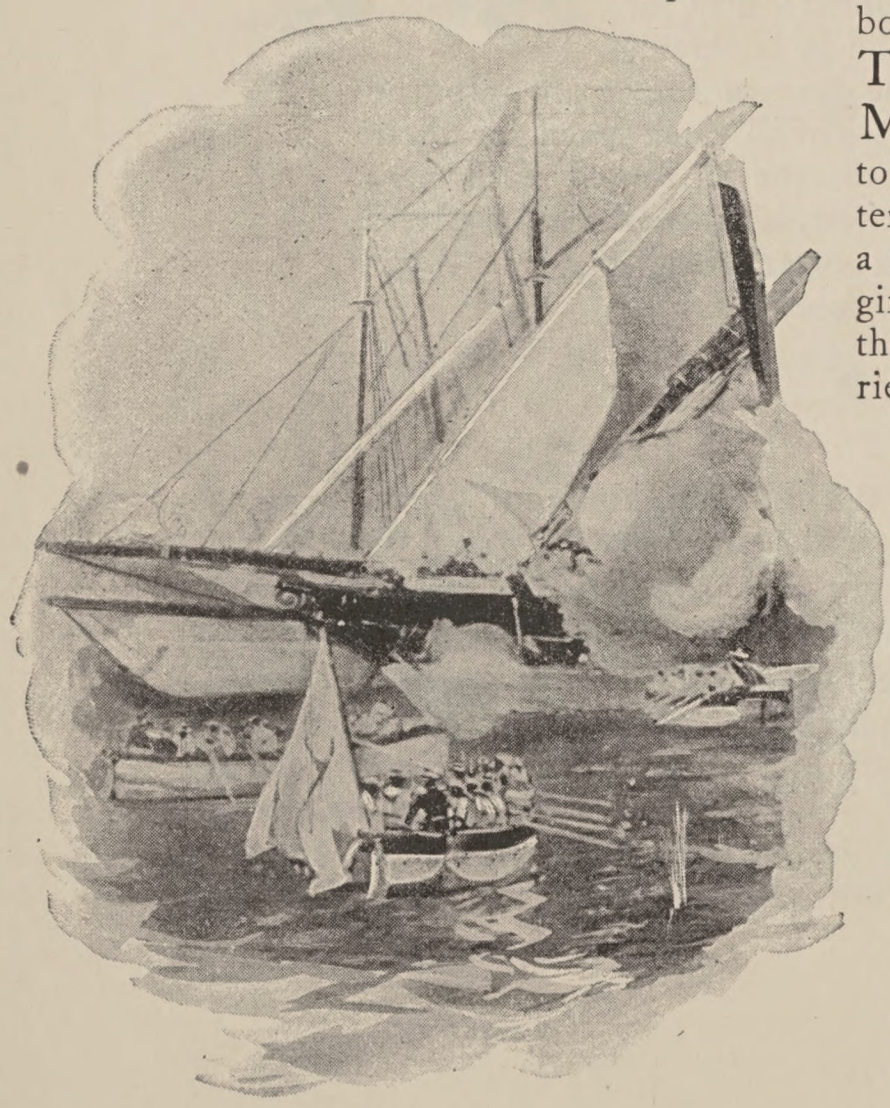
THERE is but one step from these frank old ballads to Laurence Sterne. He lived in a day when humor and pathos ran to prose rather than to stanzas; hence *his* English ballads are Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey. They are none the less true and saturated with Saxon blood. They are the classics of English letters, the common heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. The present edition of the Works of Laurence Sterne is included in six volumes, aptly illustrated by E. J. Wheeler, and has been brought forth in company with Messrs. Dent & Co., of London, whose reputation for unique editions of English classics is acknowledged by all who know good books.

There is also a Large Paper Edition of the same, of which one hundred copies only have been printed: fifty for America. These are bound in buckram, and will naturally become rare as they pass into the hands of collectors. Those who value them for their contents alone, and think Sterne ill served with anything but the richest and best, must seek them early if they would anticipate the eager gatherer of *ex libris* copies.

IN similar union with the London house of Dent & Co., has been published, in two volumes, Corinne; or, Italy, by Madame de Staël. This is likewise illustrated with exceptional appropriateness, and the books are made in the most tasteful manner known to the publishing world. Of their accomplished authoress nothing can be said that has not already been better said. She was the reigning queen of intellect in France during a day when her subjects were great wits and profound scholars.

Corinne is a token, to unborn generations, of Madame de Staël's astonishing brilliancy. It has not for many years come forth in so rich a dress as in this edition. The old generation, which has read it, will therefore want it anew ; and the young, which has not, will be all the more eager to secure it, both for its internal and external beauty. Of this work also there is a special Large Paper Edition of one hundred copies: fifty for America. The bibliophile is making new arts of book-design and typography, and his mania for limited editions should be, and is, respected by the progressive publisher.

ENGLISH to the core are the sea-tales of Michael Scott. Tom Cringle's Log is not new, saving to the junior generation, and never can be old. To open under the homestead lamp this book, or its sister story, The Cruise of the Midge, is to float away to new horizons. No better pleasure can be offered a manly boy or a womanly girl than a plunge into these thrilling and contagious stories, and older heads do wisely, as some one has said, to "peruse them once every year." The present edition consists of two handy volumes devoted respectively to each book. They are made at once for beauty and for use, and the decorations and plates by Frank Brangwyn are a delight to the eye.



FROM adventures and wars by sea to the same by land is but to dip into the book, by a new author, entitled **The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution.**

The subject is one very interesting to the student of our native history, and it has not hitherto been treated as it is in these two royal octavo volumes by Charlemagne Tower, Jr., LL.D. The attitude of France toward the War of Independence is investigated at length, and Mr. Tower has brought learning and insight to his task. The rekindling of interest in colonial history and gossip about our forefathers, which has lately been so noticeable, has another illustration in this monograph. It will appeal especially to the Sons of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, and other kindred bodies.

WE come, at last, to the book which will perhaps touch more hearts, reach further out with sympathy and hope, than any in the long holiday list. And for "the blessed Christmas season," what work in the form of a book could have greater significance than the **Imitation of Christ**? Now that still another edition, this time from the eminent English churchman Canon Farrar, has been prepared, no one should be without a copy of this most precious of Christian guides. The new illustrations and illuminated initials render missal-like a book that will enter every household as an inspiration.

AFTER Napoleon, there is perhaps no figure in French history at once more picturesque, romantic, and warlike than King Henry of Navarre. He has been sung and painted by a throng of artists, and has been done into fiction and history by scores of authors. The last is one of the best of these, because the most impartial. This is Mr. Edward T. Blair, who has written a history, called **Henry of Navarre and the Religious Wars.** The wars themselves are as interesting as the actors in them. They mark the struggle of religious tolerance at its beginning, when a dash of the old chivalry still remained to give color and gallantry to the picture. The present volume, a square octavo, is an unusually handsome one. There are fifty-five cuts scattered through the text, and four full-page photogravures by Bussoud, Valadon & Co., the notable French firm, whose work is held in high value throughout the world.

IT is as well, however, to give something useful at Christmas. When the enthusiasm of the Holidays is past the gift which is merely pretty—but no good book can ever be that alone—falls into disuse, grows dingy and stale, and becomes an annoyance to its enforced owner. A book like **Chambers's Concise Gazetteer of the World,** on the contrary, grows every day more necessary to the possessor, who will begin to wonder before the year is out, "how he ever got along without it!" Occasions arise hourly for its employment. The

wars in the Orient, for instance, bring forward numerous queer names one has never heard of, but with which it is essential to be *au courant*. The Gazetteer —no ponderous cyclopædia, but a single handy volume—"tells everything that may be reasonably wanted about every place likely to be looked for." It is Topographical, Statistical, and Historical, and uniform with The Reader's Reference Library, than which, collectively, it would be impossible to find a more valuable Christmas present for a lover of books, be he or she young or old.

THERE have been anthologies of English poetry innumerable, from the single precious volume of The Golden Treasury to the four ample ones of Ward's English Poets. Nobody has hitherto had the happy invention to make a treasury of the older English prose, which for sonorous, eloquent, and pithy passages is unsurpassed in the literatures of the earth. To Mr. W. E. Henley, notable as a leader of the newest movement in English letters, and as a thoughtful poet and critic, has come the impulse to do the needed work. Rarely have work and worker gone more harmoniously together. His reading is wide and deep. His taste is superior. He gives us, in a volume charming in every way,—paper, type, cover, contents,—the cream of English prose from A.D. 1387 to 1649: from John Trevisa to Drummond of Hawthornden. He has been wise enough to ordain that each passage shall be complete in itself, and each shall relate or unfold a single character. The prose of adventure and romance has been preferred before the prose of reflection and analysis. A Book of English Prose will therefore delight the reader's fancy, while insensibly charming him with the music of matchless style and diction. In a day of slangy English such a work is at once a standard and a remedy.

BUT, that we shall all keep in touch with to-day, even while reaching back for the best of other days, is a factor in human life of untold importance. And how, more agreeably, more contentedly and pleasurably, may we learn the purposes and perceive the currents of the throngs about us, than through the magnifying-glass called the Modern Novel? Each month brings its store, but the end of the year brings the best of all. Both author and publisher keep back their best till the last, for the winter, after all, is the season of reading, and the Holidays is the season of buying. Hence the counters are fuller of good novels now than at any time since last Christmas.

The series of tales called **By Reef and Palm**, from the pen of Mr. Louis Becke, is, as Lord Pembroke assures us in his introduction to it, the work of a veteran adventurer in the South Seas. The stories are brief, pointed, passionate, beautiful, and while unconnected in character and place, still combine in an atmosphere of tropical glow which fuses all together. The author is certain to win a fame as deserved and wide as Kipling's and Loti's.

Adventure of the Occident, while more austere, is none the less stirring in the hands of a master of it, such as Captain Charles King. His last novel, **Under Fire**, starts with West Point and closes in the Wild West of America. It is a love-story, a soldier's story, an Indian story, and a story of human

passions done into one inimitable picture of real life as it was lived in General Custer's day, and in his heroic mood, in the Bad Lands and on the plains.

When a first novel wins a success, we naturally look for a second from the same source with the eagerness born of whetted appetite and critical comparison. Such is the feeling which greets **The Spell of Ursula,** which Mrs. Effie Adelaide Rowlands gives for an *encore*. My Pretty Jane! made a wide group of friends for the new novelist, and this second book will not disappoint the most exacting of them. It likewise deals with the English high life which the author knows best, and deals with it in the same winning manner which fascinated us in the earlier book.

From high life in England to the same in America is apparently but a short step, but in reality the difference is a deep and vital one,—the step is across the sea. Dress, habit, custom, even accent and tongue are enough contrasted to make an essential divergence. No better witness of this could be desired than is afforded by the novels of Mrs. Rowlands and Mrs. Cruger. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, called Julien Gordon, knows her *dramatis personæ* to the life. She has been reared in the social atmosphere of New York, and her pen makes no mistakes. Hence her stories are real. She is a skilled and graceful author. Hence they are delightful. **Poppæa** is a novel whose heroine gives it a title, and it possesses in a marked degree the merits which have made Mrs. Cruger notable: merits recognized and praised by the German novelist Spielhagen, who places Mrs. Cruger in the front rank of American novelists.

Striking in their contrast with these tales of social life, the short stories of Mrs. L. T. Meade, strung on the thread of Dr. Halifax's practice, and called **Stories from the Diary of a Doctor,** are vividly unreal, and are colored with just the grewsome touch which goes best with a dim lamp and a crackling grate-fire. For reading aloud they would be nearly perfect. They will hold with a spectre's grip a single reader or a throng. They are dramatic, often melodramatic, and haunt the memory like a fascinating dream.

Another English writer who has a multitude of readers in America is W. E. Norris. No one holds his own with a surer power. His last novel, **The Despotic Lady,** will be found just as acceptable as his first; and the few who have not read all of his books would do well to begin with this latest, insuring themselves a prolonged enjoyment by reading backward through his works.

Fiction that gallops in a wild plunge from start to finish—that, once mounted, you must ride to the end—is the demand of sated readers nowadays. Hence we have such rapid and rousing tales as **The Double Emperor,** by William Laird Clowes, one of the new group of romancers who cry loyally back to Scott and Dumas. It is a tale of the German William, under a thin disguise, who is stolen by a swift Cunarder in unscrupulous American hands. But his Double makes all things well, even the heart of his affianced Princess.

The kindly author who wrote Not Like Other Girls, has said, "My ambition has ever been to try to do good and not harm by my works," and in a day of tendency-fiction this is an achievement. She has well fulfilled her aim hitherto; and now comes another book, **The Old, Old Story,** with all her charm and excellence, and with an appeal to young girls and their good mothers, which will win many new friends for Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Just a shade younger will be the girls who will like the tale named after its pretty heroine, **Olivia.** Mrs. Molesworth has an established place in the hearts of the new generation; and while this altogether charming tale—simple, sweet, funny—cannot increase, it will confirm it. Olivia's diverting plans to humble the pride of her rich relations please everybody between the covers who is in the secret, and they will win every reader to a love of the author and her striking creation. It is a difficult achievement to keep within the close limits between what is juvenile and grown up in fiction; but Mrs. Molesworth seems to possess a fine instinct and sympathy which enable her perfectly to maintain the balance. Hence her tales are delightful to all three classes of readers: those in their teens, the little ones just beginning, and the old ones who love the sentiment of youth. The illustrations of Olivia pleasantly amend the text and add a note of enjoyment, as pictures, especially those for young people, too often do not.

For still earlier blooms in the "Rosebud gardens of girls," it is predicted that there will not appear during all this Holiday-time a nicer, daintier, more wholly readable little book than Two Girls. It is the product of the pen of Amy E. Blanchard, author of Twenty Little Maidens, and of the brush of Ida Waugh, themselves two artists whose taste is as pure and sweet as the story. The year-round of a young girl's life is the theme, and it is made alluring by

many pleasant inventions and some inimitable pictures, of which the above reduction is a good example. Stories of domestic life, when they gather us about the fireside and make us eavesdroppers upon the prattle of the nursery, are the most effective kind of teaching by indirection. Children can better be tempted to education than forced to acquire it; and every new writer for juvenile readers who hopes to succeed in winning their hearts, and hence their heads, must henceforth use this method.

The two subjects which most please children are the domestic and the mystical. To read about their own little habits and pictures in a big book clothes these with a new delight. To meet among the pages of a pleasant volume the strange creatures of fairy-land is a fearful joy which holds the mind in an ecstasy and leaves a permanent uplifting of the young spirit. Hans Andersen is the laureate of fairy-land. He knew all its winding ways, and was the familiar of its little people. He could speak the elfin tongue, and his interpretations of what he heard form a book which every new generation of children makes its own. **Tales from Hans Andersen,** in which many of the best of these fairy-tales are included, is therefore a collection especially adapted for Christmas,—the season of children and of good fairies.

The first day after the feast is but a poor make-believe. The lights are out, the guests are gone, the house is still. But with a companionable, or merry, or pathetic, or wise book—the fruit of the Holiday-tree—one is sure of the good cheer of Christmas all the year round.

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1895

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BOOKS THAT FIT THE HOLIDAY SEASON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA MDCCCXCIV

Christmas is in the air. The pine-trees which have done service all summer as scenery to allure the tourist, are ready to be transplanted to the winter fireside. Their fruit shall be tinsel and bonbons, and their light, candle-light. The summer novel which long haunted their shade is displaced by the more solid and seemly books of in-doors. Sentiment, fiction, poetry, the good old classics, history, science, and, above all, a pile of reading for the little ones to whom Christmas is consecrated—all these should lie heaped beneath the Tree, and they may be had for the asking, as the ensuing pages will show.

BOOKS THAT FIT THE HOLIDAY SEASON

THERE was need for some one well equipped with knowledge and enthusiasm to adventure among the yellow records of Colonial Days and bring back to us the life which was so picturesque, so gallant, and yet so leisurely and simple. It required a good heart, good taste, and a fearless disregard of contemporary opinion, which finds little excuse for what is beyond itself.

This pleasant task Miss Anne H. Wharton has done in a way which leads through sympathy to truth, and in Colonial Days and Dames she has given us a picture of the oldest social life we can claim as our own, of the stately men and beautiful women from whom we are proud to have sprung, and of the times which made them what they were. Colonial Days and Dames is a needed supplement and a graceful companion picture to Through Colonial Doorways, in which Miss Wharton last year took a keen glance backward at the town-life of early Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. The eager demand for Through Colonial Doorways makes an easy pathway to success for Colonial Days and Dames, which volume, travelling along the same pathway, deals with new aspects, new people, and new episodes of early American society.

Besides the regular edition of the Colonial Days and

Dames, which appears in a spotless costume of pale blue cloth, there is an *Edition de Luxe*, limited to the number of subscribers, which contains a treasury of portraits in photogravure, and other valuable illustrations drawn from exclusive sources which have been placed at the disposal of the author by descendants of the Colonial Dames whom she celebrates. Indeed, both of these delightful volumes make an especial appeal to those who have formed the influential society so well named Colonial Dames.

ALL of which reminds us that in the Colonial Days, as now again, Philadelphia was beginning to take its place as a literary centre. Then came the period of its supremacy; then a long silence. The silence has of late been broken by a small chorus of voices promising a new life, among which is that of the author of Madonna and Other Poems. In most of the important magazines, poems by Mr. Morris have appeared, and have given him a standing with readers of taste who love nature and art and the companionship of the open air. This handsome volume, one of the very finest pieces of contemporary bookmaking, contains all the work of the author which he has cared to preserve. It is saturated with the beauty of our own pastoral meadows and hills, and breathes of the familiar voices of home.

The frontispiece is a Madonna by Mr. F. V. Du Mond, an artist celebrated for his devotional pictures. Supplementing this are thirty head- and tail-pieces, designed especially for the volume by Mr. E. S. Holloway. The edition is made rare by *limitation to seven hundred and fifty copies* for America and England, and in title and contents, cover-design, title-page, type, and paper, the volume forms a holiday gift of unusual charm.

BUT tastes vary, and so must books. The elegance of literature proper needs the weight of history to balance it. Hence are offered to those who prefer to make solid Christmas presents the five volumes of **Thiers's History of the French Revolution.** For substantial reading that will remain a life-long resource alike to young or old, nothing takes precedence of this standard work on the most tragic and picturesque episode of modern times. The volumes are issued monthly beginning with September, and are bound and printed in a manner which does justice to their distinguished author. In similar style may also be had **Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire of France,** which of course should be read last, in order to keep the proper sequence of events.

A library shelf ornamented with these volumes will carry contentment and instruction for all the fireside months.

FITLY following these noble volumes upon the history of France come two on the kindred subject now uppermost in contemporary letters,—namely, Napoleon I. The revival of interest in this great figure of modern history has led to the issue of much new information upon his career. There has been, and is, an eager demand for details concerning his intimate daily life, and this is now supplied in the two works: **Napoleon at Home,** two volumes, and **Napoleon and the Fair Sex,** by Frederick Masson. No author is better acquainted with these fascinating subjects, and his two books will be a necessary addition to the shelves of every collector of Napoleoniana. They will appeal, also, to those who wish to make a pleasing gift at Christmas which will be sure of an endless succession of readers. The Napoleon of the battle-field and throne is a character of power and majesty who compels interest. The Napoleon of the Tuileries is a figure who entices it. His court, his private friends, his enemies, and his affairs of the heart are in these volumes laid open to us in an intimate way; and, like the various Memoirs and Recollections lately published, the narrative gives us an entirely novel view of the Man of Destiny. That the old view, which looked upon him solely as a monster, is beginning, in the light of such revelations, to change for the better, is a fact much commented upon by those who watch the currents of the times.

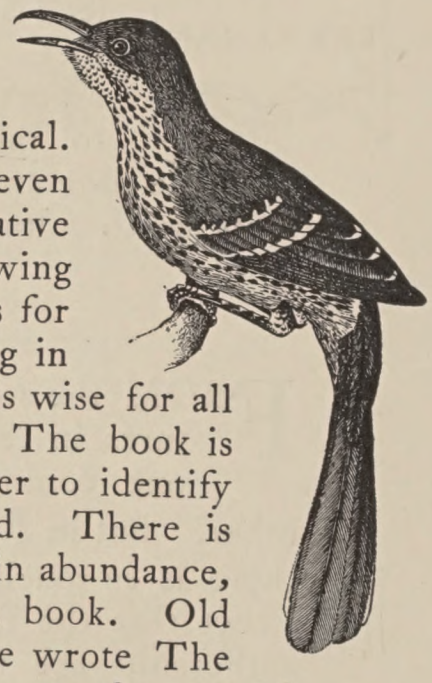
AND if Napoleon is a subject of inexhaustible interest to a curious world, so also are those poets who "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Mr. Coulson Kernahan, made notable by his Book of Strange Sins and A Dead Man's Diary, has conceived the happy device of grouping five of such authors together for collective study in one volume, entitled **Sorrow and Song.** He deals sympathetically with Heine, Rossetti, Mrs. Louise Chandler-Moulton, Robertson of Brighton, and the Blind Poet Marston; and the sorrows of each poet or thinker lend a reflected light of understanding to the others. We can better comprehend a tendency in letters when the varying specimens are contrasted, and, here, the selection has been subtle and the juxtaposition is perfect. While the subject is a mournful one, the reading is by no means so. We all love the personality of a poet, and a dash of melancholy adds zest to the story. The binding, letter-press, and title-page are a delight to cultured eyes as the contents are to cultured minds.

FROM the sorrows of authors to their first adventures in letters is but a very brief step. The one commonly implies the other. But in **My First Book** there is so much to divert and instruct that the difficulties of early authorship are mitigated, at least to the reader. This book, likewise, is the happy device of a deft hand in book-making. Jerome K. Jerome has brought it together, and his associates in fame have furnished the material. There are narratives giving the origin of his or her first

'THE FIRM' CONSIDERING

book from twenty-two celebrities of English authorship. The names—any one of which would place a volume in the front rank—are Walter Besant, James Payn, W. Clark Russell, Grant Allen, Hall Caine, George R. Sims, Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, M. E. Braddon, F. W. Robinson, Rider Haggard, R. M. Ballantyne, I. Zangwill, Morley Roberts, D. Christie Murray, Marie Corelli, Jerome K. Jerome, John Strange Winter, Bret Harte, "Q," Robert Louis Stevenson, and Robert Buchanan.

AND then, again, talking of poets, we are naturally led to The Birds About Us. But Dr. Charles C. Abbott, who knows men and women as well as birds, and who has brought us in touch with nature and pleasant human sentiment from many sides, has this time decided to be wholly technical. Yet his genial spirit glows through even a very exhaustive hand-book on our native birds, so that one is led into knowing them as friends rather than as subjects for dissection. Out-door nature is coming in for much study in these days, and it is wise for all to learn "the art of taking a walk." The book is liberally illustrated to enable the reader to identify the birds about him on sea and land. There is anecdote and picturesque description in abundance, as there rightly should be in such a book. Old Izaak Walton well knew this when he wrote The Complete Angler. His dry passages on the art of fishing are laid between the songs of dairy-maids and the speech of merry companions. Dr. Abbott is too much a lover of nature to think dogmatically or to write pedantically, and he has made a book Izaak Walton would gladly have approved of.



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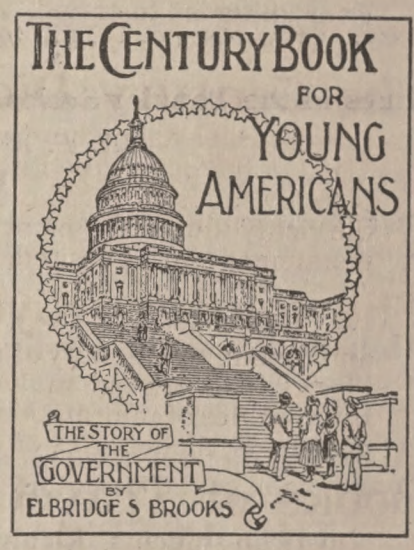

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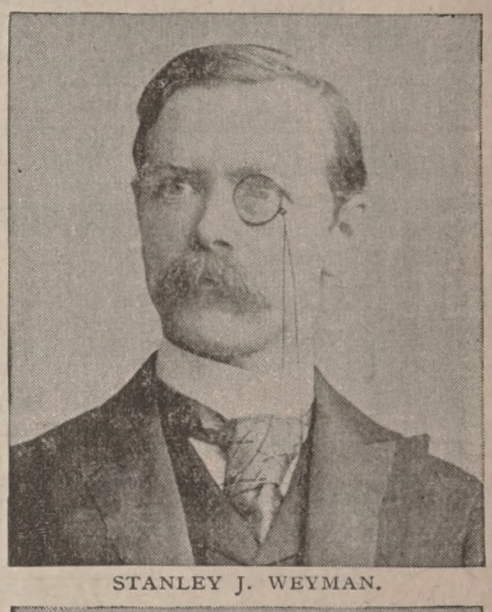

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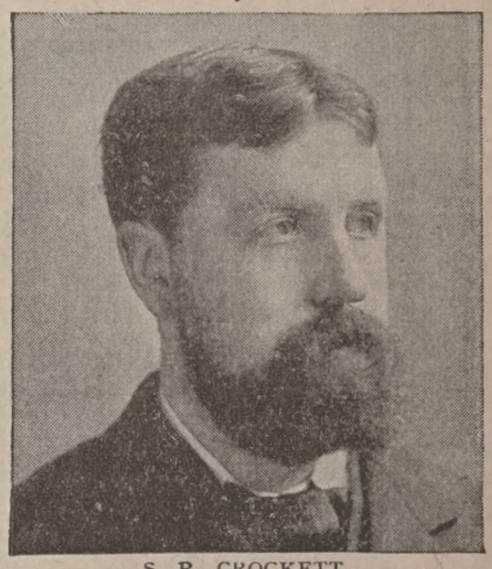

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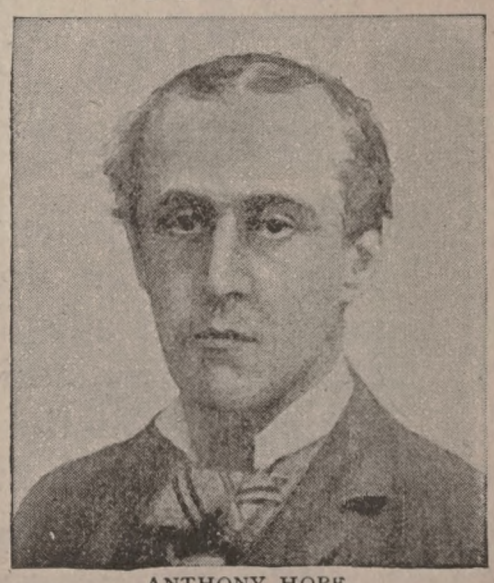

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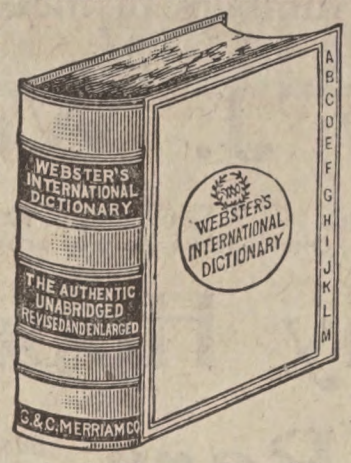
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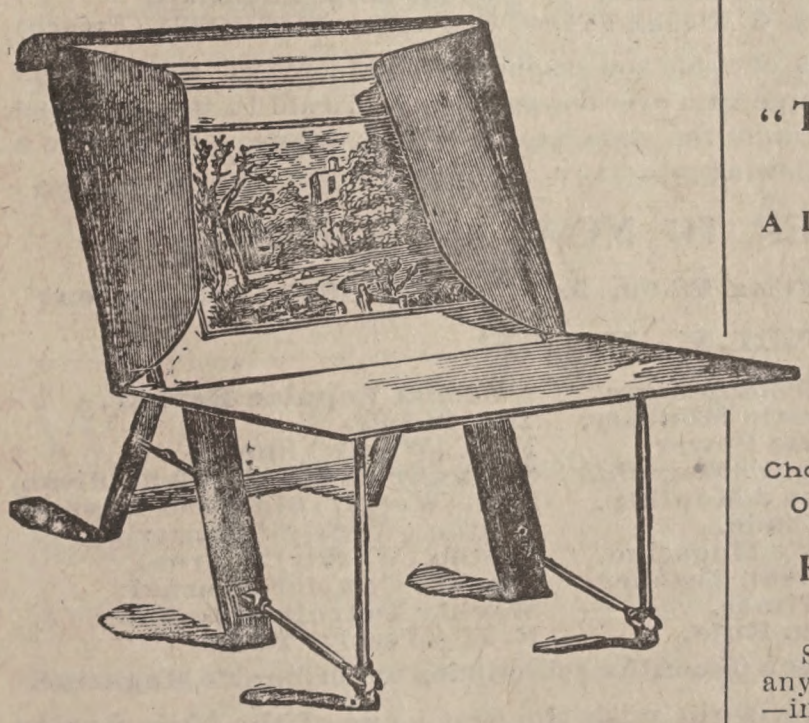

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The ten who get the largest lists of words out of this puzzle, will be presented as a reward for their skill and labor with ten cash prizes .The details of terms and conditions of contest will be given in full in November GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

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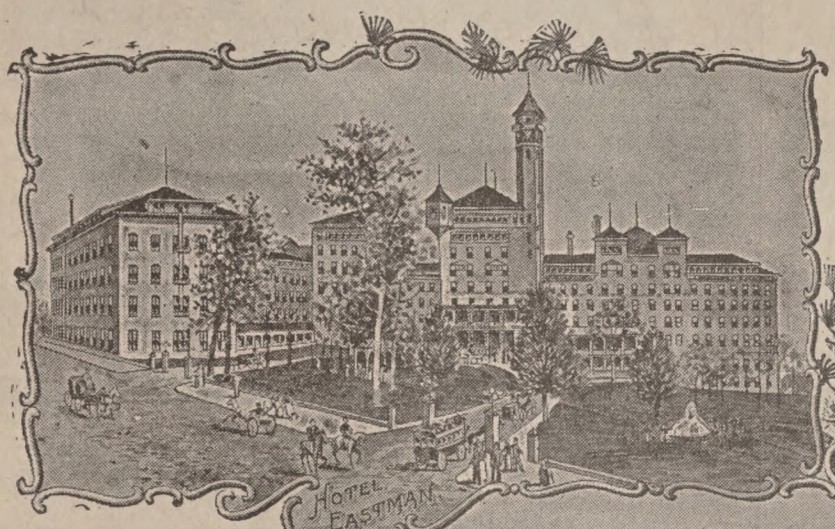

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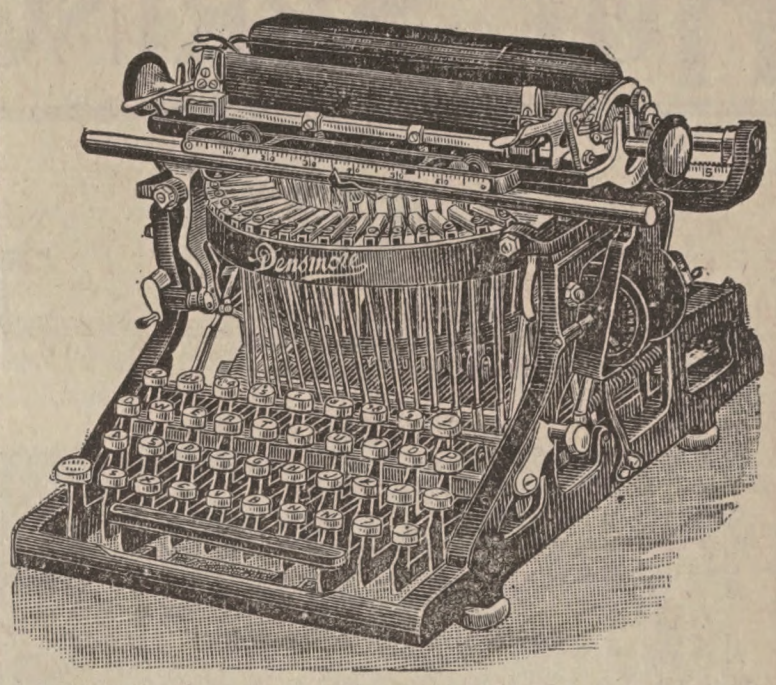

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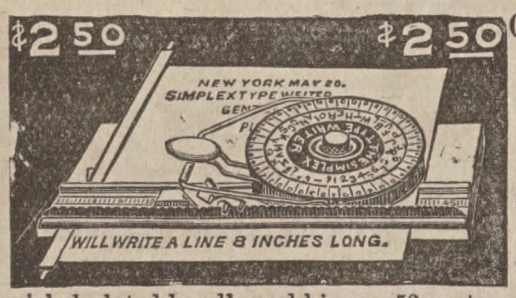

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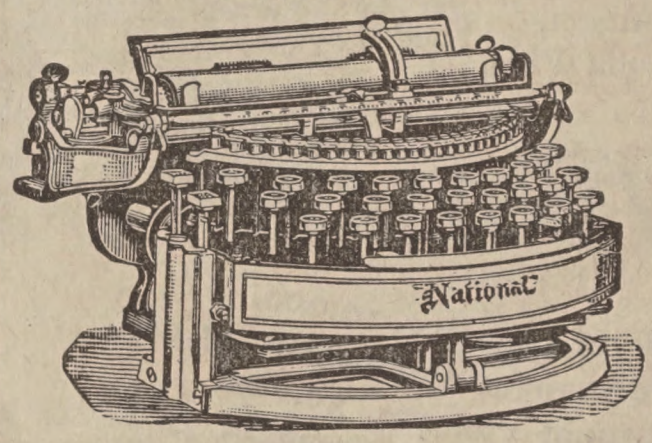

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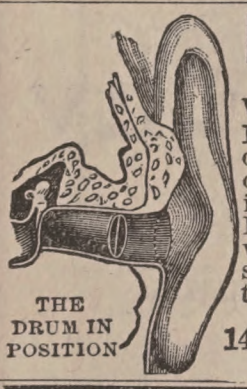

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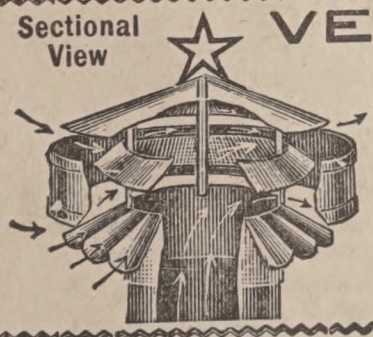

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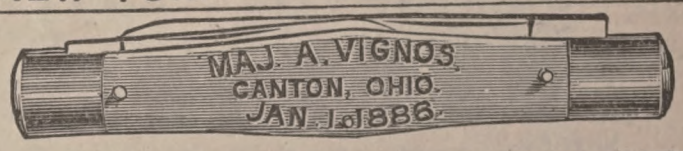

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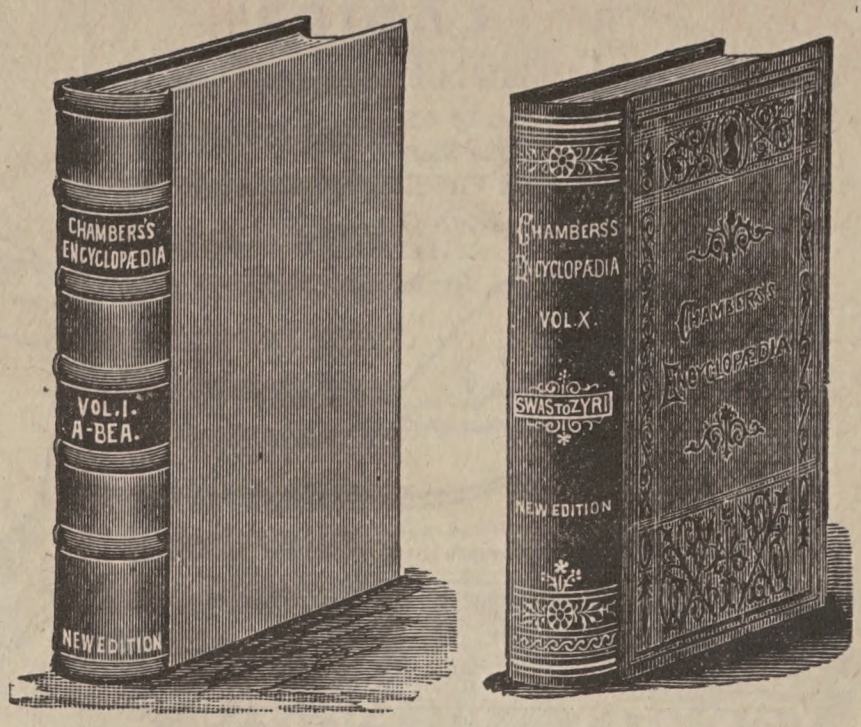

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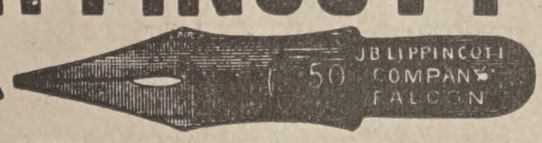

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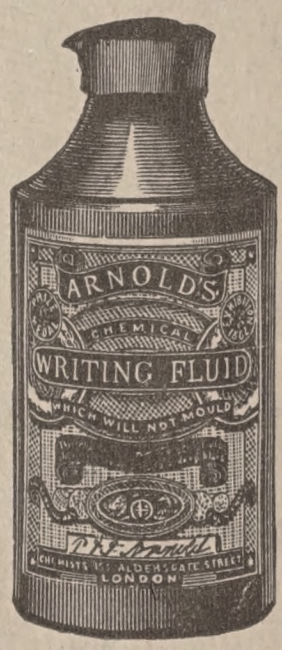

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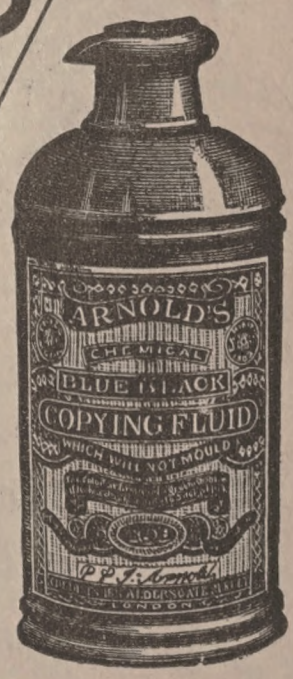

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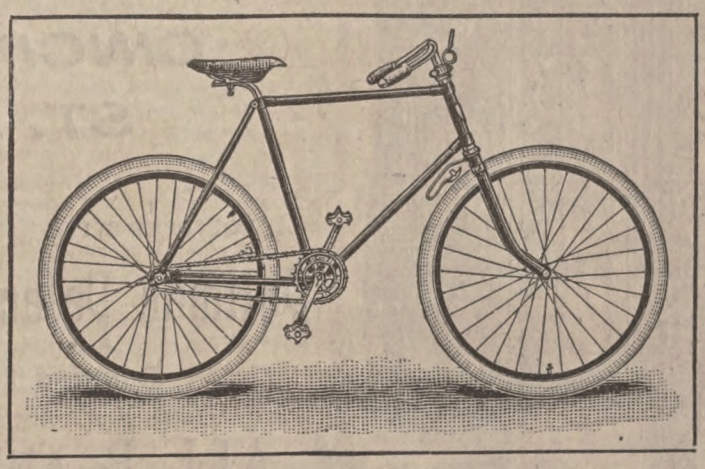

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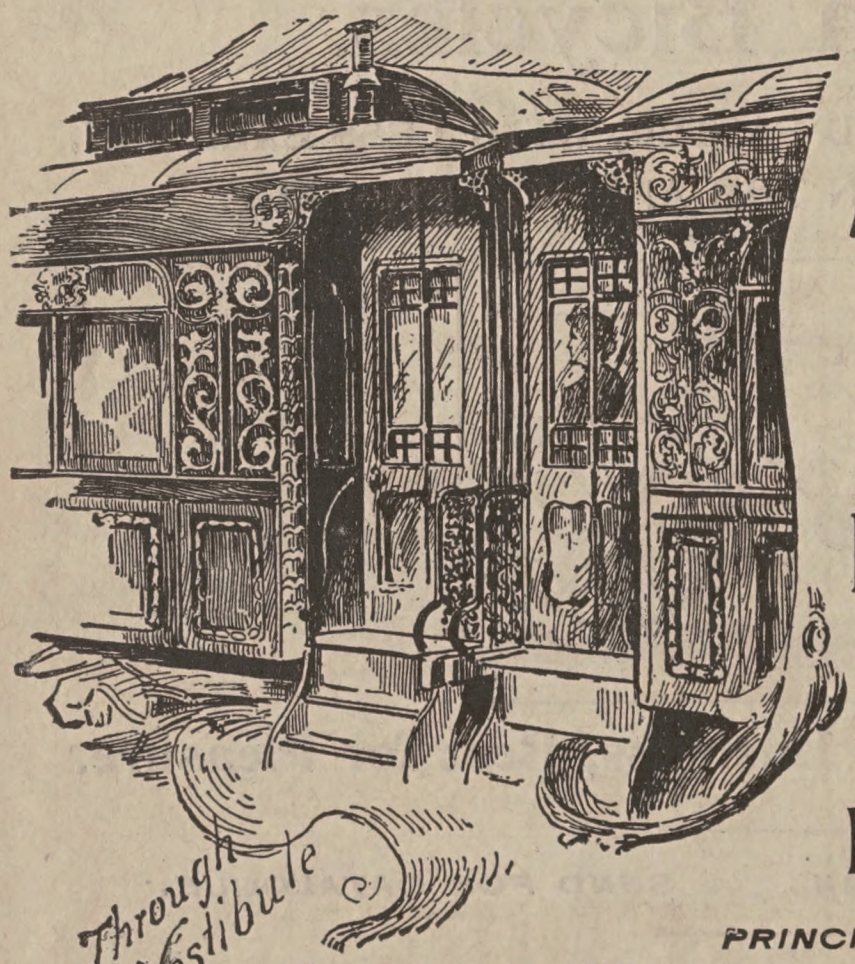

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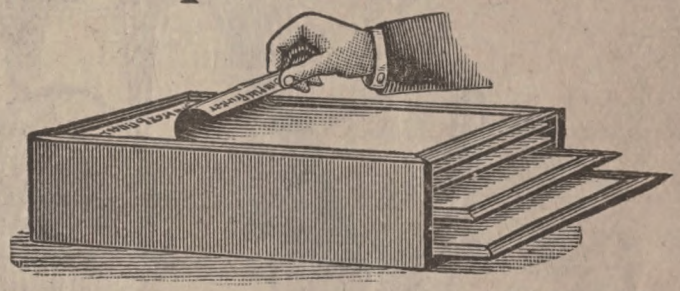

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There are more ways than one
In the process of 'having a lark.'"

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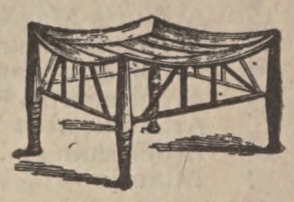

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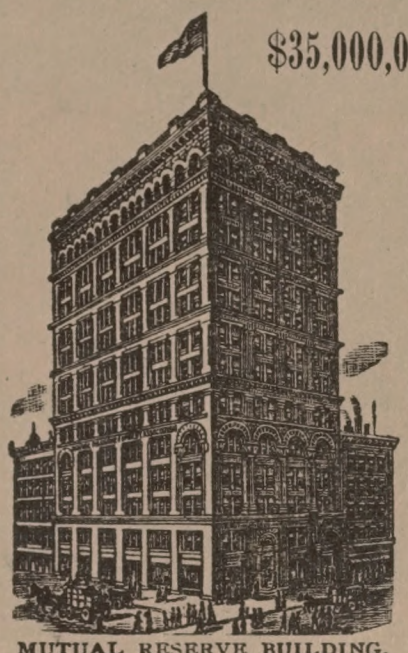

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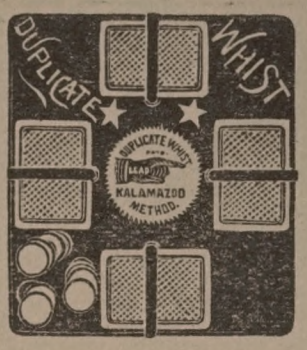

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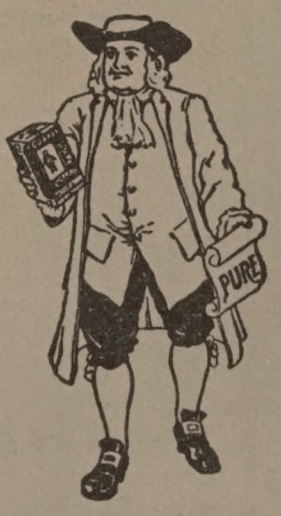

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